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FORUM and Century

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

TWO ARTICLES in this issue of THE FORUM deal with causes of sudden death. Before the dawn of the scientific era in which we now live the human race was always apprehensive of decimation by three recurring and apparently unavoidable mass accidents: pestilence, famine, war. Nowadays science maintains that these three afflictions are no longer necessary. The tremendous advances made in the world-wide curbing of two of these evils — plague and starvation — have lengthened greatly the average of human life. Leading scientists like Einstein and Bohr have declared war also to be unnecessary and futile, but with its eradication they have as yet made no progress. However, more bodies of intelligent men are now being banded together to devise checks and brakes on war than ever before in the world's history, and human apprehension on this score is happily becoming less acute.

UNFORTUNATELY, as civilization — so-called — advances, out of the increased complexity of readjustment there arise new dangers of sudden death. In the last generation the machine age took an enormous toll in casualties among employees in the factories, and the railroads added their quota to the total of mortalities. To-day more scientific management has successfully reduced the death toll from labor accidents, and the railroads and the public have learned to get on together with fewer fatalities. But since the World War two new causes of sudden death, apparently inherent in our civilization, have assumed in America national proportions. These two terrors are mortality from automobile accidents, and wholesale murder. In the grand total of murders, and in the life toll from automobiles, America enjoys the unenviable record of leading all nations.

WALTER LIPPMANN'S article in this issue of THE FORUM deals radically with the root of one of these two new national plagues — murder by wholesale.

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FORUM

Next Month

A STULTIFIED CONSCIENCE

Walter Lippmann

Following his article in this issue, Mr. Lippmann will conclude his analysis of the underworld next month, showing how "good citizens" provide a livelihood for racketeers and gangsters by passing high-sounding laws which we do not intend to obey.

MUST WE LOWER OUR LIVING STANDARD?

William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings

The late Vice-President Marshall achieved fame by saying that what this country needed was a good five-cent cigar. During the current depression this dictum is being repeated in a new form by those who believe that we ought to return to a five-cent standard of living. In a spirited joint article, an economist and a banker challenge this view of the question, which touches the living habits of every man, woman, and child in America.

RELIGION IN THE NEW AGE

Shailer Mathews

The Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, champion of liberal thought, presents a reasoned defense of Christianity.

THOSE MISUNDERSTOOD PURITANS

Samuel Eliot Morison

A new interpretation of what Puritanism was, combined with a new evaluation of modern American civilization revealing the Puritan elements which we have lost and might better have retained.

SPANK IT OUT

Garry Cleveland Myers

A warning to indulgent parents having to do with the manifold benefits of the good, old-fashioned spank.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF US

Geoffrey Layman

War between the United States and England has frequently been pronounced "unthinkable" by competent authorities on both sides of the Atlantic. In spite of the soothing effect of the Rapidan conversations between President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald, each nation continues to regard the other with suspicion — a fact which became only too evident during the London Naval Conference. This fundamental antipathy is probably the product of two divergent national characters, which, stemming from the same parent stock, have grown apart with the years. Believing that the effort to see ourselves as others see us is a stimulating mental exercise, the Editor of *The Forum* has invited Mr. Layman, as an Englishman, to set forth his frank opinion of us.

THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA

Alice Elinor

The case history of a woman whose life and health were almost wrecked by doctors who, diagnosing her illness, made hasty guesses and treated her expensively for diseases she did not have while they ignored the real trouble from which she was suffering.

WHAT I BELIEVE

Hu Shih

Next month "The Father of the Chinese Renaissance" will conclude the story of how he came by his credo, telling of his education in an American university and the influence of this education upon his Oriental ideas.

FOREWORD

Continued

In this we recognize a characteristic of FORUM articles which, in the belief of the editors, makes this magazine essential for a certain type of intelligent reader. "Our home is hard hit this autumn," writes one subscriber, "and we have discontinued every periodical excepting one daily newspaper and THE FORUM." Many readers follow THE FORUM in addition to the newspaper because they believe that its articles, more freely and more searchingly than others, interpret the hidden meaning behind current events. The murders daily perpetrated by gangdom make the most alarming and puzzling reading that disturbs our breakfast. Now Walter Lippmann goes behind the news and places his finger on the cause, the apathy of public opinion.

THE AMERICAN public is growing impatient of the school of psychology which condones our criminal classes. It is rapidly becoming necessary to give theory a moratorium and to come down to brass tacks and physical action. Homicidal criminals are always at large in society, and we have not yet learned how either to convert or to corral them. Walter Lippmann shows clearly that the sinner most responsible is not the gangster, that the real offender is the corrupt politician who protects the racketeers.

WE HOPE that Mr. Lippmann or someone else in a future article will tell us how to eliminate municipal officials who shrug their shoulders at murder. The voter in our larger cities has now become impotent to effect civic reform, although we believe that the standards of right and wrong of the electorate are really more sober than was indicated by the lighthearted public callousness to the shooting of "Legs" Diamond. Here is a situation serious enough to demand the intervention of federal authority. President Hoover and Attorney General Mitchell have made the first move.

THE SECOND new national menace of sudden death, that from automobile accidents, is subjected in this issue of THE FORUM to a keen analysis by Donald Anderson Laird in his article "Mental Hazards in Motoring." Nervousness, rather than moral turpitude, he finds to be the chief cause of disaster — the queer modern mental complexes developed in driving a car. He classifies and explains psychologically the now too-familiar phenomena predicted long ago by the prophet Nahum. We recognize as our daily enemies the timid and the sadistic driver. But the worst sinner we must dodge every day of our lives to avoid the whistle of death on the highways is *homo sapiens steponthegasis*.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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Eugene O'Neill

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

GRANVILLE HICKS **VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS**
KENNETH WHITE

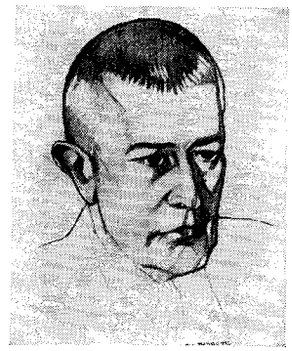
A Brilliant Enigma

SWIFT, by Carl Van Doren; Viking, $3.00.
Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

AT LEAST in the field of biography the eighteenth century is faring uncommonly well. Last spring gave us Lord David Cecil's book on Cowper and Edith Sitwell's *Alexander Pope*, and the new season has brought us Carl Van Doren's *Swift*. If only because Pope and Swift were the outstanding literary men of their period, were both uncommonly difficult persons, and were friends, it would be natural to compare Miss Sitwell's book and Mr. Van Doren's; but the books themselves suggest the comparison by their differences. There is no irritating special pleading in *Swift*, though the temptation might have been great; there is balance, vigor, and perfect candor. It is, in short, a biography, not an apology.

It is very good biography, an achievement that goes far to redeem the new biography from the odium attached to its name by charlatans and opportunists. Van Doren has seen that the secret of biography as an art is not to be found in the use of psycho-analytical jargon, fictitious conversations, and daubs of local color. The secret — an open secret but a disregarded one — is selection, selection based on two rare qualities, the patience to examine all the facts and the wisdom to determine what facts are important.

It is a joy to follow Van Doren as he moves rapidly and confidently through the masses of material relevant to his subject. He will not dally over a letter because it is new or over an anecdote because it is picturesque. As far as possible he draws on Swift's own words, and whatever his sources he keeps Swift always in the center of the picture. Through the tangle of Queen Anne politics he hews a straight path, never failing to make clear what is important to his story, never wasting a moment on what will not serve his purposes. His aim is always to keep within the facts, and if his account of Stella and Vanessa, for example, fails to answer a hundred interesting questions, it does give a clear and reliable statement of Swift's relations with these women. When the book is finished, the reader knows what can be known of Swift. If he feels that "conjured spirit," "extraordinary man," and "born to hatred" scarcely explain the mystery of Swift's personality, he is consoled by the realization that the longest words in Freud's vocabulary would, in this case, be merely a different cloak to cover the same failure.



CARL VAN DOREN*

Where the book is disappointing is in the treatment of Swift's writings. The passage on *Gulliver's Travels*, for instance, is not dull, but certainly it is neither original nor stirring. It would be objected that the author is interested in biography, not criticism; but the answer, as Van Doren clearly realizes, is that the life of a literary man cannot be separated from his books. Indeed, Van Doren's conclusion is that Swift, who failed to win the victories of which he dreamed, triumphed with the weapon he scorned, the pen. Why, then, does not Van Doren interpret and evaluate Swift's books for our time? Either they are important in the twentieth century, in which case he can hardly be excused for not defining their importance, or else they are not, and then the subject i scarcely worth treating.

Edith Sitwell's *Alexander Pope* was i many ways a bad book, but it achieved certain effect because the author conveye to the reader something of her own sens that Pope was a real, important, an admirable person. *Swift*, on the othe hand, is a magnificently written book, bu it never makes clear why its author chos that subject rather than any one of hundred others. It will be remembere that most of Carl Van Doren's work ha been in the field of American literature and that if he has written with less skil on American authors, he has writte with more warmth, a greater sense o discovery, a deeper sympathy. One hesi tates to draw a moral, for it would be ill advised to assert that Americans mus always and under all circumstances writ about Americans; but at least there is point worth pondering.

**Drawing by D. C. Parrot, courtesy of The New York Evening Post*

Trampled Justice

SUCCESS, by Lion Feuchtwanger; Viking $3.00.
Reviewed by VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

WITH the belief that "to distil drop of higher reality he needed endles quantities of raw, unsifted material,' Herr Feuchtwanger has looked through magnifying-glass at the city of Munic during the inflation which followed th War. He unearths closet skeletons, pesky pains, and deep-seated dreams in tavern home, and institution. He digs in a hundred bosoms for the precise grain of desire which determines these hundred personalities. With a passionate patience, then, he spreads his findings before you, the fruit of his indignation and his irony. As in *Power* he turned back through documentary evidence for historical truth, so now for this modern chronicle, he has used this same device to give you perspective, entering the spirit of some future historian. The pivot of the book is justice. The demand for justice and its meting out

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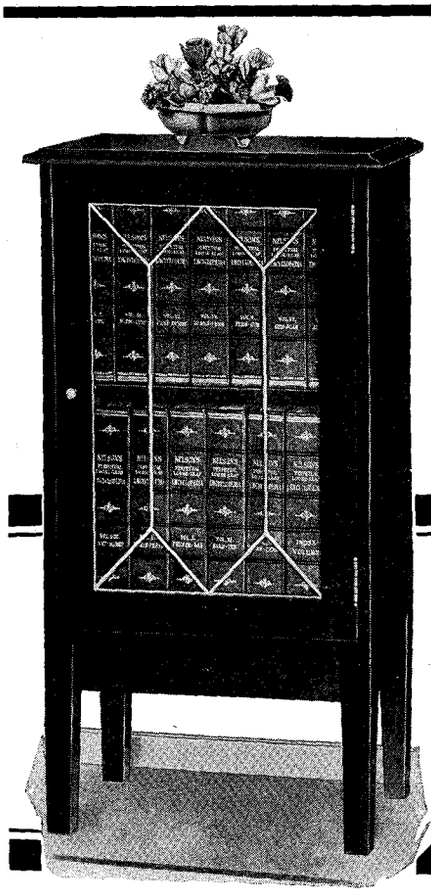

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make the sardonic counterpoint of the theme. When Herr Feuchtwanger has completed his saga, the figure of Justice lies crumpled, despoiled, and prostrate.

Martin Krüger, Director of the National Gallery, stands trial for having sworn, in connection with the suicide of a woman painter, that he did not have intimate relations with her. In point of fact, he had never slept with the woman, but the court proves the contrary to its own satisfaction and sentences Krüger to three years of prison. Like a stone hurled into the sea, this judgment upon Krüger ripples across the lives of the community in ever-widening circles to touch at last the remotest alien shores. Not only are the Minister of Justice, the jury, and the witnesses involved, but their lovers, their families, their economic situations, their government, and its position in the eyes of nations. The cry of this one false punishment, among so many, does not cease to detonate.

The young woman, Johanna Krain, who has been Krüger's mistress and who testifies, at his trial, that he was in her bed at the time when he is accused of having visited the painter, undertakes his vindication. At first she takes up his defense from sense of duty to a friend. Gradually, however, the proving of his innocence becomes, for her, a *raison d'être*. She bends the whole force of her will toward this one purpose. Yet she is constantly deflected, constantly thwarted. Martin Krüger's release, when it does come, is the result of an American business-king's passing whim for a certain popular song. Thus Herr Feuchtwanger rounds out his perfect irony.

Success does not sweep across its field like a hurricane, yet its wake is a trail of ruin. As an army, forward marching, crushes whatever stands to bar its way, the book, with heavy tread, progresses. Its gathered force outweighs your hopes and your illusions and chokes your tentative desires. Revolution is a farce; patriotism, as expressed by the majority, a superb vanity; human integrity, a tiny flame born to be quenched. "The commonest vices of the time," says the author, "were to drink without being thirsty, to write without inspiration, and to have sexual intercourse without affection." Even these most personal gestures, he grinds with the heal of analysis.

A book which so thoroughly penetrates motives and with an equal thoroughness lays bare their relative importance to a conception of the universe cannot give you the sudden, intimate shock which, as a catharsis, brings you emotional relief. Rather it charges you with a burden of conjecture, defying, by cumulative evidence, your private dreams. The author asserts that "whether a human fate was fruitful in art depended not on its greatness and significance, not even on the character who lives it, but only on the poet, the maker, who observed it." In a way, he condemns himself, for the fate of Martin Krüger is lost in its ocean of implications, "all pity choked with custom of fell deed." Philosophically, the protagonist of *Success* is a figurehead; artistically, he is only the wedge in a mighty speculation.

Humanism Again

THE DILEMMA OF THE LIBERATED: *An Interpretation of Twentieth Century Humanism*, by Gorham Munson; Coward-McCann, $3.00.
Reviewed by KENNETH WHITE.

WE HAVE had almost enough of Humanism. The word, now, is scarcely the fighting one it was in the first few months of last year, and a bald restatement of what the word signifies can meet with little response. Unfortunately, as an expositor of the subject of Humanism, Gorham Munson has little to offer that is either clarifying or stimulating. It seems a little useless to go on criticizing "the scientific attitude" as if the doctrines of Thomas Huxley and Herbert Spencer were the last admiration of the advanced. It seems equally useless to repeat the meanings of catch words, in general terms, when the time, if ever, has come to make specific the implications of those meanings. We have heard time and time again that the liberated are free from much and free for nothing. Now we should like to know what proposals can be made to fill the gap.

Some of these proposals Mr. Munson has tried to give; he has tried to work out some of their implications. The principal defects of his result can be traced to a rather vague historical sense and to a faulty criticism of the solutions offered by the Humanist. For Mr. Munson is not an orthodox Humanist, by any means. He was placed beyond the pale by Seward Collins, to whom the present book is dedicated. But, in his heterodoxy, he is able to examine with detachment the value of writers as diverse as Paul Elmer More and Georges Sorel, as Irving Babbitt and Friedrich Nietzsche. To his credit, the most effective portions of his book are contained in the criticisms of the politico-economic theory of the Humanists; and this criticism could come only from a detached observer.

It is, however, a little strange to find a passage from an article of Malcolm Cowley's held up to ridicule of a sort, when that passage asks, in effect, what relation Humanism has to the more than simple business of getting bread and butter. One certainly cannot be a Humanist, unless one has had enough to eat; one

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Books

cannot take account of the inner self when the outer world restricts the existence of any kind of self. If Humanism is the arraignment of the fundamental assumptions of this age then, as Mr. Munson so well realizes elsewhere, it must take account of all of them. One of the assumptions is the general attitude toward Justice; and it seems unfortunate that the Humanists take the Stoical solution rather than the Platonic.

The vague sense of history Mr. Munson has is most evident in his criticisms of the Humanists' doctrines of dualism and the Will. He says of their dualism that it is Cartesian, when, in truth, it is Kantian. Descartes' dualism was more metaphysical than ethical, while Kant's was both. Beyond the Humanist doctrine of the Will, Mr. Munson goes, in point of fact, but a little way. He emphasizes the potentiality, in contradistinction to the actuality, of the Will. Kant found, of course, a way to describe both its potentiality and actuality, and stated his problem in terms akin to the Humanist terms. He, too, distrusted the ability of reason to assert the existence or independence of the Will in a naturalistic world, and yet trusted the offices of the practical reason to provide for the necessity of a Will. His postulates, even, of freedom, and God, were a solution to the problem the Humanists find in grounding their conception in a more absolute reality. Because Mr. Munson does not recognize the resemblance, his objections to the Humanistic notion have little import, and seem rather picayune. Had he realized that the difficulty of stating the ethical question in terms of the natural versus the human world leads almost inevitably to a faulty solution more or less like Kant's, his own sympathetic criticisms of Humanism might have had more weight.

Books in Brief

THE WATER GIPSIES, by A. P. Herbert; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

THIS IS the story of Jane, a slavey, how she loved a gentleman and married a Socialist teetotaler, how she found life different from "the pictures," and how she finally decided that constancy, even if it is offered only by a suitor who can neither read nor write, is easier to snare than charm. The success of Priestley's *Good Companions* and *Angel Pavement* has caused literary Babsons to predict a sharp rise in Victorian securities, and this novel by "*Punch's* darling" emphasizes that trend. Smoothly, humorously Mr. Herbert treats his characters as people rather than mental and (Oh too) physical mechanisms. It is very entertaining.

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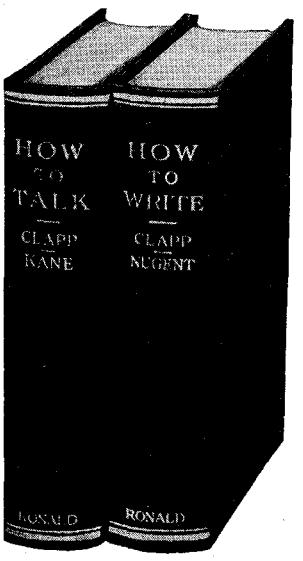

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Books in Brief

THE BIG BARN, by Walter D. Edmonds; Little, Brown, $2.50.

THE publication of *Rome Haul* — his first book — established Walter Edmonds as "a promising young novelist" in the opinions of timid critics. They may safely stop talking about his promise now. *The Big Barn* is better than *Rome Haul*, and proves that it was in no way a fluke. Like most of his stories, this is a tale of rural life in up-state New York. Through the fortunes of a single family, dominant in its small community, it traces the clearing of the land, the establishment of a feudal domain, the dying out of the pioneer spirit in succeeding generations, the effect of the Civil War. In his leisurely, thorough-going manner Edmonds puts into his people — and especially into the country of which they are a part — an earthly vitality not to be found in our more breathless novels. It is doubtful that the authors of *Ex-Wife*, *Ex-Husband*, *Ex-Mistress*, and *Ex-It*, all banded together, could make the erection of the Chrysler Building as thrilling as Edmonds makes the building of a mammoth barn.

A SHORT HISTORY OF JULIA, by Isa Glenn; Knopf, $2.50.

READING of King Street, with its fragrant gardens, its courtly, whist-playing old gentlemen, its riotous pulse of negro blood beating below the surface, one is almost tempted to believe that existence in a mellow Georgia town in the first years of the century must have been a gracious and pleasant affair. Miss Glenn, however, is too keen a satirist not to shatter that particular illusion. She shows one a miniature society slowly perishing of dry-rot and decay. Her heroine, Julia, lives her life in a trance. For all her intelligence and her potentialities of passion, she is unable to break through the crust of a tradition which specifies minutely the limits beyond which a lady may not go. Through lack of that vitality which she dimly apprehends in the Negroes around her, she watches a lover slip through her hands, watches herself being sucked into the stagnant pool which has already claimed an older generation. This is a very clever, if occasionally tiresome, novel. Isa Glenn excels in picturing life as it is actually lived, day by day, in making her readers feel the slow, cruel flux of time.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS, by Katherine Mansfield; Knopf, $3.50.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD had an artistic conscience. She was literally incapable of insincere or slovenly work. This volume is merely a collection of book reviews gleaned from the files of *The Athenaeum* — but what book reviews! Fresh, fastidious, individual, they are still readable after the lapse of a decade, although many of the books themselves are dusty and dead. Katherine Mansfield's criticism is highly personal but very sensitive and sure. She anticipated judgments which have since become critical platitudes. She delved to the essence of books as to the essence of situations in her stories. She wrote her reviews carefully and beautifully, and sprinkled through them shrewd commentaries on literature and life. This book is indispensable for anyone who is interested in Katherine Mansfield, but it is also valuable in its own right.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER, by Major F. Yeats-Brown; Viking, $2.75.

THE "white man's burden" might be considerably less galling than it is today if each command of Her Majesty's Forces in India were leavened by the presence of an officer with half the catholic sympathy and understanding of Major Yeats-Brown. His book is the autobiography of a dual personality: on the one hand a good soldier, polo player, pig-sticker, lover of horseflesh; on the other a seeker after knowledge of Hindu philosophy and religion — much of which he has made his own. He is always, however, the sane British soldier; his mysticism is never marred by any concessions to the merely bogus. Those who read the book will be entertained by a good story, well told (the chapter on polo is superb!). Beyond that it deftly helps the reader to an understanding of almost incomprehensible India.

BEST SELLER, by N. O. Youmans; Bobbs Merrill, $2.00.

IF AN "exposé" of the publishing business was inevitable, and it probably was, it is unfortunate that a better job could not have been done. The inside information is here, accusations specific and general dot the pages, certain recognizable characters take part in the action, and yet the point of all this is dulled by the fact that *Best Seller* is a bad novel. The author would have one believe that the book business is in a woeful state today, and that his manuscript was accepted, published, and highly touted is the strongest argument in favor of his thesis.

A BACHELOR ABROAD, by Evelyn Waugh; Cape & Smith, $2.50.

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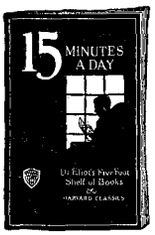

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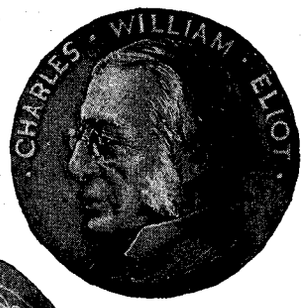

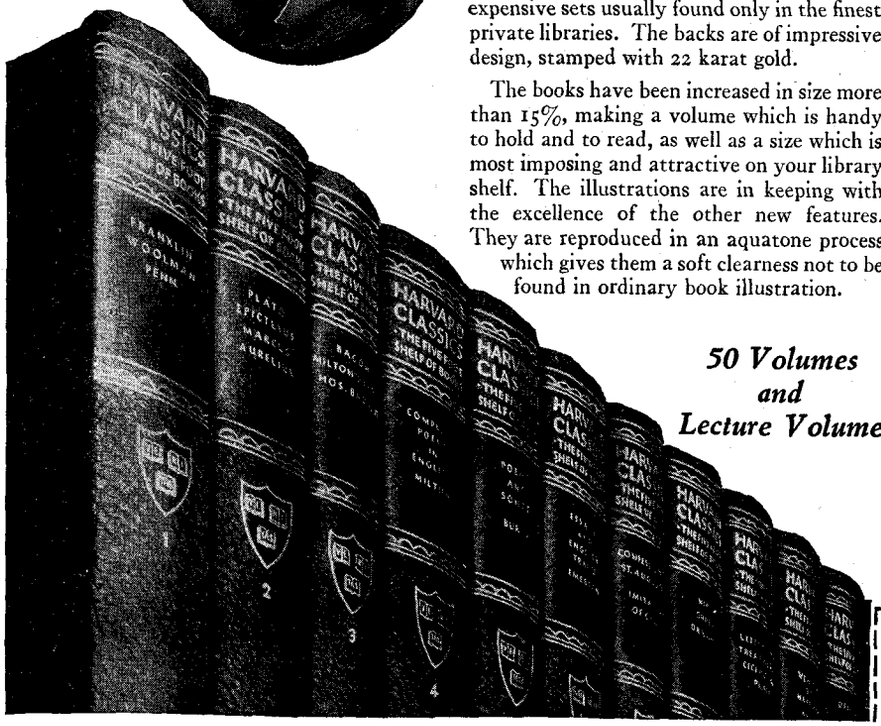

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Books in Brief

their native England. Alec toured the South Seas with a balance scales in one hand and a portable typewriter in the other, and the result was *Hot Countries;* now Evelyn circles the Mediterranean, using a merciless microscope. Unreasoned prejudice and an occasionally too-clever wit sometimes mar Evelyn's judgments, the maddeningly lofty attitude of the sophisticated young Englishman now and then threatens to make him unbearable, but on the whole his is one of the choicest, most entertaining travelogues of the day. May we hope to hear from the Waugh-Waugh boys in Agua Caliente?

RACHEL MOON, by Lorna Rea; Harper, $2.50.

HANDMAIDENS OF duty have lost caste these days. An elder generation might easily have approved of Rachel Moon and certainly would not have questioned the disinterestedness of her motives. Not so Miss Rea. She recognizes self-martyrdom as the ugly, vain, and arrogant thing which it so often is. She has no praise for Rachel, who at eighteen assumes the charge of a household and of the inert, unknowing body of her hopelessly stricken mother. The sacrifice is a senseless, wholly unnecessary one, but it feeds Rachel with the strong meat of self-righteousness and self-importance. She becomes so obsessed that for the sake of these shadowy rewards, she relinquishes the lover for whom she genuinely cares but who is less vital to her than the sense of exaggerated self-esteem which martyrdom brings. This is an uncommonly skillful book, built around an interesting clash of motives and desires. Rachel is a maddening heroine, but she is quite human and at times both pathetic and lovable. Despite the preposterousness of her behavior, one accepts it as inevitable — no insignificant tribute to Miss Rea's acumen as a psychologist.

OTHER MAN'S SAUCER, by J. Keith Winter; Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.

THE OXFORD undergraduate who wrote this tense and sensitive novel introduces one to as charming a family of adolescents as one could hope to meet. The English have a gift for that sort of thing. By far the best part of the book is the opening section concerning the haphazard, brilliant young Latimers and the life which they lead at their country place, Marathon. However, the temper of the novel soon sharpens. Before he is equipped to meet them, Shaw Latimer experiences three cruel emotional shocks which warp his outlook and turn him into an arrogant young egoist, bent on hurting first and never being hurt. He experiments with this philosophy at Oxford, unsatisfactorily and finally disastrously. Unfortunately, Shaw's complete childishness emerges more clearly than his torment. The Oxford chapters are definitely less good than the earlier part of the book — perhaps because Mr. Winter is too close to them to achieve perspective. He writes freshly, daringly, well, but his viewpoint is less mature than his style. He ought to do an excellent book some day. *Other Man's Saucer* is merely an interesting and promising one, with flashes of real beauty.

NEW YORK, by Paul Morand; Holt, $2.50.

HERE, recollected in tranquillity, are Paul Morand's memories of New York. If he seems to be too kind to the metropolis, if he dwells on its immensity and neglects examination of its quality, the fault may be excused on the ground that distance lends enchantment and that presumably Morand wrote his book when he was a long way from St. Andrew's Light. His interpretation of the city may err in being too flattering, but it is without doubt sincere. He was dazzled by Times Square, amazed at Wall Street, charmed by Gramercy Park, and bored in Greenwich Village. He makes a few mistakes (as when he implies that there are no Jews living on Park Avenue), yet he is far more accurate than most of our native guides. Anyone seeking a manual to New York will do well to consult this journal of a wandering Frenchman.

THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH, by Martha Ostenso; Dodd, Mead, $2.50.

AGAIN Miss Ostenso paints the intimate portrait of a family. Matt Welland is impregnable in that most despicable of all fastnesses — the sanctity of benevolent fatherhood and age, fortified at dangerous moments of attack by quotations from the Bible. "Who strays from the common path findeth damnation." In desperate sympathy we see his children struggle to escape a domination almost unbelievable in this day, to grasp some graven image from the waters under the earth. Ineffectual at last, each one returns to the paternal ægis, except his last child who, with a quiet understanding keener than her years, appears to conform in order that she may be free. Only the mother of this family is drawn in a cursory fashion, and so remains a disappointing shadow in a novel otherwise rich in characterization.

THE REDLAKES, by Francis Brett Young; Harper, $3.00.

WITHIN four days Jim Redlake's world was completely disrupted. The girl he loved told him his love was hopeless, and the death of his grandfather permitted

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Books in Brief

his grandmother (who hated Jim because she hated his mother and father) to cut off the funds that were making possible his medical course — the course which he had begun in order to please his grandfather and which he hoped would enable him to follow his love to London. The next six or seven years of Jim's life form the latter half of *The Redlakes*, a long and thoroughly enjoyable novel. That the story seems inconclusive and stops — rather than ends — somewhat abruptly, a little as if the author had suddenly tired, should not deter anyone from reading it. Oddly enough, what is perhaps the finest part of the book — the portion devoted to the South African phase of the war — is essentially only an interlude which does little to forward the main story and somehow leaves the impression of being an almost private commemoration of a well-nigh forgotten incident in history.

THE MUSICALE, by Francis Steegmüller; Cape & Smith, $2.00.

TO SAY that Mr. Steegmüller has evidently read his Virginia Woolf diligently and to advantage is not necessarily to be unpleasant. So have plenty of other people. His method may not be individual but his book is. Very flexibly and freshly he digs into the minds of a group of people who are attending a musicale in a mid-western college town, achieving that contrapuntal quality which alone could give so fragmentary a novel sufficient unity. His people are interesting. So are the crises in which they are involved, and about which they meditate as the music flows on. This compact and rather charming novel is more likely to interest the general reader than most of the recent books which have employed the same method. It is simpler and more clean-cut. Mr. Steegmüller has progressed since the days when he published under the name of Byron Steel.

FIVE MASTERS, by Joseph Wood Krutch; Cape & Smith, $3.50.

ALTHOUGH it will necessarily arouse less discussion, this is a better book than *The Modern Temper*. It is Mr. Krutch's theory that the novel has developed through a series of mutations, and the five masters whom he has chosen as illustrative of successive breaks with tradition are Boccaccio, Cervantes, Richardson, Stendhal, and Proust. His studies are half biographical, half critical, and in each case he stresses the particular divergence from contemporary methods and contemporary psychology which the novelist whom he is analyzing introduced. The five essays are uneven in quality — the one on Richardson is wholly admirable, while the one on Stendhal is too preponderantly biographical and somewhat

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Books in Brief

unperceptive critically — but they are all intelligent, urbane, and very ingratiating. They are sufficiently sound and provocative to interest the special student, and quite readable enough to lure the uninitiate to original sources. Mr. Krutch has made a fresh contribution, not added merely another footnote.

CAMERA OBSCURA, by William Bolitho; Simon & Schuster, $2.50.

TO HAVE had a mind like Bolitho's must have been exhausting — and fine fun. The ordinary citizen does his subway riding and playgoing in a tempered, level-headed, and tranquilly unperceptive fashion. Not so Bolitho. He flung himself headlong into the trivial adventures of living, seeing in prize fighters or tawdry night clubs strange, permanent meanings. Perhaps he read too much between the lines, found too many esoteric implications in the commonest events. Nevertheless the world as he reveals it in these casual journalistic essays is an exciting and poetic place. The magic which we all feel in it at times is enhanced and illuminated, not sentimentalized. Of Ripley's *Believe It or Not* Bolitho said: "This is a pamphlet for truth, for the incontrovertible truth that life is miraculous, breathless, and good to live; that anything but the dull expected is possible." In a different sense one could say the same of *Camera Obscura.* There is more of the essential Bolitho in this book than in *Twelve Against the Gods.* It gives one more reason to regret that so brilliant, bold, and fertile an intellect should have left its work unfinished.

A WOMAN WITH WHITE EYES, by Mary Borden; Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.

MARY BORDEN is always so cosmopolitan that it hurts. She knows, apparently, all there is to know about the fox-hunting aristocracy of England and the bejewelled gamblers of Monte Carlo and Deauville. It is such people who crowd the pages of this glittering, intricately constructed, and somewhat pretentious novel. In her disillusioned old age, Caroline Merryweather — who claims that her life was spent in a sleep from which she never waked — tells the story of herself and Maggie Dawson. Their destinies were bound up together. Both of them were tragically cheated in love. But where Maggie had the consolation of a grand passion, the Amazonic Caroline, despite her many lovers, remained emotionally barren. She had, it is true, a queer mystic relationship with that white walrus of a man, Tawaska the Finn, but somehow life never managed to bring them actually within each other's orbits. (Incidentally, there is a lot of phony sophomoric talk about Life the Enemy, Life the Destroyer.) Because Miss Borden is an accomplished stylist and teller of tales, this book is very readable. Essentially, however, it is shoddy and unreal.

MEMORIES AND VAGARIES, by Axel Munthe; Dutton, $3.00.

THIS COLLECTION of brief sketches is well-named, both for author and reader. While it recalls the actual events to Dr. Munthe, it inevitably recalls *The Story of San Michele* to the reader. Written in the late nineties, and for the first time published in America, these sketches are the forerunners of many of the characters and situations which occur in *San Michele.* Here is that same passionate love for animals, tenderness toward poverty and suffering, and humility and modesty which characterize the writings of Dr. Munthe of the nineteen-thirties. Although he is often arrogant toward human relationships in his own class, Dr. Munthe is compassionate toward the simplest elements in life and is at his best in telling of the ministrations of Soeur Philomene, the unselfishness of Arcangelo the street sweeper, and the tragedy of captive animals. This is a gentle book.

VOICELESS INDIA, by Gertrude Emerson; Doubleday, Doran, $4.00.

HERE IS a book worthy of unqualified praise. It is — in the opinion of this reviewer — by far the best portrayal by a foreigner of life in India. Miss Emerson decided that the only way to study India was to live there — not in a government quarter, not in a city, but in one of the small villages. Feeling that the life of almost any village was representative of the life of India as a whole, she spent over a year at Pechperwa, or The Village of Five Trees. Here, the only white woman — in fact, the only foreigner — for many miles around, she gained the friendship of Hindu and Mohammedan. Their troubles were her troubles. She nursed them, shared their joys, and she went to court with them. The village officials were her friends, as was the Maharajah on whose grounds her house was built. Foreign writers are so apt to translate the Orient into terms of their own Occidental understanding that it is particularly satisfactory to get the impersonal and the tolerant. There is more real information about India to be gained from this book than from dozens of the usual travel variety.

LAFITTE THE PIRATE, by Lyle Saxon; Century, $5.00.

BUCCANEERS, privateers, pirates, Louisiana, romance, and buried treasure.

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Books in Brief

From fugitive to hero — and back to fugitive. All this did Jean Lafitte know — and his name is legend along the Gulf of Mexico. So much has been told of this picturesque figure that it is difficult to know where fact ends and fancy begins. It was no small task Mr. Saxon set himself — the factual biography of an almost fictitious individual — but he has succeeded admirably. There are other figures who weave in and out of this tale, dominating the scene for a moment. Governor Claiborne offers a reward for Lafitte's capture. Lafitte parodies this and offers a reward for the capture of Claiborne. Andrew Jackson saves New Orleans from the British, with Lafitte's Baratarians as staunch allies. But, honored, a popular hero, Lafitte finds life dull. Galveston is founded, a harbor for the early racketeer, with Lafitte its Al Capone. And at the destruction of Galveston Lafitte disappears. Many places claim his grave, but none can prove it. To the decided charm of Mr. Saxon's book, Mr. Suydam's illustrations contribute greatly.

PHILIPPA, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick; Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50.

LIFE HAS COME to a pretty pass when even the adolescent offspring psychoanalyzes her parents. From which statement you can probably judge the nature of Mrs. Sedgwick's latest. Philippa, who is credited with "compassionate understanding" in her early teens, and who in the marital difficulties of her parents manages to be a balance wheel bringing happiness first to one and then the other, constantly exploits her own value in their respective eyes. When the male parent is taken over by a clinging but designing young woman, Philippa comforts her mother. When the aforementioned male parent realizes that life is going to be a series of tearful outbursts and sick headaches Philippa capitulates and comforts him — still compassionate in her understanding. The characterization of the adults is a much better piece of work than that of the titular heroine. By far the most interesting character, from the standpoint of power, charm, and creation, is the grandmother, who appears all too little in this somewhat dull novel of trite situations.

PORTRAIT OF A DIPLOMATIST, by Harold Nicolson; Houghton, Mifflin, $5.00.

IN *The Portrait of a Diplomatist* Harold Nicolson has written sympathetically and objectively the history of his father's career. From 1870 to 1916, when he resigned as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Sir Arthur Nicolson fought the gloved fight of diplomacy for Britain. From a belief in "splendid isola-

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Books in Brief

tion" and an ancestral antipathy to France and Russia, he swung gradually into a fearsome respect for the "German menace." As a defense of the author's statement that "the old diplomatist has not been fairly treated by posterity," the *Portrait* is admirable, but whether the author, a former diplomatist himself, loses sight of his father in his interest in charting the groping, stumbling advance of Germany and the growth of those tremendous absurdities which were the immediate causes of the World War, or whether British reticence forces him to keep his protagonist discreetly off center stage, the *Portrait* as it progresses tends to become less a biography of Sir Arthur Nicolson and more a study of the origins of the Great War.

UPSTAGE, by John Mason Brown; Norton, $3.00.

THIS REVIEW of the tendencies and achievements of the contemporary theatre in America is the best and most complete that we have seen. John Mason Brown is the drama critic of the New York *Evening Post*, and as practical and level-headed as any of them. To him, the theatre in America is Broadway — for better or worse — and he wastes no time on the little theatre movement, which may once have been important for the experimentation and invention it brought in, but which now fluctuates between artyism and imitation of Broadway. He devotes separate chapters to the leading actors, playwrights, directors, scenic designers, and critics, and ties them together with essays outlining the trends of which they are a part. Throughout he gives evidence of an insight and sense of balance lacking in the flashier critics, without being dull or involved. (Incidentally, a dose of Dr. Brown's tonic might be good for what ails the little theatres whom he ignores — if they are not wholly beyond help.)

CERTAIN PEOPLE, by Edith Wharton; Appleton, $2.00

POLISHED as gems, and as various in their glitter, these six stories by Edith Wharton are admirable primarily for their craftsmanship. In some of her recent novels Mrs. Wharton has fumbled a little. In this book she is on sure ground. Her range is astonishing; "A Bottle of Perrier" is as fine a murder tale as one could ask, "Mr. Jones" as fine a ghost story. "Dieu d'Amour," with its tapestried medievalism, is the least successful of the group, but stylistically there is much to be said for it. There should be especial praise, moreover, for "Atrophy" and "After Holbein," both more serious than the other stories and both in Mrs. Wharton's more accustomed manner. Stage producers might well look covetously at the superb theatrical climax of the latter tale, with its two aged aristocrats dining among imaginary throngs. Finally, for pure humor, there is "Refugees." This may not be one of Mrs. Wharton's most important books, but it is certainly one of her most skilled and readable.

CLAUDINE AT SCHOOL, by Colette and Willy; Boni, $2.50.

FELINE and French — that is Colette; no man could have written her books, and every line of them shows a natural love for the provinces and Paris. In *Claudine At School* there is none of the tawdry worldliness of *Cheri*, none of the bitter-sweet tragedy of *Mitsou*, but there is, which is perhaps more valuable, broad, rollicking comedy. Through a deadly sophisticated heroine, a true *enfant terrible*, we see a farce played in a country boarding school. We see quarrels, tempestuous friendships, crushes, even — though comically — unhealthy relationships between teachers. And over all this reigns Claudine, an enchanting little devil, ruthlessly honest and inquisitive to the point of morbidity. If Claudine is Colette, then Colette is brave; for though all pretty women look in mirrors, few have the courage to say, "There — see, am I not beautiful? But look again; I have blemishes."

SEVEN DAYS' DARKNESS, by Gunnar Gunnarsson; Macmillan; $2.00.

IF THIS book is a characteristic specimen of modern Icelandic literature, we certainly have a right to call loudly for more. Strange, powerful, intense, it creates a brooding atmosphere of disease and despair which shrouds the reader completely in its pall. For seven days the city of Reykjavik is muffled in a blanket of volcanic ash, and during that dark period a virulent epidemic of influenza breaks out among the inhabitants. The sanity of one of the town's principal physicians cracks under the strain of fighting the disease, and under a cruel additional stress wantonly imposed upon him by one of his boyhood friends. Pall Einarsson, a cynic and a scoffer, is most unreasonably maddened because he cannot shake the doctor's faith in morality and human dignity. In order to accomplish his end, he craftily contrives to undermine the doctor's trust in his wife, and by so doing destroys not only the doctor's belief but his mental balance. This is a very tense and a very moving book which, despite the frequent wordiness of its philosophical discussions and the weight of allegory imposed upon it, manages to achieve elements of grandeur.

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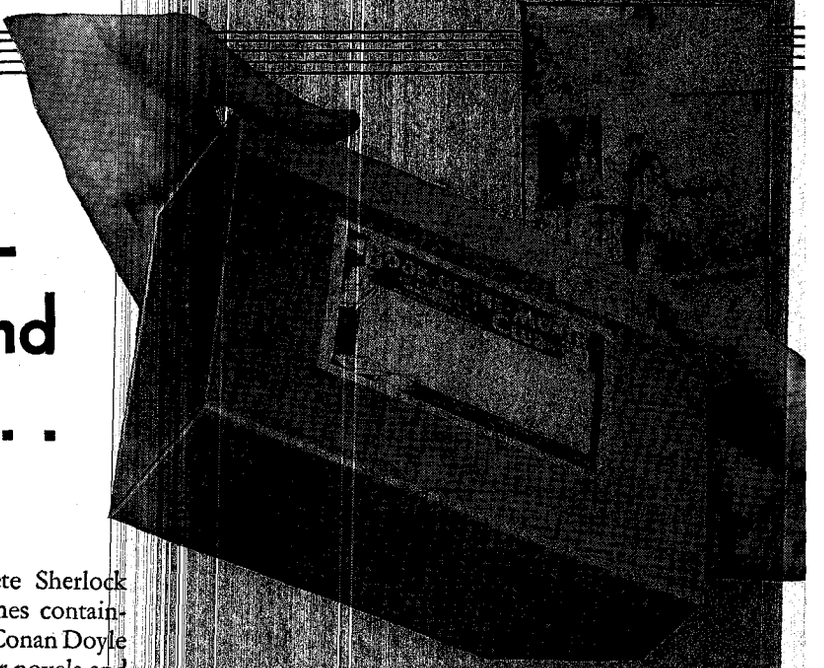

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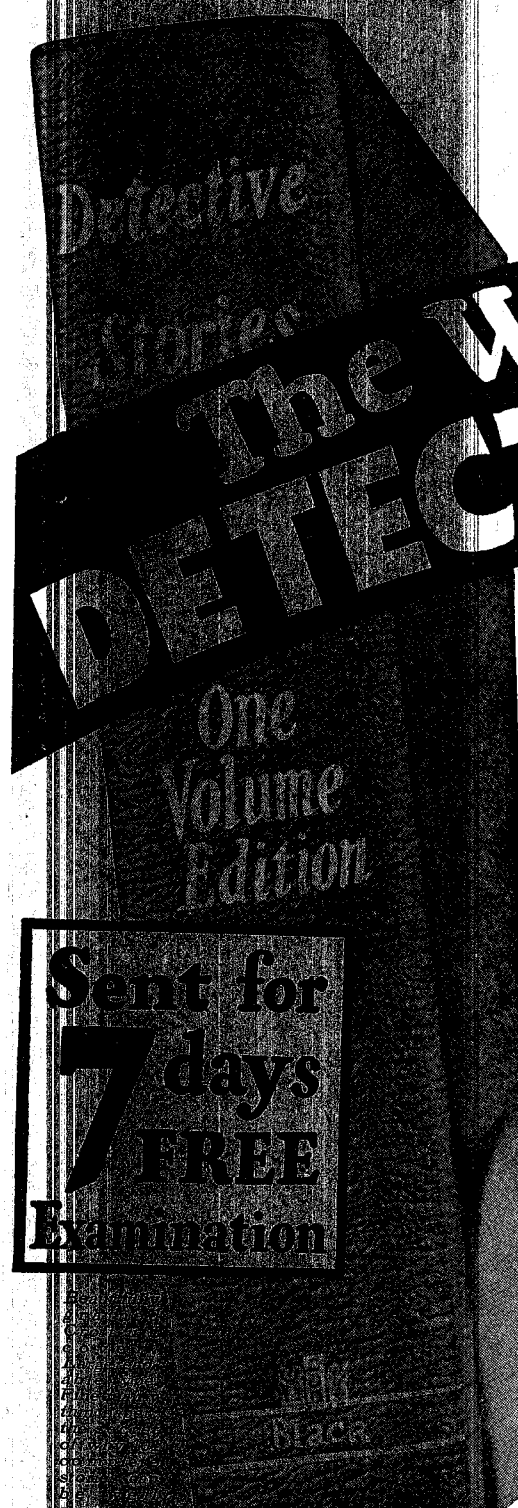

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The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. May we suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i. e. type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.

I

THE WORK of combating crime has long since ceased to confine itself to Chicago and has become a national problem. Walter Lippmann places the blame on the corrupt politician who bargains with both racketeer and court. To augment Mr. Lippmann's discussion in this issue of THE FORUM, other source material is suggested, as well as material for a second paper on crime in Chicago.

A. NATIONAL RACKETEERING

The Underworld, Our Secret Servant — Walter Lippmann — FORUM, January 1930

Gangland and Its Foundation — *Survey*, September 15, 1930

Uncle Sam to Probe the Sins of His Family — *Literary Digest*, September 20, 1930

Gangster-Ruled Cities — *Saturday Evening Post*, July 19, 1930

Sweep Out the Rubbish — *Collier's*, September 6, 1930

B. CRIME IN CHICAGO

Chicago Crime — *Outlook*, June 25, 1930

Crime and the Courts in Chicago — Lawrence Howe — *Nation*, September 24, 1930

"Public Enemies" — *Outlook*, October 1, 1930

All Unquiet on the Western Front — *Literary Digest*, June 28, 1930

Business Fights Crime in Chicago — R. S. Randolph — *Saturday Evening Post*, August 16, 1930

II

ARE WE paying too much for our health? Can we cut down the expense of illness? There is much pertinent discussion of these problems in the following suggested articles, which present the viewpoint of both patient and doctor. In addition two other briefer allied papers may be prepared to explain the value of fresh air and exercise.

A. THE HIGH COST OF ILLNESS

Endowing the Middle-class Patient — Mary Rose — *Survey*, April 1, 1930

Are Hospital Costs Too High? — Cleon C. Mason, M.D. — *North American Review*, July 1929

Mr. Brown Pays His Hospital Bill — John A. McNamara — *Scribner's*, March 1930

A Cure for Doctor's Bills — Evans Clark — *Atlantic Monthly*, October 1930

The Cost of Modern Medical Care — Morris Fishbein — *Outlook*, January 1, 1930

The High Cost of Illness — Herman N. Bundesen — FORUM, August 1929

A Doctor Diagnoses the Bills — George Edward Follansbee, M.D. — *Survey*, January 1, 1930

The High Cost of Being Sick — Frederick L. Collins — *Ladies Home Journal*, October 1930

B. DON'T CODDLE!

Dangers of Too Much Winter Heat — *Literary Digest*, December 28, 1929

"Don'ts" to Keep You Well — *Literary Digest*, January 25, 1930

Stop Coddling Yourself! — William S, Sadler, M.D. — *American Magazine*, September 1929

C. STRETCHING FOR HEALTH

Genteel Stooping and Bending — T. Swann Harding — *North American Review*, March 1930

Stretch and Stretch Again — Helen Hathaway and Barbara Beattie, M.D. — *Good Housekeeping*, June 1930

Reach Up Your Hands — Celia C. Cole — *Delineator*, February 1930

Exercising for the New Silhouette — Marguerite Aguiel — *Ladies Home Journal*, March 1930

Plotting the Curve — Doris Lee Ashley — *Pictorial Review*, June 1930

III

THE LATEST statistics tell us that one out of every six marriages ends in the divorce court. A high percentage, that! Katharine Fullerton Gerould believes that if the American girl were more practically and less romantically prepared for marriage, divorce would not be such a common conclusion to the marital state. Other articles, similar in scope, are added, and one of the newest books on modern home making is suggested for review.

A. PRAPARATION FOR MARRIAGE

Educating girls for Marriage — Katharine Fullerton Gerould — FORUM, January 1931

Sex Madness — Logan Clendening, M.D. — FORUM, October 1930

A School of Marriage — *Literary Digest*, September 7, 1929

Schools for Marriage — *Nation*, September 3, 1930

Last Leaves — Corra Harris — *Saturday Evening Post*, June 28, 1930

B. REVIEW

The Creation of a Home — Emily Newell Blair — *Farrar and Rinehart*, $2.50

IV

AS THE HOLIDAY season progresses the publishers vie with each other in the preparation of beautiful editions of the old and new in literature. While not all of these can be listed here, among those which have come to the attention of this department, and which can be unqualifiedly recommended for their art work, their type, and their general charm, are:

Modern American Painters — S. Kootz — *Brewer and Warren*, $5.00

Lafitte the Pirate — Lyle Saxon — illus. by E. H. Suydam — *Century*, $5.00

The Green Pastures — Marc Connelly — illus. by Robert E. Jones — *Farrar and Rinehart*, $5.00

Orpheus: Myths of the World — Padraic Colum — illus. by Boris Artzybasheff — *Macmillan*, $5.00

N. by E. — written and illustrated by Rockwell Kent — *Brewer and Warren*, $3.50

Moby Dick — Herman Melville — illus. by Rockwell Kent — *Random House*, $3.50

V

IN ANSWER to those queries which have come in regarding articles on the general business depression and unemployment, we recommend the following as among the best:

Machinery and Unemployment — Paul Howard Douglas — *Current History*, October 1930

Unemployment a World-wide Problem — Nathan S. Fine — *Current History*, September 1930

An Expert on Hoover's "Experts" — *New Republic*, August 20, 1930

The Nemesis of American Business — Stuart Chase — *Harper's*, July 1930

The Alien and Unemployment — Isaac F. Marcosson — *Saturday Evening Post*, June 14, 1930

The Workers' Troubles in Other Lands — *Literary Digest*, June 14, 1930

Man Out of Work — By His Wife — *Harper's*, July 1930

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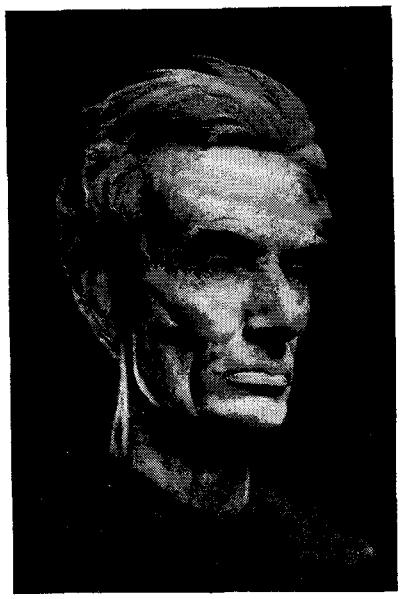

"I Am Reading Some History This Winter"

remarked a friend who thought he was quite original. After all, why not read about real people who have lived interesting lives and built great empires? It makes one's reading count. Why not select the history of your own country? Why not start with a critical period when things nearly went to smash? Why not let this reading adventure center on the life of one man who is the most picturesque in our history — ABRAHAM LINCOLN?

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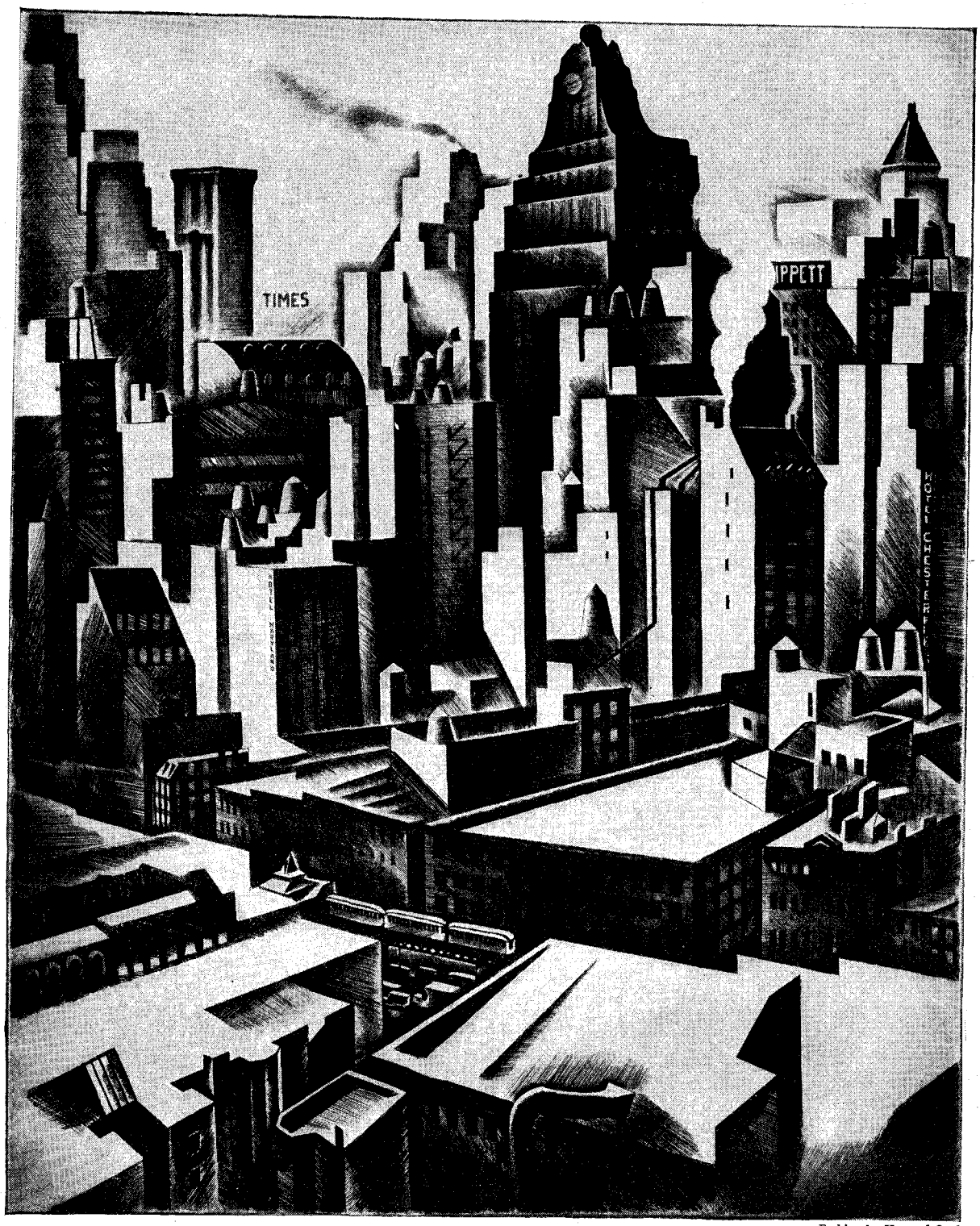

Etching by Howard Cook
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THE CHAOS CALLED NEW YORK

Outward symbol of the lawless growth of America's large cities in which the unregulated competition of individual enterprise allows full scope for the activities of the underworld

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FORUM

JANUARY, 1931 VOL. LXXXV, NO. 1

THE UNDERWORLD
Our Secret Servant

by **WALTER LIPPMANN**

IN THE LARGE urban areas, the American capacity for self-government is put to its severest test. For they are the focuses of modernity: it is here that applied science works the most drastic and far-reaching effects upon the lives of men. Here simultaneously the issues are increasingly novel and complex, the power of decision is continually diluted by the swelling size of the electorates, standards of judgment are disrupted by the erosion of accepted ways of thinking. The region of the modern city is thus the place where the older American polity, its premises, its purposes, and its methods, is confronted with the newer American civilization.

Among the phenomena which certainly accompany, and, as I think, are caused by our maladjustment to the new social order, there is the growth of a powerful underworld. It is necessary to fix clearly in mind just what we are to mean by the term. I shall make a distinction between mere crime on the one hand and the activities of the underworld on the other.

The distinction turns upon this fact: that the criminal as such is wholly predatory, whereas the underworld offers something in return to the respectable members of society. Thus, for example, burglars are lawbreakers who, if they could be abolished miraculously, would not be missed; but bootleggers, panderers, fixers, and many racketeers have a social function and perform services for which there is some kind of public demand. In actual life the distinction is blurred; the same man may be a bootlegger and swindler, a thief and a procurer, a yegg and a racketeer. Nevertheless, the theoretical distinction is important, for the underworld presents a problem quite different from mere criminality.

The mere criminal who breaks the law solely for his own profit, or because he is provoked by passion, or because he is degenerate, does not raise the issues with which Americans living in places like Chicago or New York are so anxiously concerned. The issues that are most deeply perplexing and ominous are those presented by the underworld which defies the law, establishes a régime of terror and violence, and draws profits for services performed from conventionally respectable members of society. Against the mere criminal, whether he acts alone or as one of a gang, there are ranged the opinion and, except in instances of extreme political corruption, the whole force of organized government. The underworld has a different status. Its activities are in some

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degree countenanced by the respectable; from among them it draws its revenues; among them it finds many of its patrons; by them it is in various ways protected.

Supplying a Demand

Because of the scale and character of its operation, the underworld is not comprehensible in the ordinary categories of crime. It is impossible, I think, to deal with it on the premise that it can be abolished by enforcing the law. It is integral to the policy which our laws have laid down, and to the assumptions upon which Americans have been taught to govern themselves. It is the creature of our laws and conventions, and it is entangled with our strongest appetites and our most cherished ideals. The fact that the underworld breaks the law which we all respect in principle, that it employs methods, such as bribery, terrorism, and murder, which we all deeply deplore, should not divert our attention from the main point, which is that the underworld performs a function based ultimately upon a public demand.

The underworld, as I am using the term, lives by performing the services which convention may condemn and the law prohibit, but which, nevertheless, human appetites crave. The most obvious example, and at the present time the most insistent, is, of course, the supplying of liquor. Here we have a vast industry, engaging, it is said, the direct services of a million individuals, which by admission of the prohibition bureau in Washington does an annual business of a gross value at current prices approaching two billion dollars. This business is controlled by the underworld; its products are consumed by the flower of American manhood and womanhood. It is outlawed by our statutes. It is patronized by our citizens.

Being outlawed, the liquor business cannot be regulated by law. It cannot call upon the law for protection. Thus it is driven to improvise its own substitutes for law and order, and those substitutes involve more breaches of our recognized system of law and order. The liquor industry has not only to break down the prohibition law, but the tariff law and the revenue laws; it has to break down officers of the law by bribery; it ends by settling its own disputes, since it is outlawed from the courts, by coercion and murder. This whole fabric of systematic lawlessness rests on the fact that respectable society has driven outside the boundaries of its own law and order the merchant of liquor whom it continues to patronize.

The activities of the underworld are not confined to the supplying of liquor. In almost all American communities sexual gratification is limited by law or convention to married couples. This permitted sexuality does not begin to appease the lusts of men. To appease them there is extra-marital sexuality, in some measure under free relationships, but for the most part through prostitution in its many forms and disguises.

Many economic functions are involved in prostitution; they range from the procuring of women to the operation of dance halls, night clubs, bawdy houses, and places of assignation. As the whole business is illicit, is either contrary to law or is held to be disreputable, the services of prostitution, like the services of liquor, require lawbreaking, bribery, and coercion, and enlist men and women who have little or no stake in the social conventions, in honest government, or in the even-handed, effective administration of the law.

Another persistent and outlawed human appetite is the desire to gamble. In order to satisfy it, there are required expensive organization and paraphernalia. Many persons are needed to operate gambling houses, pool rooms, and bucket shops. They must resort to political corruption to prevent the enforcement of the prohibitions issued by legislatures, and to various forms of extra-legal coercion to protect themselves and extend their enterprises. They interlock with bootlegging and prostitution, and since their trade is illegal and disreputable, it engages those who have little or no stake in the avowed standards of society.

There are other appetites to which the underworld ministers. It possesses the trade in drugs, but since drug addiction is abnormal in our society, the clientele of this trade is relatively small. Drink, sex, and gambling are the forbidden commodities for which there is the greatest demand; they serve desires which, however we may agree to regard them as vicious and damnable, are practically universal among men. There may be those who have never craved liquor or lusted for women or wanted to bet, but such men are too rare to be counted in considering social policy. Thus,

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while most men go through their lives without stealing or killing, or without any personal relation with a thief or murderer, it would be difficult to find an adult in a great city who is one hundred per cent blameless under the laws against sinful satisfaction.

Racketeering

The service of outlawed desires does not exhaust the functions of the underworld. It plays a part in the working of our economic system. No thorough study has, so far as I know, been made of this matter, and therefore I must speak tentatively.

My impression is that racketeering in many of its most important forms tends to develop where an industry is subject to excessively competitive conditions. Given an oversupply of labor and an industry in which no considerable amount of capital or skill is required to enter it, the conditions exist under which racketeering can flourish. The effort to unionize in the face of a surplus of labor incites to the use of violence and terrorism to maintain a monopoly of labor and thus to preserve and enhance the workers' standard of living. Labor unionism in such trades tends to fall into the control of dictators who are often corrupt and not often finical about enlisting gangsters to enforce the closed shop. The employers on the other hand, faced with the constant threat of cutthroat competition, are subject to easy temptation to pay gangsters for protection against competitors. The protection consists in driving the competitors from the field.

The fact that racketeering seems to infest the small, unstable, disorganized industries suggests rather strongly that we have here a perverse effort to overcome the insecurity of highly competitive capitalism, that the underworld through its very crude devices serves that need for social organization which reputable society has not yet learned how to satisfy. Indeed, one might go further and at least inquire whether certain forms of racketeering are not the result under adverse conditions of the devotion of legislatures, courts, and public opinion to the philosophy of *laissez faire*.

It would appear at least that rackets are in large degree perversions of the search for economic security, a diseased compensation in the lower reaches of capitalism for the instability of proletarian life, and the terrific struggle for existence which prevails in a population uprooted from the land, unprotected and undisciplined by its own guilds, and subjected to the daily hazards of the open market.

In the upper reaches of capitalism the rigors of *laissez faire* have been mitigated by superior organization, ampler resources, and greater knowledge; on the land the competitive principle is resisted by the stability of the earth itself; but in the cities among the unskilled workers and the little tradesmen, the capitalist theory of the textbooks has a terrible actuality. A very considerable part of racketeering must be looked upon as the exploitation of the need for security and the hunger for success among those who are always insecure and are haunted all their days by the dread of failure.

Necessary Evils?

I do not mean to suggest that the functions of the underworld are honestly and rationally performed. By the very condition under which they are performed — subject to no law and to no recognized leadership, accountable to no social opinion, operating in the dark, branded as disreputable — they are inevitably pervaded by swindle and treachery. There is very little honor among thieves, there being none of the normal incentives of honor, and the romantic notion that the underworld has a code of its own which it obeys will be found, I think, to mean little more than that enough has to be given to keep the business and that the fear of reprisal regulates its dealings.

But if its functions are not performed honorably, they are at least performed. It is on this fact which we must, I think, fix our attention. It is necessary for us to realize that the principle occupations of the underworld, though they are illegal and disreputable in our society, have not generally been prohibited or even strongly reprobated in the greater civilization of which the American is only a province.

Not until very recently, and almost nowhere else in our Western world, have wine and beer or even strong drink been outlawed. On the contrary, they have been sanctioned for princes and peasants, celebrated in art and literature, and employed as symbols of man's communion with deity. In twentieth-century America the service of this whole human interest has been displaced from the region of social control to the underworld which lies beyond

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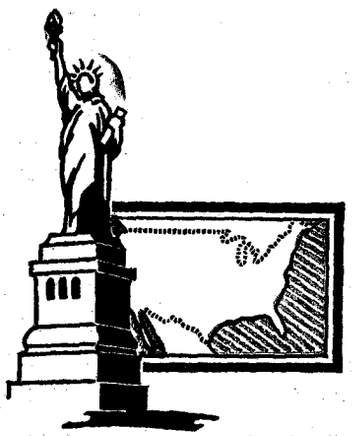
the frontiers of the law. However much we may dislike to recognize it, the same holds with respect to sexual gratification outside of monogamy. Prostitution is a very ancient institution; the effort to outlaw it completely is a rather new and peculiar social experiment. As for gambling, this is so constant a human passion that even some American communities attempt to give it legitimate and orderly satisfaction by licensing and supervising gambling halls.

Finally, the desire for freedom from the insecurity of destructive competition is not only not a vicious desire, but the essence of social order. That this desire is frustrated for large numbers of men, and thus perverted to dangerous devices, is due at last not to the wickedness of men but to laws and social policies which run counter to the invincible necessities.

We are, thus, forced to examine the very premises of our social morality if we are to determine intelligently our attitude toward the American underworld. It is to-day a great, unmanageable, threatening fact in the life of our great cities. In face of it we cannot ask merely whether the machinery of law enforcement is as good as it might be. We shall have to go further, calling into question the wisdom of the laws themselves, asking ourselves what there is in the political consciousness of Americans which causes them to engage in experiments so noble in the motive, so impotent in the execution, so menacing in their effect. For the underworld is paved with the good intentions of our greatest idealists.

Next month, a second article by Walter Lippmann, "The Underworld—A Stultified Conscience"

After Prohibition—WHAT?



Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

by ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

THE NOBLE EXPERIMENT has exploded. We must pick up the pieces and start afresh. Constitutional prohibition is done for. What shall we try next?

This is a good time to pause and ask ourselves what has been the real object of our experimentation. Not merely to find out whether nation-wide prohibition will work; that is just a phase of the fundamental problem of liquor control. The repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will not end our difficulties. The liquor problem will still remain, just as the abolition of slavery did not wholly solve the problem of the relation between Negroes and whites. Our ultimate purpose should be to discover and establish the best method of dealing

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with the evils of intoxicants, whatever that method may be — whether it is prohibition or something else.

What should the Constitution say about liquor in order to enable us to reach a satisfactory solution of this problem? That is the subject of this article. It will not attempt more than that. It is not concerned with the merits and demerits of prohibition, except as a part of the Constitution. The author is not in either the wet or the dry camp. He wants to take this highly controversial question out of the Constitution and leave that fundamental document in a form acceptable to all reasonable men in both camps.

The plan here proposed is that the Constitution shall give Congress power to regulate or prohibit the liquor traffic to such an extent as it deems wise, leaving the states free to control this traffic as they wish, so long as they do not conflict with the positive action of Congress. The details of the proposed provision will be discussed toward the end of the article. The important point is that it will make the problem of liquor control a legislative question.

Shortly after the November election, when it became evident that public opinion in many parts of the country had turned against prohibition — even more, in fact, than the "Literary Digest" poll had indicated — Senator Borah made a statement in which he said: "The time has passed wherein any good purpose will be served by discussing light wines and beer, or modifying the Volstead Act, or leaving it to the states to determine the alcoholic content, etc. The real fight is over the Eighteenth Amendment: Shall it be repealed, and if so, what plan is to take its place?" Yes, this is the real fight; and now a professor of the Harvard Law School comes forward with the first plan which meets the issue squarely. He proposes a workable substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment, and it ought to do much to bring together the moderates, both wet and dry.

It may be helpful to set forth here the four main propositions of the article. First, the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed. Secondly, the repealing amendment should contain a new provision about the control of liquor. Thirdly, this new provision should not embody any specific scheme for liquor control, such as state dispensaries, light wines and beer, and so forth. Fourthly, this new provision should merely give Congress a grant of power over liquor, somewhat like its power over interstate and foreign commerce.

The First Step — Repeal

First, let me explain why the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed. I am not going to talk about restraints upon personal liberty. Such an argument comes insincerely enough from the mouths of those who favored conscription for a war on foreign soil. If we have a right to drain men's blood against their will, I do not see why we are inherently forbidden to dry up their liquor.

Neither am I going to talk about state's rights. That is a vague slogan which has been used by every party in turn according to the convenience of the moment. It is only a legal restatement of the practical question, whether the nature of a particular topic so clearly fits it for varied legislative treatment under local control that nation-wide uniform control by Congress should be forbidden. With respect to liquor we are not yet in a position to say that no uniform control is needed, for example, to forbid the saloon. My objection to the Eighteenth Amendment is briefly this. Nation-wide prohibition is just one method of liquor control; and no one method is so surely the best method that it can safely be put into rigid constitutional form.*

The question of liquor control is one of the oldest and most troublesome with which the human race has had to grapple. Since the Code of Hammurabi in 2200 B.C., innumerable solutions have been tried. None of them has worked very well. The ease with which alcoholic beverages can be made from the commonest of raw materials, the widespread liking for them, the absence of any strong social disapproval of their use in moderation — these have always been baffling obstacles to the enforcement of the various types of legislation. All the methods of control which have been adopted in the

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*The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was proposed to the legislatures of the several states by the Sixty-fifth Congress, December 18, 1917; and on January 29, 1919, the Secretary of State proclaimed its adoption by thirty-six states and declared it in effect on January 16, 1920. The text of the Amendment follows:

1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

2. The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

3. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the Legislatures of the several States, as provided in the Constitution, within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the States by the Congress.

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past have had to be abandoned or modified in the light of experience and changing conditions and alterations in public opinion.

There is no greater guarantee of permanent success for the method of nation-wide prohibition, which was put into force in January, 1920. If it is not the best method of liquor control, we have incapacitated ourselves from effective search for something better. By embodying this one method in the Constitution before we had tried it out, we bound ourselves to continue to apply it long after a majority of Congress and a majority of the people might have been convinced that it was a failure. The very nature of the liquor problem necessitates tentative solutions, but we gave to one untested solution the characteristic of finality.

Constitutional prohibition has been called an experiment, but scientists do not experiment in any such way as this. The essence of experimentation is its lack of finality. If one experiment fails, another may be tried at once. Instead, we set up one experiment, locked the laboratory door, and lost the key where it will take us several years to find it.

In other words, we have made a great mistake in placing a highly controversial method of dealing with the eternal difficulties of liquor outside the range of normal legislative and political processes. The proper choice among various methods of liquor control depends so much on the lessons of experience, on changing circumstances, and on public opinion that it should always be possible for the legislature to mold the method to suit these important factors. With prohibition embodied in the Constitution, such a flexible response has been made impossible.

Hence the unreality of all recent discussion of prohibition. Its advantages and disadvantages as compared with other methods of dealing with liquor cannot be debated by the people or by Congress in any way that really counts, so long as the Amendment stands. One side rests behind the almost impregnable entrenchments of the Constitution, without the necessity of supporting its position by evidence. The other side, unable to express its desire for change through effective legislation, snipes futilely at exposed points like state enforcement or resorts to some desperate expedient like nullification, which tends to sap all law.

Some anti-prohibitionists may suggest that even if the Eighteenth Amendment is not repealed, we can still abandon prohibition for other methods of liquor control. Perhaps it is incorrect to assume that the Amendment makes it unconstitutional for a state to revive the old high license system. However, such a system would be unedifying and ineffectual so long as the Volstead Act remains. The state would be popularly regarded as giving its offi-

cial approval to a business forbidden by Congress. At the same time, the state license would give no immunity from federal prosecutions, so that the liquor dealer might think it hardly worth its high price and prefer to run the risk of doing an unlicensed business.

Certainly the state dispensary system, which many believe to be the best method of liquor control, would be impossible under the Volstead Act, for the state dispensary officials could be prosecuted in the federal courts. If Congress should repeal the Volstead Act, the result would be still more chaotic. Either we should have a vast liquor traffic free from federal taxation, or else federal officials would systematically collect taxes from a business which the Constitution expressly prohibits. And in any event all contracts concerning liquor would be unenforceable in the courts. No reasonable person can welcome the prospect of these absurdities. If disapproval of the Eighteenth Amendment has brought us to such a pass, it should certainly be repealed.

In short, the Eighteenth Amendment leaves us with just two practical choices: total prohibition, which perhaps only a minority wants; or a total absence of any control over liquor, which nobody wants. Even if some intermediate system of liquor control is considered

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by an overwhelming majority to be wiser than prohibition, we cannot put it into effect in any normal way until the Amendment is repealed.

Repeal — With Reservations

This brings me to my second point, that we should not repeal the Eighteenth Amendment without putting something in its place. Since nation-wide prohibition *may* be the best method of liquor control, Congress should be able to enact it if it so desires, and it cannot do so if we simply wipe out the present provision. Suppose we go back to state control and that proves a failure — the saloon returns, the liquor from wet states pours into the dry states, drunken driving causes an intolerable number of fatalities. Suppose public opinion then recognizes that nation-wide prohibition with all its faults was better than the new situation. Matters should be so arranged that it would then be possible for Congress to return to the Volstead Act or some less severe federal regulation without a third constitutional crisis over liquor.

Those persons who say that liquor is not properly a federal question ignore the history of liquor control in the United States before

the Eighteenth Amendment. The trouble began in 1827 when Chief Justice Marshall decided that goods coming into a state from outside were substantially exempt from state regulation so long as they remained in the original package. This doctrine paralyzed the efforts of dry states to keep out liquor in bottles, and forced prohibition to become a federal question. Congress had to take important action about liquor three times before the war.

After a decision of the Supreme Court in 1890, suggesting that some federal legislation was necessary to protect the dry states from the inflow of bottled liquor, Congress enacted the Wilson Act. This left the state free to punish the buyer who imported bottles of liquor and resold them; but the state was still prevented from punishing the man who drank the liquor himself. The result was the growth of a tremendous express business for the shipment of liquor from wet states directly to the consumers in dry states.

In 1913 the Webb-Kenyon Act prohibited the shipment of liquor into a dry state for any use violating state law, thus allowing the state to punish drinkers as well as sellers. Some states were wholly dry, while others allowed their citizens to import liquor in limited monthly quantities under a permit. This last practice was forbidden by Congress in 1917 by the Reed Bone-Dry Amendment, making it a federal crime to transport liquor into states which prohibited its sale or manufacture even if such a state allowed its importation. Liquor offenses had now to some extent become federal crimes, and partially dry states had been made wholly dry by Congress against the express will of their own legislatures.

In spite of this federal legislation two gaps still remained open in which the evils of liquor could flourish. First, the wet states were left wholly free. Secondly, liquor offenses within the dry states could be prosecuted or punished only by state authorities, and if they were lax, the federal government could do nothing. During the war something was done by Congress to close these gaps, but they could hardly be closed in time of peace without a constitutional amendment. Perhaps Congress could still forbid the importation of liquor into wet states, but not its manufacture within their own borders. Hence the prohibitionists secured the Eighteenth Amendment, which dried up the wet states and permitted Congress to use the federal power to punish any liquor offenses within the states.

The repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment without any substitute provision would put the country back where it was in 1890. The Wilson Act, the Webb-Kenyon Act, and the Reed Bone-Dry Amendment are no longer law and would not automatically revive. The dry states

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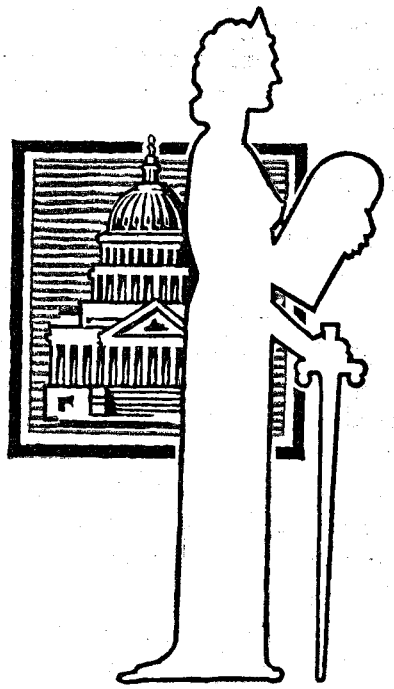
would again be helpless to keep out the flood of liquor from their wet neighbors. Some federal legislation would be inevitable.

Without a liquor provision in the Constitution, such legislation would present serious questions of constitutionality. Three members of the present Supreme Court considered either the Webb-Kenyon Act or the Reed Amendment unconstitutional; five others have been appointed since the divided decisions upholding those statutes. Consequently, it is not certain that the court would now uphold them. Its attitude about different legislation is still more problematical. Practically everybody agrees that repealing the Eighteenth Amendment should not bring back the saloon, but Congress could not prevent wet states from reëstablishing it unless a new provision about liquor is put into the Constitution. The amendment proposed in this article would remove all possible doubts about Congressional power to act whenever the states fail to cope with the evils of liquor.

A strong practical advantage is secured by coupling a new liquor provision with repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The opposition to unqualified repeal will be so great that it will have no chance of getting the support of three-quarters of the state legislatures for many years to come. Meanwhile we shall be in chaos. On the other hand, a substitute provision granting Congress power over liquor might be accepted by a sufficient number of reasonable drys to insure its adoption in the near future. They should be much more favorable to a measure which permits federal action against the saloon.

Genuine Experimentation

Thirdly, the new constitutional provision should not embody any specific scheme of liquor control. It would be a great mistake after taking one precise method out of the Constitution to put another in. For this reason the modifications of the Eighteenth Amendment proposed by such able men as Alfred E. Smith and Dwight Morrow are unsatisfactory. For instance, if Smith's suggestion of state dispensaries is constitutionally adopted and proves unsuccessful, we shall have to go through all the fuss again to get rid of it. The same objection applies to light wines and beer, prohibition of the saloon, prohibition of interstate and foreign commerce in liquor, and so on. If such a new constitutional scheme is unsatisfactory, we shall be just as helpless about using our experience profitably as we are under the Eighteenth Amendment.



Some of these plans of liquor control sound hopeful and ought to be seriously considered by Congress, but only as legislative questions. The Constitution ought not to pin us down to any one method, prohibition or anything else. It should leave Congress and the state legislatures free to choose whatever method they think wisest, and free, if that fails, to establish another in its place by ordinary legislative processes without a constitutional upheaval.

Therefore, the vital clause of the new amendment should be substantially as follows: Congress shall have power to regulate or prohibit the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof.*

A further provision of the new amendment should be worded so as to allow Congress to exercise its power either uniformly throughout the nation or with a diversity corresponding to the diversity in the laws of the several states; and furthermore the states should be left free to control liquor if Congress does

*The wording of the first section of the Eighteenth Amendment is substantially followed (see footnote on page 5) except that the prohibition is turned into a grant of power.

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nothing about it, and also, even if Congress does act, to adopt enforcement laws which do not conflict with federal legislation but which may be stricter than such legislation. The reasons for inserting these provisions about state control are somewhat technical, but will be obvious to any person who has studied the operation of the interstate commerce clause. The Constitution should state expressly that the silence of Congress about liquor will not prevent action by the states.

Without further discussion of this matter, I return to the vital clause of the proposed amendment. Elihu Root, arguing before the Supreme Court in 1920 against the Eighteenth Amendment, stated the advantages of a provision which "conferred *power* upon Congress to prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors" (253 *United States Reports* 362):

> An amendment in the latter form would, it is true, be precisely as irrepealable as the [Eighteenth], but the conduct of individual life thereunder would at all times be within the control of the representatives of the majority of the people. Congress would then have the power to prohibit intoxicants or not, completely or qualifiedly, as it from time to time deemed best; and if the majority of the people then desired prohibition, Congress could respond to their wish; and if, on the other hand, the majority thereafter became persuaded that extreme prohibition was no longer necessary, in that respect also Congress could effectuate the will of the people. In every free government the direct regulation of the lives of the people by legislation should be in the hands of the majority, however the powers of government may be distributed and allocated.

The proposed amendment would conform to other important parts of the Constitution, which merely give Congress or the President power to act, entrusting to their wisdom the choice of the precise method of action. Thus Congress "shall have power" to lay taxes, regulate interstate and foreign commerce, establish inferior courts. The President "shall have power" to make treaties and appoint judges and all other officers with the consent of the Senate.

The exact requirements of the Constitution usually concern procedure. To carry on a government satisfactorily it must be known just how many Senators constitute a quorum, just how many days the President has for vetoing a bill. Other rigid provisions forbid the states to deal with certain questions of national concern, or forbid governmental interference with various preëminent human liberties. The Constitution almost always abstains from laying down rigid requirements about constantly controversial matters, but leaves them for legislative treatment under a grant of power. The same policy should apply to liquor control.

The amendment proposed in this article makes it possible for us to continue the Volstead Act, to return to it if other plans prove unsatisfactory, to establish state dispensaries, to forbid the saloon, to limit alcoholic content to light wines and beers, to have only state enforcement, or to put in force any other method of liquor control which is desirable. To the objection that this will leave liquor in politics, the reply is obvious — it is continually in politics now.

This amendment ought to have the support of the moderate wets, because they will not have nation-wide prohibition if they can convince Congress of its undesirability. And it ought to have the support of the moderate drys, because they will still have nation-wide prohibition if they can convince Congress. A constitutional provision acceptable to most reasonable men, whatever their views, would be a long first step toward a satisfactory solution of the liquor problem in the United States.

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EDUCATING GIRLS for Marriage

Drawings by Johan Bull

by **KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD**

ONE OF THE FIRST grown-up pangs that I experienced came to me through a letter from a former governess. "You remember," she wrote, "Dolorès de M — . Poor child, her family married her, at fifteen, to a Roumanian prince who beats her."

I remembered Dolorès well; at our school in Paris, I had been twelve and she a year or two older. There was a trace of the direct Botticelli tradition of holiness in her adolescent looks; and while we romped with the blond elf Renée, we looked up to the graver sister Dolorès as someone set apart. Angelic, that cheapened word, really described her face. When I was myself fifteen and received L. F.'s letter, I could not bear, without tears, the thought of Dolorès being beaten by a Roumanian prince.

It was then, I believe, that I first became conscious of a profound difference in the destinies of French and American girls; then that a young Francophile, herself ignorant of the somewhat foolishly styled "facts of life" (there are so many others, all facts!), began to wonder if there were not something to be said for American ways. I never heard any more news of Dolorès; but many, many times in the ensuing decades I wondered if her family got her back, or if her husband died or stopped beating her. When I have thought of a "victim" of marriage, that victim has had Dolorès' face.

Later I came to realize that, in spite of Dolorès, the French are in many ways wiser than we about a woman's destiny. Clémentine, Henriette, Marie, Geneviève, Germaine . . . all of you expected, once out of your convent, to be promptly married off by your careful parents. In the pre-war days — those days now, like Corinth and Crete, the mere business of archæologists — no well-brought-up French girl dreamed, barring a terrible dislocation of events, of passing the age of twenty still unmarried. All the girls I knew confessed that their parents were not sympathetic to the idea of a religious vocation.

Marriage was the future of every girl; and the sooner it could be arranged after her leaving school, the better, since there was no social existence possible for the young unmarried female. There were no books for her to read, no plays for her to see, no parties for her to go to, no men for her to talk to, nothing for her to do. She had to move, at her mother's side, through a completely censored world in a kind of expurgated white daze. Even if engaged, she was never alone with her fiancé. The "veiled, virginal doll" must have been a great nuisance in the house, and parents must have longed to hasten the day when she could "put on perfection and a woman's name." The girl herself can have longed for it no less, since only when

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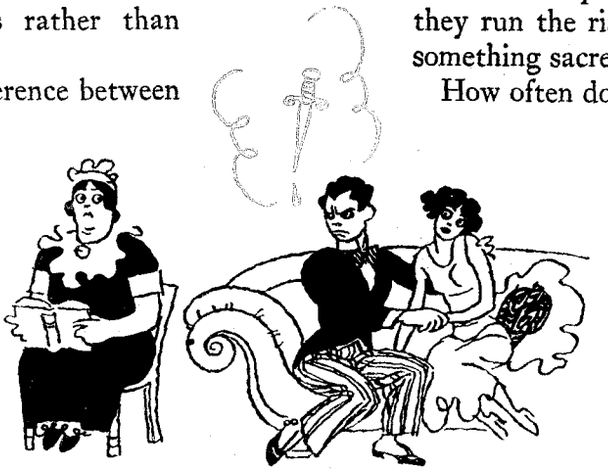
married could she hope for any freedom — any reality, any validity of existence, indeed.

To our American point of view, this swathing and confining of the unmarried girl seems simple nonsense. In France itself it must be different, since the war. There was never much wisdom, probably, in a protection so exaggerated as to amount to imprisonment, almost to social paralysis. The wisdom lay in the assumption on everyone's part that marriage was inevitable — that if the girl did not marry, it was, for her and hers, sheer calamity.

We all know that in America it is not necessarily a calamity for a woman not to marry. One finds quite as many happy and interested spinsters as wives. Yet there can be no doubt that expecting to marry, never in extreme youth being tempted to flirt with the idea of not marrying, is a valuable ingredient in a young girl's preparation for wifehood. She is the less fantastic and egotistic in her attitude to her own future. If marriage is as inevitable as long dresses, she does not waste her precious cerebration on alternatives. She is always, to that extent, a willing bride. Even poor Dolorès, if she blamed her parents, probably blamed them only for not contriving to know the bridegroom better. She would have considered them dupes rather than brutes.

The fundamental difference between French and American training lay just there: in that the French held out to a girl no prospect of personal happiness or social success, no reward to vanity or to romantic egotism, except as she achieved it by playing the set game of the generations. If she refused the pattern, she was a mere despised or pitied eccentric. Opportunities were presented only to those who had played the game. Until you were a wife, you had no life of your own. To the French girl — to the European girl in general — marriage meant freedom; to the American girl it meant (however desired) curtailment of freedom. Which gave marriage, in Europe, an immense moral advantage over marriage as it is generally conceived in this country.



The Sacred Terror

How — it has been asked — do we Americans prepare our daughters for the most significant (socially speaking) of human relations? Do we prepare them at all? If we do, there must be, in view of the notorious mess we make of marriage, something wrong with our preparation. What is wrong, and can we amend it?

We must work within our American limitations, and certain ideas are so distasteful to us that it would be pure folly to advise our taking them over. We are individualistic and non-social in our general attitude to our own destinies. Especially are we individualistic and non-social in our attitude to marriage. When you have said that Americans are fundamentally romantic you have denied the possibility, on a large scale, of anything like the European marriage contract. You cannot, in America, make legal marriage depend on parental consent; you cannot introduce (I am convinced) the dowry system; you cannot, above all, eradicate from the American heart the belief that any given marriage is the business, supremely, of the two young people involved, and that if parents try to interfere, they run the risk of doing violence to something sacred.

How often do you hear it said: "She is marrying *him*, not his family"; "If they want each other, it's their own affair"; "If they really love each other, what are you going to do about it?" These remarks are not made, these questions asked, even rhetorically, in France, where every girl knows that she is marrying her husband's family as well as himself, where no one conceives marriage to be the exclusive affair of bride and bridegroom, and where love is hoped for rather than postulated.

We are racially, socially, romantic about marriage, and even the bravest and most assured parents stand abashed before the positive declaration that what their daughter feels for the young man in question is "love." We have an uneasy suspicion that this preference — in

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our eyes so ephermeral, so unjustified — may have a sanctity that will, if opposed, take its own revenge. True love — no, one does not tamper with that. There are Eumenides about . . . better stand from under. This, I believe, is why so many unfortunate marriages are made in spite of clear-sighted parents. They dare not push their wisdom to the point of a practical victory, lest they be dishonoring the Sacred Terror.

When we talk of preparing our daughters for marriage, educating them so that they will make happy choices, we assume their free will

in choosing. We must prepare them, in the dark, for marriage in general, not for a marriage of our devising or foreseeing. It has been suggested that we parents might mitigate the perils of wild, ineffable choice by teaching our girls, through the adolescent years, that romantic love (as which mere sex attraction often masquerades) is not the only consideration; that community of tastes, similar backgrounds and social habits, intellectual sympathy are in the long run equally important to happiness.

Very likely. But, once admitting that the American girl is free to choose her mate — as, generally speaking, she is — you have to deal with the fact that the young thing infatuated, "in love," believes that no one has ever been so congenial, so socially fitted for her, so intellectually sympathetic, so wholly like-tasted, as the young man she has fallen in love with. To point out these things after she has fallen in love is waste of words, for she agrees with you entirely, and her passion invents for her momentarily all harmonies. It is even a question whether pointing out these facts continually, through all her teens, will work when the Sacred Terror (or what she takes for it) once stirs her.

More frankness between parents and children about sex matters has been widely advocated as a help in preparing the young for marriage. I think that, in the educated classes of to-day, there is quite enough frankness already between parents and children about sex matters. Indeed, in some circles, too much! I know of wise young parents who begin explaining sex to their children at the tender age of five.

That we should not ape the reticence of earlier generations of parents is nowadays taken for granted. But it must be remembered that parental frankness on this subject is apt to stop short with dry, scientific exposition. If one reflects, one sees that this must be so. Blame the parents if you will; but admit that it is not easy to discuss the emotional side of marriage — it being obvious that the only marriage you thoroughly understand is your own — with precisely the people who came into the world as a result of it. Since it is assumed, in a puritanic civilization, that no one will gather sexual wisdom outside of marriage, the revelations of the parents are taken for stark autobiography — which is too embarrassing. Though you may have been made wise by watching a hundred marital tragedies, your child will inevitably suspect your generalizations to have been built up on your own case.

No, the remedy is not, as many people have thought it, franker talk about sex between parents and children. The fact is that there can be only a limited frankness on that subject between the generations; and even that will be a textbook frankness, hardly calculated to correct or discipline the infatuation of the young creature involved. To be of any real help, we should have to discuss exhaustively the emotional corollaries of physical facts — and I have pointed out why we are not likely to do that to any great extent.

As the Twig Is Bent

The failure of American parents to prepare their children adequately for marriage is, I believe, simply part of the general failure of American parents. They not only do not prepare their daughters for marriage; they do not prepare them for any responsible adult life at all. Our intentions are fine enough — they are certainly generous enough. Our practice is, in the long run, deplorable.

It is a commonplace that we spoil our chil-

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dren. We ourselves admit it lightly. Nor is the spoiling of children a class matter: it runs down, I think, through all the strata of the original American stock. The reasons for this parental indulgence are very complicated and do not belong here. Part of it is due, no doubt, to sheer American-ness; to the determination that no American child shall live under the cloud of "the state of life to which it has pleased God to call him," but shall make his state, by his own efforts, whatever he likes; shall have a richer life than his parents had, shall escape, as far as possible, their social, intellectual, financial, or æsthetic handicaps, shall be free of his world with a larger freedom than theirs.

We like to think of our children as uncoerced. This spoiling of children, this "leaving them free" — the curse of our generation of parents — is already having disastrous effects in the field of manners and education. Part of our bad American schooling is due, no doubt, to our general passion for experimentation; but surely a lot of it can be charged up against the unwillingness of parents to have their children burdened with work. The decline in American literacy, due largely to problems of an unassimilated foreign population, is lamentable but beside the point just here. The private schools and colleges have the American stock, for the most part, to deal with; and one has only to spend an hour in any group of parents to realize that the older generation knows its children are being taught each year worse — and more expensively.

The serpent entered, doubtless, with the kindergarten, which prepared us for the general theory that work could be play. Work cannot be play, as all educated Europeans know. The intelligent American boy or girl, in the best school, has learned at fifteen not quite as much as his European coeval has learned at the age of eleven. Needless to say, he never catches up. He cannot catch up, because he has never been taught to work. (Being bored is not the same thing.) Scholastically, his young mind has been ruined by bad teaching and lax methods. Even if the boy or girl goes on to college, the chances are that college or university will be but the scrappy future of the scrappy past. The few academic institutions which insist on decent scholastic standards are constantly being berated by their own alumni — who have arrived at parenthood and want the intellectual life made easy for their children.

We come to the task of preparing our children for marriage, therefore, immensely handicapped, for we have never insisted that they shall use their minds, and the schools into which we fling them fail miserably in their training. One sometimes looks aghast, indeed, on the prospect of an America managed, in the next decades, by a generation that will never be truly adult. How can it be otherwise when parents at home are busy ministering to their children's physical health and social pleasure,

and teachers at school are teaching them — in the austere and rigid and significant sense of teaching — nothing at all? Moral instruction is more or less desultory as religious ideals fluctuate; and, socially, we are still and always individualists.

There is no place where real discipline can possibly creep in. Parents are wholly given to being shields and bucklers for their offspring. Perhaps because it is the American tradition that young things, once come of age, must make their own way, stand on their own feet, we desire wistfully and overwhelmingly to spare them, as long as possible, any inkling of that difficult future. We are sentimental about youth: we really feel it the most beautiful of all periods of life. The average American parent says to himself, by implication if not explicitly: "Let me prolong for the child this golden time, let me not mar it with coercion or discouraging precept or wanton denial of desire; time enough for him (or her) to meet trouble and responsibility when he (or she) is grown-up and has to encounter the inevitable disappointments of life." According to Mr. Kipling, parents in Burma take much the same attitude; but except for America and Burma,

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I know of no other country where they do.

Roughly speaking, Europeans try to prepare their children for maturity; we do not. No young man or woman of twenty-one is thrown more completely on his or her own resources than the young American; yet no young thing, in any modern civilization, is less prepared for independence. That is the real evil at the heart of our social life. The book of Genesis which, in the past, we have taken so seriously, has never, curiously enough, taught us this: that the garden of Eden is a poor preparation for toiling in the sweat of one's brow. We try to make youth Eden; and though we fling our children inexorably, at a given age, into the rigors of an adult life, we have steadily done our best to keep out of Eden any foreknowledge of the post-Eden state of things.

We are not a conscienceless lot, we Americans; we ache and yearn only too much over our children's health and happiness. But we must seem frivolous to European parents, for, in comparison with them, we send our young into battle unarmed. We inoculate them, we psychoanalyze them, we spend feverish hours in trying to discover their "bent," or determine their type and temperament. What we do not do is to prepare them, by discipline, responsibility, rigid and accurate thinking, for the tasks and undertakings of maturity. We do not make them faithful over a few things in order that they may be faithful later over many. Whatever feeble efforts in that direction we may make at home are frustrated by the schools — especially by the "best" schools.

Desiring to make our children happy, we cannot even keep them from the worst inanities and vulgarities of our time. We cannot fight movies and comic strips and jazz, because, if we do, their more sophisticated friends crow over them. I heard the other day of a child who had failed in two subjects at school, and needed parental comforting — which she got. One of the subjects (I have forgotten the other) was mud pie making. The child who is consoled for failing in mud pie making by being permitted to turn on the radio and listen to Amos 'n Andy is not being prepared, in the nursery, for marriage or for anything else.

Love Is Not Enough

This, I believe, is the true root of our difficulty: that no youth is so protected from seriousness as American youth, yet that no youth is so violently flung, when maturity is reached, on its own responsibility, its own decisions. How can a girl who has never had any burden laid on her slim shoulders choose wisely the man whose chief rôle in life must be to share burdens with her? If she does not know the "feel" of a burden on her own back, how can she estimate his burden-bearing capacity? Especially when even her elders are loath to admit that love is not enough to neutralize all burdens.

We cannot begin the education of our daughters hurriedly at the moment when they first broach to us the question of marrying. It is not so much that we need to prepare them, through childhood and adolescence, specifically for marriage, as that we need to prepare them, from the cradle up, for all the responsibilities of later life; to teach them that any human association, whether practical or sentimental, is a complicated business, needing effort and perception as well as good will. If we trained our children to contemplate themselves seriously as members of a social group, giving as much as they receive, we should have less trouble with these mad individualistic choices.

As it is, we have taught them only to have their own way. Indeed, one of the few principles allowed to work, in all the modern educational farrago, is the principle of finding out

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from experience. Let them try anything they want to; and if discomfort results, one may hope that they will not try that particular thing again. But that is a very poor way — though a very American way — to approach marriage. Parents who for twenty years have abdicated their own opinions and given children their heads — or apologized whole-heartedly when they did not — are in no position to protest at the choice of a husband or a wife. Young things who have had only privileges without responsibilities, who have no sense of the meaning of a contract, are not in a position to choose wisely.

I may seem to be indicting American youth, while blaming American parents. Such is not my intention, for I have an immense admiration for American youth. I have also much sympathy with American parents! Educating a daughter for wise marriage is, with me, a purely academic question, since my own daughter is not yet twelve. Yet I do not foresee myself, in the next years, telling her too often that when she falls in love she must consider all the non-romantic aspects of companionship.

Our simple plan is rather to keep her, as long as we can, away from the kind of social occasion which sets romantic affairs in train, so that she will be as nearly as possible a grown-up person when she begins to think of love affairs. We shall hope that some of what she has been taught, in the family circle, about human relations in general will stick when she comes to contemplate the special relation.

All education has for its goal the power to distinguish between the truth and a lie, enabling the truly educated person to determine values in whatever field engages his attention. We shall do our best to educate our daughter — in spite of the schools, which largely ignore the true goal of education — in that sense. Some textbook frankness on the subject of biologic processes is undoubtedly "indicated." But the sole infantile preparation for marriage that she has so far received is the frequent injunction not to be a pig. I am not sure that, properly inculcated, that precept is not the most valuable of all preparations for marriage.

Hard Sense

She kept a little moon
Yellow as butter;
Hoarded a little tune
Too sad to utter;

Cherished a windy sky
Secret and holy;
Treasured the way birds fly,
Solemnly, slowly.

Parson at last is glad,
Old wives are grinning;
Wed to her neighbor's lad,
Set her to spinning. . . .

Flax on the busy loom,
Children to cherish,
So in one narrow room
Folly will perish.

Here is a silver spoon,
Here a copper kettle,
For her who thought the moon
Made of dearer metal.

— ***Elspeth***

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MENTAL HAZARDS in Motoring

Drawings by C. C. Beaver

by DONALD A. LAIRD

You must picture the setting of this incident — the broad and unbroken stretch of concrete highway, the traffic lanes plainly marked with white paint, and the two cars which were approaching each other at a moderate speed. The northbound automobile was driven by a woman; in the southbound car was a lone man. There were no turns in the roadway, no other traffic to disturb the drivers' control, and yet the machines collided. And the lady turned out to be completely willing to bear the responsibility for the accident.

"It was all my fault," she is reported to have said abjectly. "I was on the wrong side of the highway. I am *so* sorry."

"No, no, Madam!" the gallant gentleman replied. "It was *my* fault. I saw you coming for fully half a mile, and I could easily have turned into a side road and got out of your way."

This story is related not because of the unusual courtesy displayed, though that in itself might be a sufficient justification, but because it illustrates one hazard of motoring. Neither party knew what the other intended to do. Perhaps the woman supposed that, even though she was on the wrong side of the road, the man would turn out to let her pass (a thought which, as he said, occurred to him — after the smash-up); perhaps the man assumed that she would swerve back into her proper lane. Both suppositions were wrong, and the result was one more collision to be included in Monday morning's "Week-end Accidents" column.

The point is, then, that it is difficult to tell what the other driver is going to do. Not always does he do the most rational or the most obvious thing; and even when he does, the fact remains that most of us are bad guessers. Possibly a study of that peculiar species, *homo sapiens steponthegasis*, may be helpful in making us better prophets. Even if it fails to improve our predictions, it will at least give added insight into some of the foibles of human nature as revealed in the widespread laboratories of the highways.

Gasoline Jags

The traffic policeman on duty is in constant contact with "the best people" (that is, people with enough economic security to be able to meet the payments on their cars); nevertheless he is forced to observe human nature principally at its worst. For the average automobile driver is drunk. His intoxication bears no relation to his attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment — some of the most intoxicated drivers I know are dignified professors to whom wine is anathema — but comes

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partly from the fatigue caused by the vibration, noise, and general strain of driving and partly from the hypnotic influence of night driving.

Additional intoxication arises from the feeling of power enjoyed by the man who presses his right toe on the accelerator and gets a response equivalent to the energy of from fifty to two hundred horses. A person intoxicated with alcohol merely imagines he has power and strength, but the man intoxicated with his machine actually *has* the power at his command and is not to be cowed by a burly bouncer or by others who are imbibing the same stimulant along those modern bars known as state or national highways.

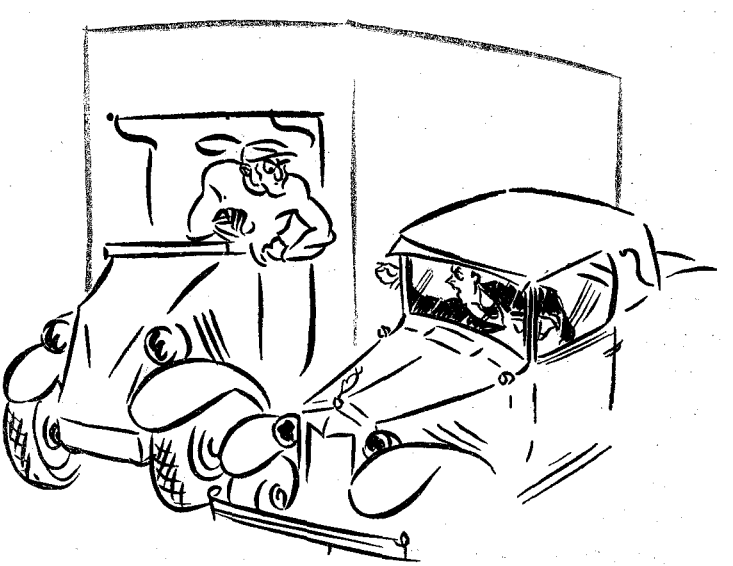
The sheer enjoyment of motoring has obscured to most people the very real fatigue-intoxication caused by this mode of transportation. Whether one is driver or passenger does not matter, except that the fatigue is more marked in the driver. It is revealed by metabolism, body sway, and inability to do simple mental tasks; and measurements made by Dr. Fred A. Moss and his associates have shown that it may overcome a man who has driven only a hundred miles over good roads.

Now the practical upshot of this fatigue and this power intoxication might merely be found in the accident statistics, were the disease not complicated by the general foibles of humankind. Consider, for instance, the middle-aged professional man who takes his family into the country for a spin on Sunday afternoon. Returning to the city after the strain of driving a hundred or more miles, he encounters thicker traffic. The eighty-plus horses under his accelerator foot are frustrated in every block by smaller vehicles in his way, by traffic lights, by the cars that dart in and out from side streets. Two blocks of this interruption and frustration are all he can stand. Intoxicated by fatigue and the unused power under his toes, he weaves in and out through the stream of moving machines. He is in no real hurry to get home, but on he goes. Warnings from the back seat are unheard, for, by George, he is going to show that he will not be balked!

In a sense he is a madman running amuck. More specifically, his frustration is like that of a baby who is thrown into a rage when one gently holds its hands so that it cannot move them as its fancy directs. And our driver will let this frustration be known, not only by cutting in and out of the line of cars, but by mumbling about the poor control of traffic by the city officials and the pitiful skill of all the other drivers in the block. If he wants especially to convince his passengers that he is not fatigued and is still in full control of the power he has bought, he will talk to them about these conditions.

When he wishes to be particularly convincing, however, he will lower the glass at his elbow and shout to the drivers of passing, or passed, cars his exact opinion of them. These broadcast, scurrilous comments probably accuse the maligned motorists of the very faults which he really feels to be his. The psychoanalysts would call this a projection mental mechanism, but that still leaves us in the dark as to why the motorist projects and when he is most likely to boil over and project again.

Occasionally the driver who is thus addressed as no gentleman will retaliate in kind, but at times the aggravation is increased by the inability of the accused fully to appreciate the intended sarcasm. It is related, for instance, that a tourist hurrying through a winding, narrow street in Panama found his way blocked and his power frustrated by a lazy model T taxi driven by a drousy Negro. It was impossible to pass the Negro, who just didn't seem to care about hurrying. As the street broadened slightly, the frustrated driver maneuvered past and shot out the burning comment: "Where's the body?" Immediately the Negro appeared



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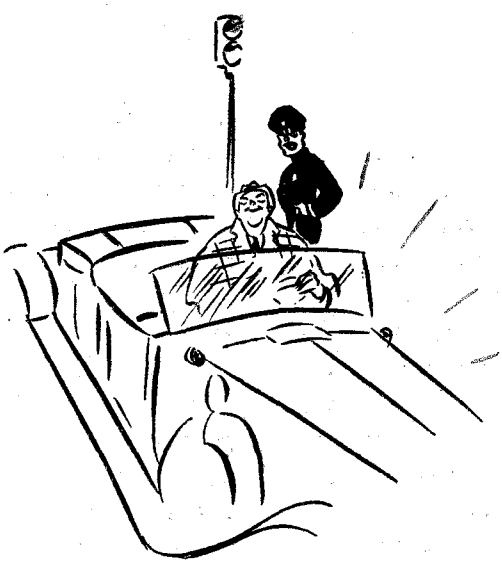
to awake; applying full speed, he caught up with the man who had passed him and yelled back, "What body?"

Frustration Impulses

Frustration of power is an outstanding mental hazard of motoring in the city, where traffic conditions give rise to it on every block. It results in making city driving especially tiring to those who do not care to lower the glass and tell the world their feelings. Yet this is primarily an emotional fatigue rather than a fatigue from physical work. It is similar to the annoying dream of being pursued and not being able to run as fast as usual because one shoe holds a few grains of gravel. My inquiries indicate that this frustration is felt by almost all drivers. It is due less to fear than to annoyance and irritation. To the modern mental malady of contract bridge tantrums we shall have to add the congested traffic panic.

Not all drivers respond in the same way, however, to this feeling of irritation which arises from the frustration of both power and the exercise of free will. In such circumstances a few souls reveal their essential timidity by driving extremely cautiously. They cannot be called careful drivers, for they merely slow up in the center lane, keeping a close watch to dodge the cars on either side, and thus add effectively to the annoyance of the motorists behind them. I know of no statistics which would indicate that this is primarily a characteristic of the woman driver, although most persons with whom I have talked seem to believe that it is.



What makes me hesitant in accepting such a generalization is my one outstanding experience with a woman driver. Once in New York I hailed a taxi on lower Fourth Avenue, intent on a rather long ride straight north. Traffic was fairly heavy, but vacant cabs were scarce, and I was astonished to find that the one which swerved to the curb in response to my signal was driven by a woman. I had only a few minutes to spare, and my first thought was that now I should be late; but to ask that two hundred pounds of femininity (topped off with a cap selected by Grover Whalen) to hurry seemed not quite the thing to do.

It soon appeared — in the first block — that I should have asked her to drive more slowly. That was the fastest cab ride I have ever had, or care to have. The mere sight of a car ahead of us was a stimulus for her to maneuver to pass. Yet nerve-wracking and reckless as her driving proved, it was also skillful. As we neared the Grand Central zone and traffic became increasingly intricate, we cut in and out more than ever, while the fair pilot — whom I now wanted to drop overboard — began muttering about the parentage, driving acumen, and probable destination in the hereafter of the other motorists. For the life of me I could not distinguish which driver she was orally chastizing; perhaps she was rightfully disgusted with the whole lot. In any event, the laboratory of New York's traffic maelstrom revealed her no timid soul. I am still wondering if she was married and, if so, whether her husband was an immovable object.

Then there are a few drivers who appear to delight in frustrating others. The German poets would call their sensation one of *schadenfreude* (joy in injuring), the psychoanalysts would term it sadistic, but under any name it is an interesting phenomenon to observe when not driving behind it. These people deliberately take pleasure in being slow to start when the green light signals to go ahead, and they look in the windshield mirror to gloat over the annoyance of the driver following them. Any impatient honking cheers them doubly. They also like to pick their path astride two traffic lanes and keep weaving slightly to the right or left, depending on the side from which the car behind is attempting to pass. When in a very playful mood, this type of driver enjoys a traffic delay for the opportunity it gives him to bump tactfully into the car ahead and then to look angrily

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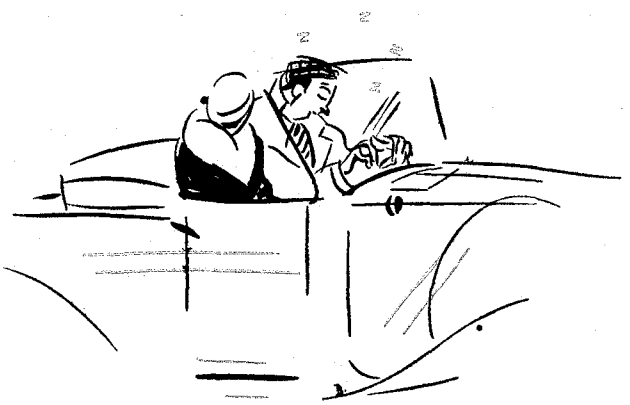
behind in order to imply that his rear neighbor is responsible.

But although the timid soul and the sadistic soul are interesting variants, the driver who merely runs amuck and weaves in and out of congested traffic is of course a commoner specimen.

Dangerous Exhibitionists

Another mental hazard in motoring is the spirit of achievement, which supplements or at times runs counter to the frustration complex. This characteristic predominates in drivers of old cars, second-hand cars, and cheaper models. Their war cry is, "It's a great old bus, after all. Watch us pass this fellow!" Whereupon they strain every bolt and wire to creep by the bigger machine, though the latter may be as oblivious of their presence as is the Great Dane of the Pomeranian. Those who have both large and small machines at their convenience tell me that they are usually much more impatient to get away speedily when they are driving the smaller car. It seems that if you actually know you have a good car which will pick up on the hills, you are content with that knowledge; but if there is some uncertainty as to the insides of the machine, then they must continually be put to the test in order to see if they aren't a little better than they sound.



Although the owner of the small car or the old car is likely to do peculiar things, drivers of new automobiles are also dangerous exhibitionists. Their waywardness is not due to inexperience or unfamiliarity with the mechanism, but rather to a mingling of pride and self-consciousness akin to the feelings of the schoolboy with a new pair of gauntlet gloves or his father with a silk topper donned for the first time. Whether the new car is being driven in the city, where only strangers will see it, or in the small village does not matter, except that the elation is more intense — and rightly so — in the smaller place. This sensation is experienced even by automobile mechanics and salesmen who are driving company cars.

Drivers in this category are not so likely to attempt to speed ahead as they are to be partially blind. They are literally looking out of the corner of their eyes to catch the favorable and perhaps envious glances of both friend and stranger, and consequently they fail to see the truck stopping ahead of them as the traffic light changes. Sometimes only the shriek of brakes and the scorching noise of locked wheels skidding on the pavement are capable of ending the reveries of these happy property owners who have been driving along in rosy clouds, dreaming of how surprised Cousin Emmet will be when he sees the new machine.

Drivers of new cars may also be governed by a caution as extreme as the timid soul's response to thwarted power. They watch closely the nearby vehicles in order that the polished surface of their own machine may not be scratched or marred. Their steering becomes primarily a hauling back into line after they have been obviously, and perhaps dangerously, over the white strip. Frequently their snail's pace may so infuriate the man behind that he goes on a twenty-mile rampage of cutting in and out.

This handicap of pride and self-consciousness is especially peculiar to those who have purchased their cars on the partial payment plan. According to the latest figures I have available, this means that sixty-one per cent of our automobiles have drivers whose personal foibles are augmented by a boast of heraldry and pomp of power. In their franker moments some of these people usually feel that they have exceeded their financial means. Yet the automobile has come to be a necessary mark of economic prestige, having supplanted the parlor piano to a considerable extent. I suspect that the receivership of the piano trust is due not so much to the radio as to the automobile.

Fright must also be recognized as a source of some of the peculiarities of motorists. Dean James G. Rogers of the University of Colorado reports that "fright on narrow mountain roads is a common phenomenon with us. Every

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Colorado driver is forced every year to maneuver past some frightened visitor from Kansas or Texas when the actual danger of a narrow road is negligible."

Amusing multiple accidents often result from fright. The bursting of a tire in city traffic will cause all the timid drivers within clear earshot to force down their brakes and be rammed by cars from behind. Likewise some motorists, driving along a country road, will become so upset on suddenly passing an accident between other vehicles that they will immediately go ahead and have an accident of their own. New York State troopers tell me that they usually expect a few minor mishaps to occur while they are clearing up the details at the scene of a serious accident.

After an accident it is sound psychology to drive again as soon as possible. This is the standard practice in aviation circles. After a crack-up the pilot makes another flight in order that his self-confidence may not be undermined. It will be recalled that Colonel Lindbergh took to the air while his arm was still in a sling after his minor crash in Mexico. But when one has had three accidents it is wise to dispose of the automobile along with all aspirations to drive. Industrial psychologists have recently discovered that a small group of persons is responsible for most smash-ups. Three accidents should convince the driver that he is "accident prone," as such individuals are now called, and discretion should displace valor.

The Back-Seat Driver

Inquiries indicate that the back-seat driver is a very real menace, although in only a few instances does it appear that her — sometimes his — wishes are obeyed. The most frequent response to such advice is to drive all the more madly, as if to prove that after all the counselor might well have waited until exhortations were actually needed. A less common reaction is to strike a snail's pace, again adding to the distress of other motorists. And the least common response is to drive like a rational human being.

Driving successfully while asleep is an apparent paradox which I am inclined to believe, although some of such tales must have passed through a fishermen's club before they reached me. Most of these incidents are as closely related to hypnosis as to natural sleep, but they are credible when one considers the environment. The monotonous hum and noise of the motor, the strain and fixation of the eyes on the roadway, the almost blank state of mind and occasionally a literal absent-mindedness, the fatigue induced both by late hours and long driving — all these things conceivably conspire with another fatigue element to produce a hypnotic condition.

The additional fatigue element comes from the position of the seats with reference to the line of vision. Anyone who has motored can recall the strain experienced in the neck muscles. This is due to the fact that the seats, both front and rear, are tilted so as to lift the eyes and consequently the head higher than is normal. If the seats were tilted backward a few degrees, this strain would be avoided; but then the passengers would be pitched violently into the air by the slightest bump.

Roads being what they are, then, it is clear that seats must remain where they are, even though eyes must be directed out of the normal line of vision. One of the most certain methods for the amateur parlor entertainer to follow when he is attempting hypnosis is to say, "Look intently at my fingers and follow them upward with your eyes." Is it any wonder that, since the automobile automatically demands this condition, so many drivers fall "asleep" at the wheel? There are also incidents which indicate that even in the daytime the position of the seats, along with the other conditions mentioned, may conspire to send the motorist into a self-hypnotized state. Whether or not this increases the hazard of his driving is a matter of conjecture.

What is not a matter of conjecture is the fact that many of the peculiarities which I have mentioned and which are responsible for automobile accidents arise not from ignorance of mechanism, not even from inability to drive, but are the result of complexes, fixations, and inhibitions. Certainly if we attempt to decrease reckless driving, we must take these things into consideration. It is unlikely, however, that they will be easily removed, for though one may correct a man's driving methods — that is, teaching him to shift gears properly, park his car without damage, and so on — it is a more difficult problem to erase these natural fears and other tendencies which cause so much trouble to the driver and others on the road.

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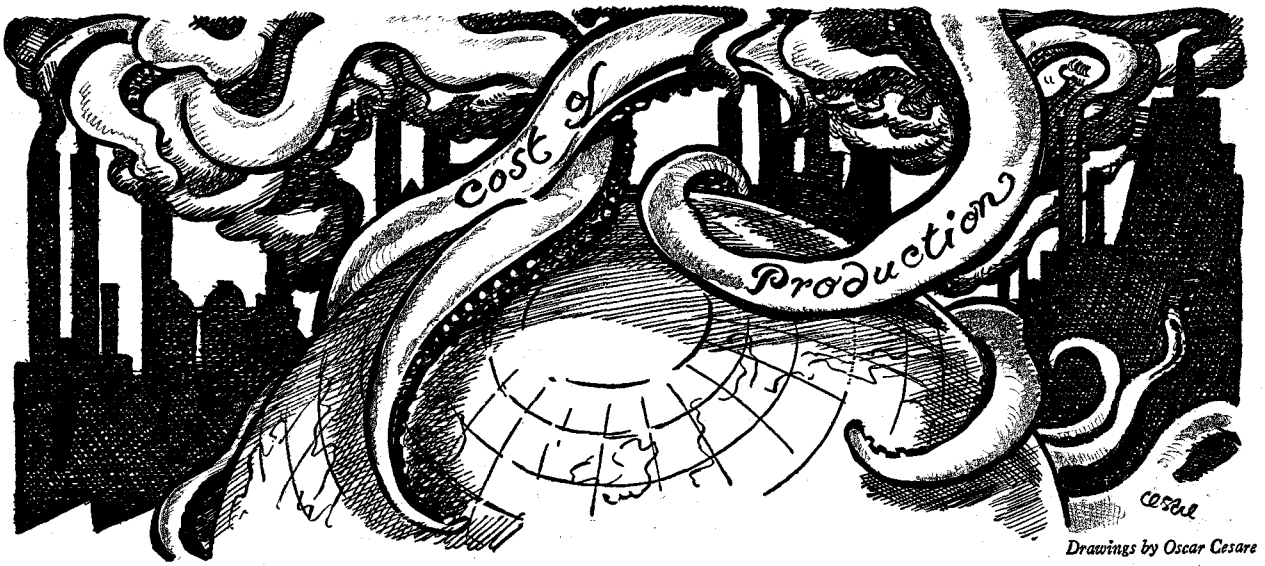

Drawings by Oscar Cesare

CAUSES of World Depression

by JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

THE WORLD has been slow to realize that we are living this year in the shadow of one of the greatest economic catastrophes of modern history. But now that the man in the street has become aware of what is happening, he, not knowing the why and wherefore, is as full to-day of what may prove excessive fears as, previously, when the trouble was first coming on, he was lacking in what would have been a reasonable anxiety. He begins to doubt the future. Is he now awakening from a pleasant dream to face the darkness of facts? Or is he merely dropping off into a nightmare which will soon pass away?

He need not be doubtful. The other was *not* a dream. This *is* a nightmare, which will pass away with the morning. For the resources of nature and men's devices are just as fertile and productive as they were. The rate of our progress toward solving the material problems of life is not less rapid. We are as capable as before of affording for everyone a high standard of life — high, I mean, compared with, say, twenty years ago — and will soon learn to afford a standard higher still. We were not previously deceived. But to-day we have involved ourselves in a colossal muddle, having blundered in the control of a very delicate machine the working of which we do not understand. The result is that our possibilities of wealth may run to waste for a time — perhaps for a long time.

In this important article an international authority on business and finance gives his reasoned judgment upon the causes of the world depression from which we are now suffering. His approach to the question is somewhat technical, and the reader may be aided by a definition of his terms. "Consumption goods" are those which directly satisfy human wants and desires, such as food and clothing. "Capital goods" are those which are used to promote the production of other goods, instead of being valuable solely for the purposes of immediate enjoyment — such as industrial machinery, raw materials, and factory buildings.

I doubt whether I can hope, in this article, to bring what is in my mind into fully effective touch with the mind of the reader. I shall be saying too much for the layman, too little for the expert. For — though no one will believe it — economics is a technical and difficult subject. It is even becoming a science. However, I will do my best — at the cost of

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leaving out, because it is too complicated, much that is necessary to a complete understanding of contemporary events.

Manufacturers and Primary Producers

First of all, the extreme violence of the slump is to be noticed. In the three leading industrial countries of the world — the United States, Great Britain, and Germany — ten million workers stand idle. There is scarcely an important industry anywhere earning enough profit to make it expand — which is the test of progress. At the same time, in the countries of primary production the output of mining and of agriculture is selling, in the case of almost every important commodity, at a price which, for many or for the majority of producers, does not cover its cost. In 1921, when prices fell as heavily, the fall was from a boom at which producers were making abnormal profits. But there is no example in modern history of so great and rapid a fall of prices from a *normal* figure as has occurred in the past year. Hence the magnitude of the catastrophe.

The time which elapses before production ceases and unemployment reaches its maximum is, for several reasons, much longer in the case of the primary products than in the case of manufacture. In most instances the production units are smaller and less well organized among themselves for enforcing a process of orderly contraction; the length of the production period, especially in agriculture, is longer; the costs of a temporary shutdown are greater; men are more often their own employers and so submit more readily to a contraction of the income for which they are willing to work; the social problems of throwing men out of employment are greater in more primitive communities; and the financial problems of a cessation of production of primary output are more serious in countries where such primary output is almost the whole sustenance of the people.

Nevertheless we are fast approaching the phase in which the output of primary producers will be restricted almost as much as that of manufacturers. This will have a further adverse reaction on manufacturers, since the primary producers will have no purchasing power wherewith to buy manufactured goods. And so on, in a vicious circle.

In this quandary individual producers base illusory hopes on courses of action which would benefit an individual producer or class of producers so long as they are alone in pursuing them, but which benefit no one if everyone pursues them. For example, to restrict the output of a particular primary commodity raises its price, so long as the output of the industries which use this commodity is unrestricted; but if output is restricted all around, then the demand for the primary commodity falls off by just as much as the supply, and no one is further forward. Or again, if a particular producer or a particular country cuts wages, then so long as others do not follow suit, that producer or that country is able to get more of what trade is going. But if wages are cut all around, the purchasing power of the community as a whole is reduced by the same amount as the reduction of costs; and, again, no one is further forward.

Thus neither the restriction of output nor the reduction of wages serves in itself to restore equilibrium.

Moreover, even if we were to succeed eventually in reëstablishing output at the lower level of money-wages appropriate to (say) the pre-war level of prices, our troubles would not be at an end. For since 1914 an immense burden of bonded debt, both national and international, has been contracted, which is fixed in terms of money. Thus every fall of prices increases the burden of this debt, because it increases the value of the money in which it is fixed.

For example, if we were to settle down to the pre-war level of prices, the British National Debt would be nearly forty per cent greater than it was in 1924 and double what it was in 1920; the Young Plan would weigh on Germany much more heavily than the Dawes Plan, which it was agreed she could not support; the indebtedness to the United States of her associates in the Great War would represent from forty to fifty per cent more goods and services than at the date when the settlements were made; the obligations of such debtor countries as those of South America and Australia would become insupportable without a reduction of their standard of life for the benefit of their creditors; agriculturists and householders throughout the world, who have borrowed on mortgage, would find themselves the victims of their creditors.

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In such a situation it must be doubtful whether the necessary adjustments could be made in time to prevent a series of bankruptcies, defaults, and repudiations which would shake the capitalist order to its foundations. Here would be a fertile soil for agitation, seditions, and revolution. It is so already in many quarters of the world. Yet, all the time, the resources of nature and men's devices would be just as fertile and productive as they were. The machine would merely have been jammed as the result of a muddle. But because we have magneto trouble, we need not assume that we shall soon be back in a rumbling wagon and that motoring is over.

Some Leading Questions

WE HAVE magneto trouble. How, then, can we start up again? Let us trace events backward:

1. Why are workers and plant unemployed? Because industrialists do not expect to be able to sell without loss what would be produced if they were employed.

2. Why cannot industrialists expect to sell without loss? Because prices have fallen more than costs have fallen — indeed, costs have fallen very little.

3. How can it be that prices have fallen more than costs? For costs are what a business man pays out for the production of his commodity, and prices determine what he gets back when he sells it. It is easy to understand how for an individual business or an individual commodity these can be unequal. But surely, you say, considering the community as a whole the business men get back the same amount that they pay out, since what they pay out in the course of production constitutes the income of the public, and the public pays this income to the business men in exchange for their products. For this is what we understand by the normal circle of production, exchange, and consumption.

4. No! Unfortunately this is not so; and here is the root of the trouble. It is not true that what the business men pay out as costs of production necessarily comes back to them as the sale proceeds of what they produce. It is the characteristic of a boom that sale proceeds exceed costs; and it is the characteristic of a slump that costs exceed sale proceeds. Moreover it is a delusion to suppose that business men can necessarily restore equilibrium by reducing their total costs, whether it be by restricting their output or cutting rates of remuneration; for the reduction of their outgoings may, by reducing the purchasing power of the earners (who are also their customers), diminish their sale proceeds by a nearly equal amount.

5. How, then, can it be that the total costs of production for the world's business as a whole can be unequal to the total sale proceeds? Upon what does the inequality depend? I think that I know the answer. But it is too complicated and unfamiliar for me to expound it here satisfactorily. (Elsewhere I have tried to expound it accurately.) So I must be somewhat perfunctory.

Let us take, first of all, the consumption goods which come on the market for sale. Upon what do the profits (or losses) of the producers of such goods depend? The total costs of production, which are the same thing as the community's total earnings looked at from another point of view, are divided in a certain proportion between the cost of consumption goods and the cost of capital goods. The incomes of the public, which are again the same thing as the community's total earnings, are also divided in a certain proportion between expenditure on the purchase of consumption goods and savings.

Now if the first proportion is larger than the second, producers of consumption goods will *lose* money; for their sale proceeds, which are equal to the expenditure of the public on consumption goods, will be less (as a little thought will show) than what these goods have cost them to produce. If, on the other hand, the second proportion is larger than the first, then the producers of consumption goods will make exceptional *gains*. It follows that the profits of the producers of consumption goods can only be restored either by the public's spending a larger proportion of its income on such goods (which means saving less), or by a larger proportion of production taking the form of capital goods (since this means a smaller proportionate output of consumption goods).

But capital goods will not be produced on a larger scale unless the producers of such goods are making a profit. So we come to our second question: Upon what do the profits of

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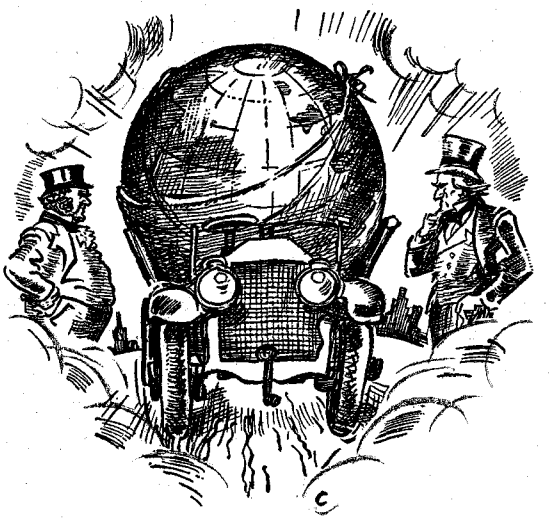
the producers of capital goods depend? They depend on whether the public prefers to keep its savings liquid in the shape of money or the equivalent or to use them to buy capital goods or the equivalent. If the public is reluctant to buy the latter, then the producers of capital goods will make a loss; consequently less capital goods will be produced, with the result that, for the reasons given above, producers of consumption goods will also make a loss. In other words, *all* classes of producers will tend to make a loss; and general unemployment will ensue. By this time a vicious circle will be set up, and, as the result of a series of actions and reactions, matters will get worse and worse until something happens to turn the tide.



This is an unduly simplified picture of a complicated phenomenon. But I believe that it contains the essential truth. Many variations and fugal embroideries and orchestrations can be superimposed; but this is the tune.

The Credit Situation

If, then, I am right, the fundamental cause of the trouble is the lack of new enterprise due to an unsatisfactory market for capital investment. Since trade is international, an insufficient output of new capital goods in the world as a whole affects the prices of commodities everywhere and hence the profits of producers in all countries alike.

Why is there an insufficient output of new capital goods in the world as a whole? It is due, in my opinion, to a conjunction of several causes. In the first instance it was due to the attitude of lenders, for new capital goods are produced to a large extent with borrowed money. Now it is due to the attitude of borrowers, just as much as to that of lenders.

For several reasons lenders were, and are, asking higher terms for loans than new enterprise can afford. First, the fact that enterprise could afford high rates for some time after the war while war wastage was being made good accustomed lenders to expect much higher rates than before the war. Second, the existence of political borrowers to meet treaty obligations, of banking borrowers to support newly restored gold standards, of speculative borrowers to take part in stock exchange booms, and, latterly, of distress borrowers to meet the losses which they have incurred through the fall of prices, all of whom were ready if necessary to pay almost any terms, has hitherto enabled lenders to secure from these various classes of borrowers higher rates than it is possible for genuine new enterprise to support.

Third, the unsettled state of the world and of national investment habits has restricted the countries in which many lenders are prepared to invest on any reasonable terms at all. A large proportion of the globe is, for one reason or another, distrusted by lenders, so that they exact a premium for risk so great as to strangle new enterprise altogether. For the last two years, two out of the three principal creditor nations of the world, namely France and the United States, have largely withdrawn their resources from the international market for long-term loans.

Meanwhile, the reluctant attitude of lenders has become matched by a hardly less reluctant attitude on the part of borrowers. For the fall of prices has been disastrous to those who have borrowed, and anyone who has postponed new enterprise has gained by his delay. Moreover the risks that frighten lenders frighten borrowers too.

Finally, in the United States, the vast scale on which new capital enterprise has been undertaken in the last five years has somewhat exhausted for the time being — at any rate so long as the atmosphere of business depression continues — the profitable opportunities for yet further enterprise. By the middle of 1929 new capital undertakings were already on an inadequate scale in the world as a whole, outside the United States. The culminating blow has been the collapse of new investment inside the United States, which to-day is probably

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twenty to thirty per cent less than it was in 1928. Thus in certain countries the opportunity for new profitable investment is more limited than it was, while in others it is more risky.

A wide gulf, therefore, is set between the ideas of lenders and the ideas of borrowers for the purpose of genuine new capital investment; with the result that the savings of the lenders are being used up in financing business losses and distress borrowers, instead of financing new capital works.

After the Diagnosis

At this moment the slump is probably a little overdone for psychological reasons. A modest upward reaction, therefore, may be due at any time. But there cannot be a real recovery, in my judgment, until the ideas of lenders and the ideas of productive borrowers are brought together again — partly by lenders becoming ready to lend on easier terms and over a wider geographical field, partly by borrowers recovering their good spirits and so becoming readier to borrow.

Seldom in modern history has the gap between the two been so wide and so difficult to bridge. Unless we bend our wills and our intelligences to find a solution along these lines, and are energized by a conviction that this diagnosis is right, then, if the diagnosis *is* right, the slump may pass over into a depression, accompanied by a sagging price level, which might last for years with untold damage to the material wealth and to the social stability of every country alike. Only if we seriously seek a solution will the optimism of my opening sentences be confirmed — at least for the nearer future.

It is beyond the scope of this article to indicate lines of future policy. But there is no one who can take the first step except the central banking authorities of the chief creditor countries; nor can any one central bank do enough acting in isolation. Resolute action by the Federal Reserve Banks of the United States, the Bank of France, and the Bank of England might do much more than most people, mistaking symptoms or aggravating circumstances for the disease itself, will readily believe.

In every way a most effective remedy would be that the central banks of these three great creditor nations should join together in a bold scheme to restore confidence to the international long-term loan market — which would serve to revive enterprise and activity everywhere, and to restore prices and profits, so that in due course the wheels of the world's commerce would go round again. Even if France, hugging the supposed security of gold, prefers to stand aside from the adventure of creating new wealth, I am convinced that Great Britain and the United States, like-minded and acting together, could start the machine again within a reasonable time — if, that is to say, they were energized by a confident conviction as to what was wrong.

For it is chiefly the lack of this conviction which to-day is paralyzing the hands of authority on both sides of the Channel and on both sides of the Atlantic.

Sonnet

In Monte Carlos of the sky I tossed
My savings down, even my hopes of winning;
Worlds flickered, and I knew that I had lost
Before the vast roulette wheel ceased from spinning.
I can't accuse the Croupier of fraud,
Though Time, his bouncer, is a hooligan,
And Luck, his serving-woman, is a bawd;
They are immortal, I am but a man.
Of course, I could go bankrupt, and produce
For assets just one little piece of lead,
But I suspect the all-too-simple ruse
Would treble my indebtedness. Instead
I'll pay him day by day the total score,
Bet life again — and lose it as before.

— Robert Hillyer

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Drawings by Weldon Bailey

Land's End

by **ESTHER FORBES**

I

PAPA WAS an old-fashioned man, thought Edith, staring fixedly at the spot on her mother's drawing-room carpet where his casket had so recently rested. (Her finely cut nostrils still smelled the heavy odor of funeral wreaths, although they had gone with the hearse to the Staten Island cemetery.) No wonder we never could get on together. He hated all the things I've cared for, the things I have stood for: things like a single standard of morality. He thought I should have forgiven Phil everything; thought my divorcing him absurd, as if any woman with a sense of justice could have put up with a husband like Phil. Yet Mamma put up with Papa. That afternoon when I was in the park with Mam'selle — I couldn't have been more than twelve — I saw Papa driving a creature in a big black lace hat. At least nowadays bad women look more like good ones, or good ones like bad ones, I don't know which.

She turned her head from the spot where the coffin had rested to look at her mother's face. It was tented in a widow's coif. From the black folds looked out enigmatical, worldly eyes. Of what was she thinking, now her life-long companion was dead? Edith knew she was not listening to the rector's gentle murmur. She was not thinking of that small group of relatives who sat black-shrouded and silent about her, obviously waiting for the announcement of lunch.

Strange — Mamma is so tired, and yet I can see now how she looked as a young girl. I wonder what she is thinking about.

From her mother's face Edith's eyes went to the ormolu clock, from the clock to the face of her daughter, Bliss, or Lady Hubbard, for the girl had smartly married an English title.

Here we sit, grandmother, mother, and daughter. And what have we in common, except that we all had bad luck in husbands? Mamma simply pretended to herself that everything was all right until she actually came to believe it. And Bliss . . . I wish I hadn't heard about Blissey's being fast. One has to be awfully fast in London to call attention to oneself.

II

SUDDEN, unaccountable tears welled up in Edith's beautiful azure eyes. What was their cause? The dead man, her mother's sorrow, or her own disappointment in little Lady Hubbard? To keep back the tears she raised her chin to an even haughtier angle. Her eyes were lifted from the soft brown of Bliss's head, the white triangle of her face, to the vast portrait Donati had painted of herself. She had been three years younger than Bliss was at the present moment, but the straight-front corset, huge sleeves, belling skirt, and high-tossed yellow pompadour made the pictured woman

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look years older than the little faunlike creature in the yellow satin chair below.

Edith's had been the first of Donati's American portraits. How rapturous he had been at the sight of his lovely sitter. She was wonderful, wonderful! Such shoulders, such a chest, ah! those perfect features — strength and goodness and beauty, all in one. She was not a woman of her own generation — she was the woman of the twentieth century, the woman of the future. Yes, in that day it had seemed a prophetic picture. That straight and earnest gaze, that lifted chin, those shoulders had been "magnificent." Now the whole thing looked too big, as Bliss always said. The picture was too big. The girl was too big. And the conception behind the picture? Yes, too big.

Edith sighed. It was a Titaness that Donati had painted to symbolize the twentieth century woman, and below this vast outlay of paint and idealism sat the small, contemptuous Bliss, Bliss with her pointed face and painted mouth, her soft brown eyes. It seemed to her disillusioned mother that the mountain had labored and brought forth the mouse. Her generation had given up everything for the advancement of women, had labored painfully and brought forth — the flapper.

She felt old and tired. Why do things, when after they are done nobody wants them? Think of suffrage, and then think of Bliss. I do worry about Bliss. If her husband is that sort of man, why doesn't she divorce him? She says Franklyn goes his way and she goes hers, that is all. As if that were enough for marriage! And her courtship never seemed to me really — romantic. I always thought Bliss was in love with someone else.

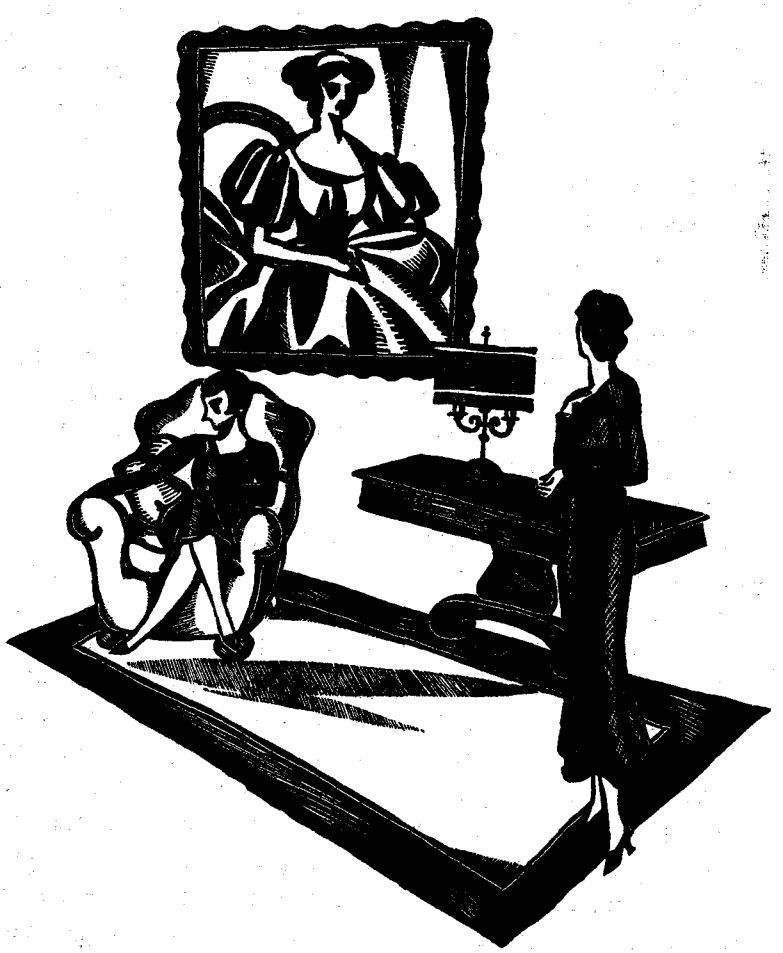
At least my *courtship* was lovely. How Phil did exert himself to win me. Used to come up to Vassar and act as if he believed in higher education. He was so devoted that he even let Ida Spooner explain feminism to him.

Vassar, Ida Spooner, Phil. . . .

III

EDITH HAD given up Vassar, and dear Ida Spooner, in her Junior year. She was married in yards of the most expensive satin in the most expensive church, and to what later proved to be a most expensive young man. Phil knew a good thing when he saw it, and he saw a great deal. Nominally he worked in the Sloane brothers' office. At noon, his eyes growing glassy and provocative from brandy, he would walk out (yellow gloves and a brown derby) "to give the girls something to look at." Usually he did not come back after lunch, for he had many horses to keep exercised. He would not trust them too often to hirelings. This duty to his horses seemed the one moral point of which he was perfectly sure.

His bride came to detest him, and because of him to detest all men. She had two sons in quick succession. She cried because they were not daughters. Her husband seemed to have lost all but a teasing, proprietary interest in her. She grew thin and began to look like a steel engraving of George Washington, rather than a



Her eyes were lifted to the vast portrait.

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fancy head by Gibson or an idealistic portrait by Donati.

Although her mother had been assiduous in calling in specialists, she had refused to discuss with Edith the real cause of her ill health. Once, thirty years ago, in this very drawing-room where now sat the dead man's relatives, Edith had burst into tears. She herself knew why she was sick. She could not — she simply *could* not go on living with Phil.

How her mother had drawn herself together, how cold, how cynical the eyes she turned upon her daughter's distress. "You have made your bargain. You must stick by it. There has never been a divorce in the family. I hope there never will be one."

"But how long would Phil stay married to me if I acted the way he does?"

"That is an entirely different matter."

"But why is it, Mamma? Why, why, why?"

"My dear, you know just as well as I that you are talking nonsense."

He would walk out "to give the girls something to look at."

"There isn't any justice in the world. I hate everybody. Oh, I wish I were dead! It's a man-made world, just as Ida says." But the only outcome of this hysteria was that the rector now came to see her about her soul, instead of Dr. Wilkie about her appendix.

Philip disapproved of her visiting Ida at Rochester. He would not even let her go to Cambridge to visit her grandpapa. Well, then, would he let her go to England to visit his own cousins, the Tottinghams? They had invited her repeatedly. They were rich and well connected, had a big house in Surrey and many horses.

Yes, if she would wait patiently until spring and give up all idea of seeing "that repulsive Miss Spooner" (both he and her mother thought her influence had been most unfortunate), he himself would take her over in June and call for her in August. In the meantime his mother would perhaps be willing to run the house for him and look out for the children. His mother, thank God, was a "womanly woman." She hated his mother almost as much as she hated him. Euphonia! What a name for a cat! She was almost glad she had no daughter to be named Euphonia.

IV

THE TRIP over was marred only by the other passengers' interest in her husband's showy flirtation with a rather porcine opera singer. Edith had been through too many similar experiences and cared too little for Phil to feel any actual jealousy — only a vague wave of nausea now and then, and a slight resentment of the passengers' pity.

In anticipation of the freedom she would find in England, she lost the steel-engraving look. She was blithe, gracious, beautiful. Men, observing her husband's neglect, made certain small advances. She would have none of them. She hated the very smell of their cigars, the cut of their padded coats, the way they gathered about the bar, the sound of their coarse, male laughter. Alone in a scarlet golf cape, she strode the deck with long, even strides, the salt air blowing her yellow pompadour, her clean eyes fixed upon some vision she alone could see. Something — she did not know what — something wonderful, beautiful, free, would happen to her in England.

One day, resting against the rail that separated first from second class, she saw her colored maid, Jessica, in close conversation with a white woman. She stared curiously at this creature who could be so little conscious of Jessica's complexion. At length the conversation ended and the strange woman began a cramped pacing of her incommodious deck. Why, she was a lady!

The second she moved into action one was conscious of her distinction. Her small, piquant head was crowned with a mop of gray, almost white curls. But her face was care-free and fresh. The lithesome body suggested the teens. It was obvious to Edith's practiced eye that the creature did not wear even a Ferris waist. Her skirts were up to the tops of her shoes. Yet

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she seemed neither abandoned nor masculine, only debonair and happy. Edith studied the face. Small, intelligent, plain with that abrupt nose, big mouth, thin cheeks. But it glowed with an inner fire — the face of a young saint.

Unabashed by the first-class lady's persistent staring, the second-class young woman smiled brightly, turned, paced the length of her deck, then came to Edith's side, striking an easy attitude beside the lofty Gibson girl. She said, "I feel I know you already. You see, I room with your maid. She tells me every night what gown you are to wear. We often sit here, on this hatch, and watch you sweep by."

"Really," said Edith, "I had no idea my appearance was of such interest to complete strangers."

The other woman's violet-shadowed eyes brightened attractively. She looked like one who would expand upon insults. "Ah, you are not a stranger to me. Miss Porter — that is what I call your maid — has told me so much about you. For instance, I know you went to Vassar. Now I was at Vassar a week ago fortnight."

"Oh."

"A feministic society has lately been organized by the students, and they got me there to speak to them. The president — such a dear — was infuriated, and so were many of the alumnæ. Although it was an alumna that invited me to speak, a Miss Spooner."

"Oh, not my *Ida* Spooner?"

"This one," said the feminist. She brushed back her hair, protruded her chin and underlip, sucked in her cheeks.

The mimicry was perfect and not unkind. Edith laughed. "Oh, do it again! It makes me homesick for Vassar. She is a dear soul, isn't she?"

"She is indeed. And she has done what she calls 'putting Rochester right on the map' suffragettishly speaking."

Then Edith hurriedly explained how much she had wanted to visit Ida the winter before and how Mr. Cheneworth had put his foot down. She saw a look of amusement, almost of affectionate contempt, upon the free, casual English face. Suddenly she realized that she might have gone anyway — whether or not Phil put his foot down. In spite of all her grandeur, she found herself on the defensive to this woman. Really, why hadn't she gone?

The conversation between the two women was hurried, broken, brief and intimate. "You must realize," said the stranger at last, "that being a man does not make a human being necessarily more intelligent."

"Oh no, no!" cried Edith in hearty resentment of Phil Cheneworth's well-known stupidity. "It's not *that*. . . ."

V

JUST THEN Phil strutted past with the diva on his arm. She was already dressed for dinner, garish in green sequins.

"Oh, everyone else is dressed. I must go in. But I want to talk with you some more!"

"It will be my fault if you are late. I knew it was time for you to dress. Miss Porter has gone to draw your bath and get your clothes out." As they turned to part, the pleasant, lilting English voice called, "Miss Porter tells me you are to wear a rose moire to-night, a perfect sensation of a dress."

Edith felt fingers sink into her arm beneath the shadow of her golf cape. A smell of whisky, tobacco, a slight smell of indigestion, a voice whispering, "I won't have my wife hanging

(*Continued on page 62*)

Beside the driver was a young sporting gentleman, in fashionable tweeds, a luxurious moustache, a brown derby.

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Old Wisdom and New Issues

by **SCRUTATOR**

Hesiod and the 18th Amendment

"Fools: they know not how much more the half is than the whole." Just what lesson the wise old poet meant to impress upon his Greek contemporaries by this apothegm need not greatly concern us now. But it remains a pregnant saying; and there are at least two interpretations of it which are as pertinent today as they were in Hesiod's time, some 2700 years ago. The most obvious one is that the half is more valuable, more desirable, than the whole — a thing which is often true of the objects of human striving and ambition. But there is another interpretation far more piquant and not less important: that the half is more difficult than the whole, that if you have a great problem to solve, you had best go about it as a fundamental problem to be settled in the light of great vital principles, and not attempt to make a dab here or a dab there at some subordinate aspect of it.

Seldom has there been a more striking instance of this than has been presented in the development of the anti-prohibition movement during the past two years. The advance made by that movement during this time has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the anti-prohibition leaders; but the most remarkable feature of the advance is not to be found in a mere increase of numbers. Impressive as that has been, what is far more remarkable is that outright repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, which was hardly thought of by the general public two years ago, has not only become the most familiar of ideas, but occupies the center of the stage, to the exclusion of all makeshift projects. This is a most remarkable phenomenon; and it becomes even more remarkable when one recalls that, for several years, opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment were constantly being warned that they could not expect to make any headway unless they united upon some scheme for handling the liquor question that people would recognize as better.

Well, they haven't invented such a scheme and they have avoided the pitfall of attempting to do so; they have planted themselves on the solid rock of basic principles of government and law. The Eighteenth Amendment is a flagrant offense against those principles; and it has been infinitely easier to rally public sentiment against it as fundamentally wrong than it would have been to rally it behind any particular program of half-way repeal, with the objections to which every such program is inevitably exposed. The half would have been a much heavier load for us to carry than the whole.

Solomon and the Business Cycle

When Solomon said, "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," he was not giving utterance to a stupid truism but to an important truth. He did not mean merely that if you have no food you will starve, and if you have no shelter you will freeze; he meant that it is in the nature of poverty to be self-propagating. Poverty is part of a vicious circle: poverty makes you weak, and weakness keeps you poor. The business cycle was presumably unknown in Solomon's time; but it exemplifies on a colossal scale, and for whole nations, precisely the thing that Solomon had in mind as regards individuals. Business depression makes unemployment, unemployment makes business depression; and the wonder is how we ever get out of this vicious circle.

In the case of the depression through which we have been going during the past year and more, there is a peculiar element which has

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perhaps not received as much attention as it deserves, but which comes strictly under the general head. Every now and then one comes across a dispute over the question whether it was business depression that caused the Wall Street slump or the Wall Street slump that caused business depression. Of course, each is in turn cause and effect; when people find the value of their securities falling, they cut down their expenditures; when people cut down their expenditures, business is depressed; when business is depressed, the value of securities falls. And you get the same circle at whatever point in it you may start.

The element I have referred to, which may be said to be peculiar to the depression of 1929–30, is the enormous extent to which the people at large have been directly interested in the stock market. Nothing comparable to this has ever before been witnessed; and it may safely be said that this goes far toward accounting for the intensity and sweep of the depression. When the persons directly and seriously affected by the fluctuations of stock prices are to be counted by millions, the situation is wholly different from what it was when they were to be reckoned by thousands or tens of thousands.

He Gives Twice Who Gives Quickly

How business does manage ultimately to pull itself out of the vicious circle is a matter too complex to discuss here; an excellent brief statement on this subject was recently made by B. M. Anderson, economist of the Chase National Bank. But there is something quite outside the circle which can be brought to bear upon the situation — something that is not subject to the ups and downs of competitive business. It is perfectly possible for governments to enlarge their expenditures for great works of permanent utility when private enterprise is slumping and to reduce these expenditures when private enterprise is booming. In recent years it has been widely recognized that the adoption of such a policy would afford a potent means not only of fighting the terrible evil of unemployment, but of lessening the sweep of the business cycle itself.

To effect anything of cardinal importance by this means, it is of course essential that it be applied on a great scale; but it is hardly less important that it be applied promptly. "He gives twice who gives quickly," a saying perhaps as ancient as the proverb of Solomon quoted above, had reference, like that proverb, to the plight of the individual, the poor man in need of immediate succor; but like that proverb, it applies with even greater force to the problem of hard times for a whole nation. If a really great program of public works had been entered upon a year ago — as there is some talk of entering upon one now — it would have done tenfold the good that such a program can effect after business depression has been creating unemployment and unemployment has been intensifying business depression for a twelvemonth and more.

The Gridiron Pendulum

This method should be thought of not as a contrivance for meeting great emergencies, but as a normal part of government policy. It is true that in practice we cannot hope to have it applied with anything like scientific correctness; the pressure upon public men in favor of particular schemes, the temptation to extravagant or ill-considered expenditure, has always to be reckoned with as a serious danger. And yet it does make a difference if we recognize the character which such a policy ought to have; if we clearly understand the ideal aimed at, we may hope in course of time fairly to approximate that ideal.

There happens to be a familiar physical object which is a visible embodiment of the principle involved. Everybody has seen the gridiron pendulum of the great clocks that stand in the jewelers' shop windows; the object of this gridiron arrangement is to make the pendulum immune to the effect of changes in temperature. Some of the long vertical bars are attached to the upper horizontal bar and some to the lower. When the temperature rises, the vertical bars in the first set expand downward, and the second set expands upward; these effects counteract each other, and thus the pendulum is kept at virtually a constant length. If we got into the habit of trying to make government expenditure for permanent public works go up when business activity goes down, and go down when business activity goes up, we might very materially diminish the evils of the business cycle.

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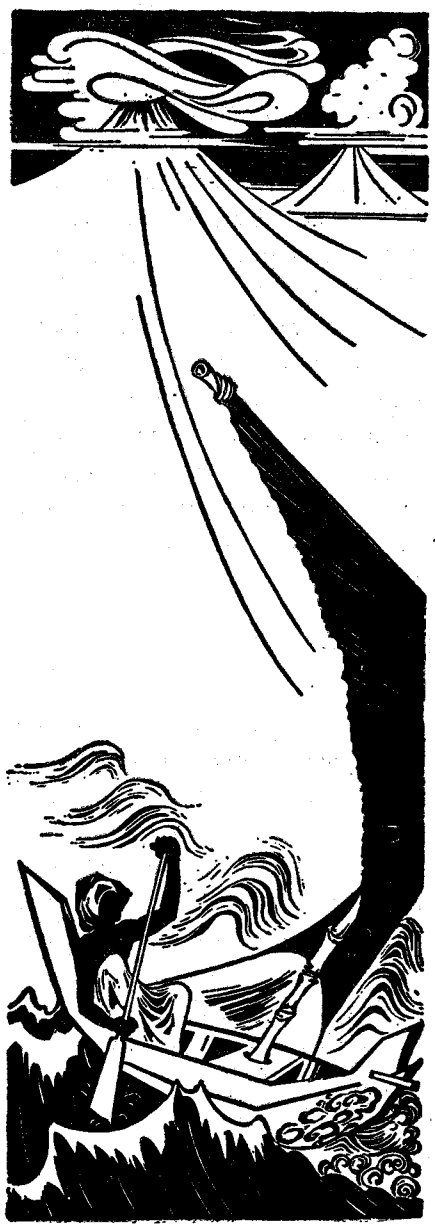
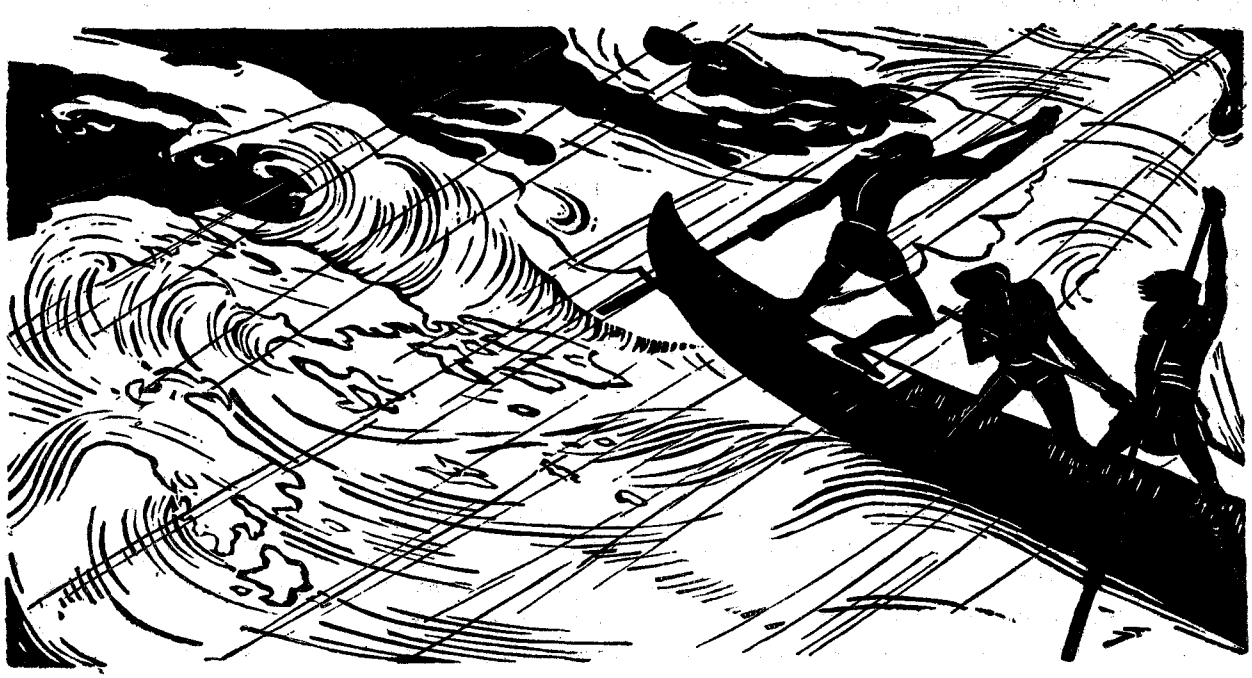


Woodcuts

by

TEN KLOOSTER

Calm and Storm



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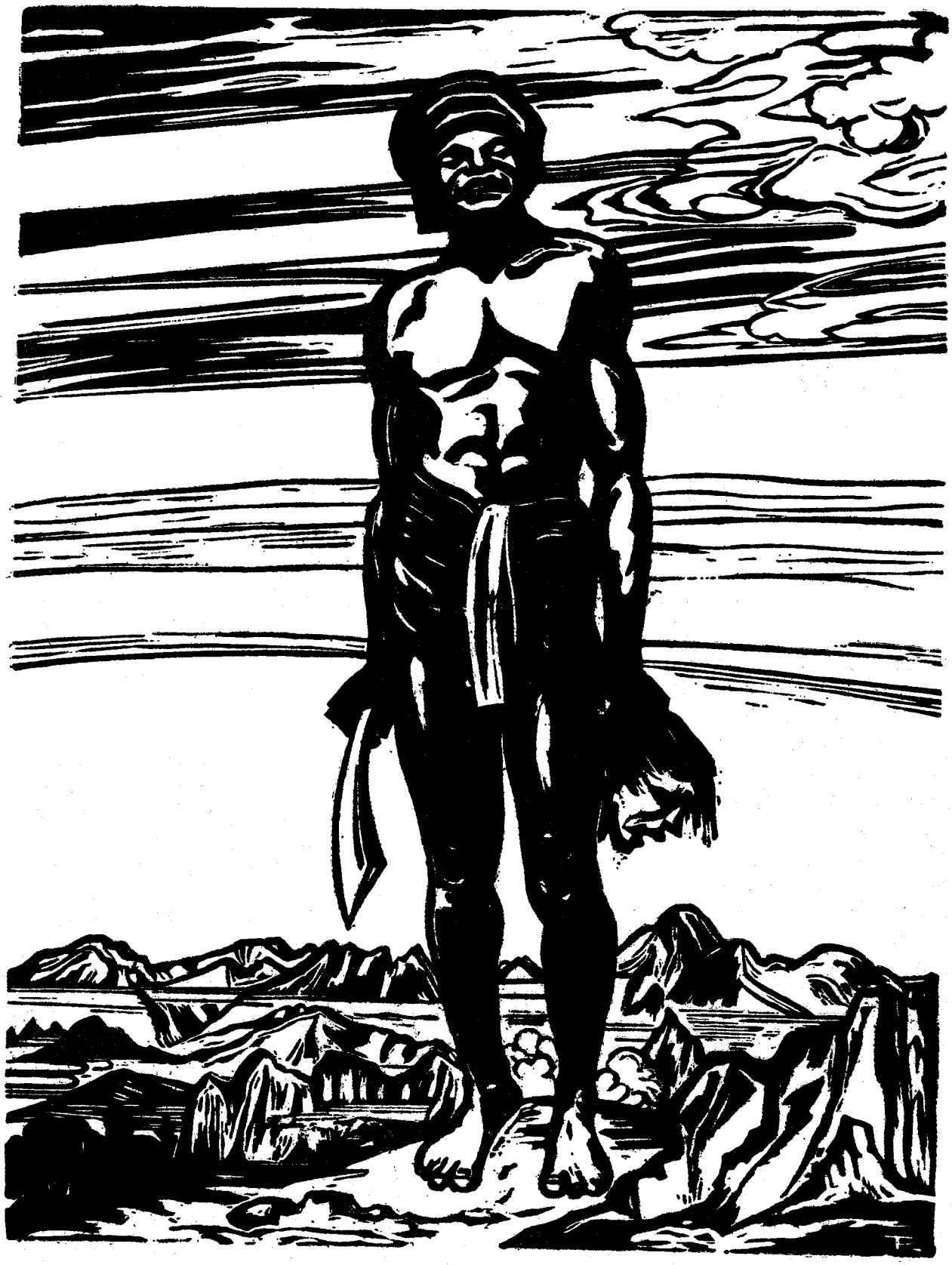

The Head-hunter

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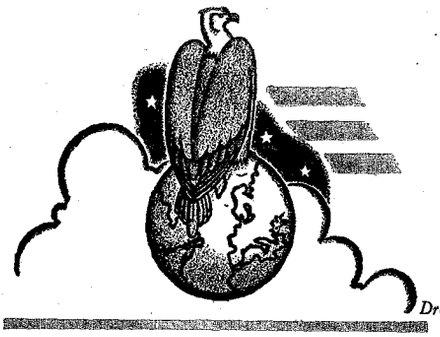

Drawings by Lloyd Coe

WASHINGTON
Capital of the World

by **HIRAM MOTHERWELL**

I

IF THE AMERICAN people understood the extent to which the United States is actively concerned with international politics — is organically involved with the fortunes of the entire world — they would be frightened (I use this phrase with mathematical literalness) out of ten years' growth. For the great majority of Americans still imagine — or would like to imagine — that they are living in the prewar era. They have been nurtured on the maxims of the founding fathers and instinctively feel, with Richard Henry Lee, that the United States should remain detached from those "European Councils where artful and refined plausibility is forever called in to aid the most pernicious designs." If they suddenly realized the extent to which the facts of the postwar world are entangling them with the fortunes of foreign nations, they would shrink from their new commitments with a violence which would set back America's economic evolution by a decade.

I do not believe that our State Department lusts to go out and boss the world. Its staff members already have too much on their underpaid shoulders. But the State Department necessarily bosses the world, whether it wants to or not. The inaction of the American Government may produce just as definite historic consequences as its action. It exercises power even when it does not exercise authority. Even when it decides not to decide, it is still decisive. For example, by "minding its own business" and refusing France the guarantee which President Wilson had promised in 1919, it reduced that country from a potentially first-rate to a definitely second-rate power.

II

THERE IS no need to remind the reader that America decided the outcome of the World War. But it should not be forgotten that incidentally, by prolonging that war to victory, she made Russian Bolshevism possible. Nor, as another ironic parenthesis, that during the war, by permitting De Valera and his fellow rebels against our ally, Britain, to collect funds in this country, the American government made possible the Irish Revolution, which Britain's enemy, Germany, had been unable to achieve.

One would suppose that the last thing America would take a hand in would be Chinese internal politics. Not at all. In a very real sense America is the creator of the present Chinese Nationalist Republic. America has long been interested in China because of her large and ever-growing exports to that country, and therefore has favored its political stability. But in 1922 she became vitally interested in China when she discovered that to achieve naval limitation in the Pacific, she must foster a counterpoise to British and Japanese penetration in Asia. To this end she enlisted Chinese Nationalism at the Washington Conference,

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and forced through the first international promises (however contingent and vague) to abolish the "unequal treaties." When the time comes, she will be the decisive factor in making Chinese unity a fact. And all this in order to be able to scrap her own battleships!

Again, America has always insisted that German reparations (except those owing to herself) were none of her business. But they became her business in 1922 when the Franco-German quarrel over payments threatened to disrupt and impoverish the European continent. As the Federal Reserve Board stated in 1920:

> "We find ourselves . . . with a large export trade which is being paid for only in part by a great portion of the world, and this trade is fast approaching a point where it may be cut drastically to the most vital essentials unless the normal credit and buying power of Europe is restored. This restoration can be accomplished only over an extended period of time if our raw materials go forward in a steady stream against long-term credits. . . . We are, therefore, brought face to face with the problem of how we can best extend long-term credits to European countries in order to enable them to reconstruct their industries. . . ."

But American investors would not lend to Europe unless political conditions were reasonably stable. Accordingly, Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State, suggested in 1922 that American private citizens might volunteer to compose Europe's quarrels, and clearly intimated that unless the quarrels were composed on terms satisfactory to this country, American *private savings* would not be invested in Europe. Presently Europe was begging Washington to settle the dispute. Washington did so, smoothly and efficiently, by means of the Dawes Plan. The American Dawes Plan prevailed over European dissension because America alone was able to provide the loans which Europe needed.

III

In 1922 a profound revolution in world politics was effected, silently, almost overnight, at Washington's insistence. Great Britain abandoned her two-power naval standard in favor of parity, and therewith the center of political gravity shifted definitely to the New World. Our Big Navy men may complain that the one-power standard is not yet a fact; but merely to have forced Great Britain to accept the principle was more than Spain, Holland, France, or Germany had ever been able to do.

America could do it, where Britain's former maritime rivals had failed, because of the power of money. Not only was American wealth able to threaten to outbuild Britain's navy, but it was indispensable to the stabilization of Britain's finances. After Britain had agreed to the one-power standard (and the funding of the war debt), the American Federal Reserve funds were virtually placed at the disposal of the Bank of England to make stabilization possible.

The power of American money is, of course, a pervading political power. Let no one tell you that this is merely "private" money. The State Department requires that every considerable foreign loan be submitted to it for approval. While such approval is usually a routine matter, a large foreign loan by American citizens would be virtually impossible if the Department should strongly object. And the Department will use for its political purposes this power to approve or veto foreign loans whenever a major political issue is involved.

Within recent years nearly half the nations of the world have employed American citizens as financial advisers. Why? Chiefly because upon American approval depended their chances of borrowing American money. Here, again, the advisers were "private individuals"; but in many cases they were State or Treasury Department officials loaned for the purpose, and in every case they were responsive to State Department wishes. In effect they were there to name the conditions (political as well as economic) under which the State Department would permit American money to be loaned.

Political conditions? Quite so. You cannot separate political and economic policy, least of all in the field of government finance. For example, Mr. Charles S. Dewey, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is now financial adviser to the Republic of Poland. The terms of his contract give him the power to veto certain types of expenditure and in general to oversee the construction of the budget. Why? Because unless he is satisfied that Polish finances are sound, American investors will not lend to Poland. And if they do not, nobody else will.

Now suppose Poland wished to enlarge her military establishment, or to build railroads which were commercially useless but strate-

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gically necessary in a future war against Germany. Would Mr. Dewey have nothing to say about that? Would our State Department? Thus, in effect, the American Government has a hand in guaranteeing Germany against attack — and hence a hand in French continental policy as well.

As Ludwell Denny points out in *America Conquers Britain*, in fourteen of the twenty Latin-American republics there is some form of fiscal, political, or military power wielded by the United States, and in virtually every case this power is based on American loans or investments. Here the hand is more or less ungloved. But more surprising and less well known is the fact that America does, in effect, dictate which régime shall govern several European nations.

There was, for example, a moment when the State Department was in a position to turn thumbs up or down on Mussolini, as it chose. That was in 1925, when the life or death of Fascism depended on a foreign loan. The United States had placed an embargo on loans to Italy until her war debt should be funded. But by canceling eighty per cent of the debt and granting Italy extremely easy terms, she made the funding, and hence the loans, possible. The result was that Italy gave the Treasury a five-million-dollar check with one hand and received a ninety-million-dollar check from J. P. Morgan with the other. In a similar manner, the State Department, through the agency of American bankers, has underwritten numerous other dictators, including Pilsudski in Poland, Horthy in Hungary, Machada in Cuba, Leguia in Peru, and Borno in Haiti.

It would of course be untrue to say that wherever the State Department exercises such financial control, it dictates internal policy. It generally doesn't have to. All crucial matters of internal policy take care of themselves because of the knowledge, on the part of the local politicians, of what would happen if America were offended. It is by such invisible influence that an imperial nation exerts its real power from day to day.

IV

YET THE POWER of the American dollar in world affairs is not only local and specific. It is universal and general. The American Federal Reserve Board has taken the place of the Bank of England as supreme arbiter of world interest rates and commodity prices. What Wall Street does affects the entire globe. The orgy of speculation in 1929, with its consequently fantastic interest rates, cut in half America's normal investments abroad. And in so far as the Federal Reserve controls (or, if you prefer, is controlled by) Wall Street, it gives the lead to international finance.

Ever since the pound sterling was stabilized by agreement with the American Government, the English discount rate has been (obviously by prearrangement) maintained almost consistently at a fixed ratio with the American. When the American rate jumped, early in 1929, it promptly forced an increase in official discount rates in England and ten other European countries, in two Latin American countries, and in two in the Far East. The later reductions to four per cent and then three and a half per cent in New York were similarly followed abroad.

Philip Snowden recently said: "Speculation three thousand miles away can dislocate the financial situation here and inflict grave suffering on the workers of practically every country in the world." And Sir Josiah Stamp, Director of the Bank of England: "The problem of maintaining a stable world value of gold (in its effect on prices) is an international one. . . . The United States is approximating to the position of being able to do it alone." Other critics have asserted bluntly that America could, by manipulating the interest rate, suddenly raise the world price level and make orderly business impossible in most of the countries of the earth. What a melodramatic picture of the new power of finance which America now wields!

The Federal Reserve is, of course, technically independent of government control (although the Secretary of the Treasury is a member of the board). But does anyone suppose that in time of crisis it would not give due consideration to the national need?

It would be illogical to suppose that a nation like the United States, with such overshadowing power and such far-flung interests, had not created for itself a world policy and an instrument to execute it. Of course the American Government has a world policy. It is: to impose

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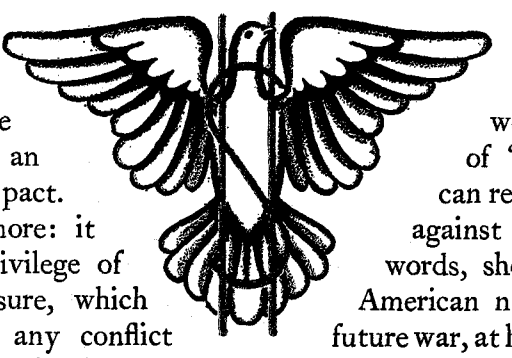
peace on the world everywhere, by every financial, diplomatic, and military means at its command, in order to promote American foreign trade. And it has an instrument to execute that policy.

What instrument? Why, bless you, the Kellogg Pact! Do I hear the objection that the Kellogg Pact is purely idealistic, that its force rests only on public opinion, that it is not implemented? That is what the State Department was obliged to say to get it accepted. But an examination of the Briand-Kellogg correspondence will reveal what shrewdly realistic diplomacy went into the making of it. The Kellogg Pact came out of that debate as an American instrument. It *is* implemented. It is implemented by the United States of America.

V

WHAT, IN EFFECT, does the Kellogg Pact do? It deprives every nation, as we all know, of the right to resort to war as an instrument of national policy. It also gives every nation the right to wage war in self-defense against an aggressor who violates the pact. But it does one thing more: it grants every nation the privilege of deciding, at its own pleasure, which party is the aggressor in any conflict in the world. Some, with the New York *World*, even maintain that it places on every nation the *obligation* of deciding which is the aggressor. But this is not stated in the pact and I much doubt if our State Department would recognize any such obligation unless it were convenient. What the pact clearly does is to give the United States, along with the other signatories, the *privilege* of naming the aggressor in any conflict; and thereby the freedom to blockade that aggressor, or to permit other nations to blockade it, or refuse loans to it, or wage active war against it.



Rather a neat trick, that! The United States entered the Paris Conference bound by the age-old obligation to mind her own business, and emerged with the privilege, transformable at will into a moral duty, to mind the business of everybody on earth. It took Rome centuries to achieve that privilege.

It is obvious that this pact perfectly suits American world policy. No *obligation* to interfere anywhere, but the *privilege* of interfering everywhere! Last year at London America kept the pact as a weapon in reserve to force reduction in the world's navies. Can there be a doubt that if war should be threatened in the near future, America will incline to regard as aggressor such nations as blocked her proposal for all-around reduction?

Yet suppose America's contingent agreement with Great Britain for mutual naval reduction should be nullified because a Continental European power insisted on building a navy which would threaten Britain's food supply (as, at the moment this is written, appears likely), and hence compel Britain to increase her navy. America has an instrument in reserve to meet even this contingency — an instrument which will be produced when the opportune moment comes. She has informally proposed that food ships be free in time of war, and that the food blockade be forever abolished. Now this may interest Britain, for the food front is her great strategic weakness. If, under the rubric of "freedom of the seas," she can receive an American guarantee against blockade — if, in other words, she can count on the entire American navy to defend her, in any future war, at her weakest strategic point— then she can perhaps afford to reduce her navy regardless of what the Continent does.

America's offer remains open for Great Britain (or any other nation) to accept whenever she comes to the realization that security in Europe is impossible without America's guarantee. When first made, the offer was generally smiled at as being impossibly altruistic — except by realistic France, who protested that the starving of women and children is the sacred prerogative of the League of Nations. But it does not deserve to be smiled at. It is an admirable example of the shrewd postwar American diplomacy which devises humanitarian proposals for specific political ends.

Whatever may be the outcome of current efforts toward naval reduction, the essential reality remains: America will impose peace throughout the world; and if she does not, we may be sure that the kings of the earth will

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come to Washington to beg her to do so.

The State Department well knows that a nation which, like America, has become the center of the world, cannot escape responsibility for the welfare of other nations. Our discount rate affects the ability of a Croatian peasant to buy an American tractor. Our interpretation of an oil lease may mean the difference between ten years of Mexican revolution and ten years of increasing exports to Mexico. The prejudice of a few officials in the State Department may retard the economic development of a hundred and fifty million Russians for decades. Whatever the American Government does, or does not do, is to-day making history. And on the peaceful evolution of that history depends America's prosperity.

Power brings responsibility. Hackneyed phrase! Try another. *Noblesse oblige*. Familiarity has made it contemptible. Something else, then — something less familiar. *He that is greatest among you shall be your servant.*

What I Believe

Living Philosophies XVI

by HU SHIH

"Father of the Chinese Renaissance"

I

MY FATHER, Hu Chuan, was a scholar and a man of strong will and administrative ability. After a period of classical training in literature and history, he took great interest in the study of geography, especially in the geography of the frontier provinces. He went to Peking and, with a letter of introduction in his pocket, traveled forty-two days to Kirin in Northern Manchuria to see the Imperial Commissioner, Wu Ta-chen, who is now known to European Sinologues as one of the greatest archæologists in China.

Wu received him and asked what he could do for him. "Nothing," said my father, "except let me follow your mission to settle the boundary dispute with Russia, so that I may study the geography of the northeastern provinces." Wu was interested in this scholar who had taken only his first degree in the literary examinations and was almost penniless after the long journey outside the Great Wall. He took the young man with him on his historic mission and found in him a most valuable and hard-working assistant.

One time my father's party lost its way in an immense forest and could not get out for three days. Provisions were exhausted and all reconnoitering had failed when he suggested that a search be made for running streams, which would in all probability flow out of the forest. A stream was found and the party followed its course to safety. My father composed a long poem to celebrate this occasion. When forty years later I used this incident as an illustration in a paper on Professor John Dewey's theory of systematic thinking, several surviving acquaintances of my father still recognized this story, though I had not mentioned his name, and wrote to inquire if I was a younger son of their long-departed friend.

Although Wu Ta-chen had once recommended him to the government as "a man capable of governing provinces," my father never achieved political prominence and, after becoming an official in Kiangsu and Formosa, died at the age of fifty-five when Formosa was ceded to Japan as a result of the Sino-Japanese War.

II

I WAS the youngest son of my father and the only child of my mother. He married three times. The first wife was killed in the Taiping Rebellion, which swept over my home district in southern Anhui and reduced it to ashes. By a second marriage he had three sons

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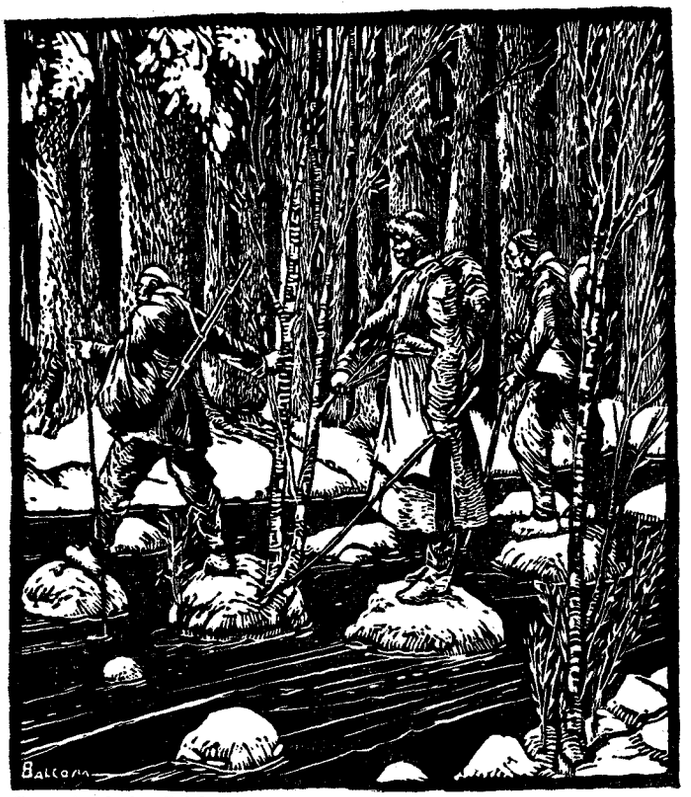

Illustrations by Lowell Balcom

and four daughters. The eldest son proved to be an incorrigible degenerate at an early age. When my father lost his second wife, he wrote home that he had decided to marry a girl of the good, sturdy stock of the farmer class.

My mother's father was a farmer who also practiced tailoring during the off months of the year. He came from a respectable family which was massacred during the Taiping Rebellion. Being only a small boy, he was made a captive and carried away to serve in the army of the Taipings. To prevent him from running away, four characters — "Tai-ping Tien-kuo" (Heavenly Kingdom of Everlasting Peace) — were branded on his face and remained throughout his life. But he managed to escape and, after terrible hardship, returned to his home only to find it in complete ruins without a single member of his family left alive. He worked hard, cultivating his land and practicing tailoring, which he had learned in the bandit camp. He grew up, married, and had four children of whom my mother was the eldest.

My grandfather's life ambition was to rebuild the family dwelling destroyed by the Taipings. Every morning before sunrise he would go to the riverside, select three heavy loads of stone, and in three trips carry them on his shoulder pole to the site of his ruined house. Then he would start out for his regular work in the field or in tailoring. When he returned home late in the afternoon, he would make three more trips and carry three more loads of stone for his future house before he sat down to supper. All this hard and persevering work was silently witnessed by my mother, who secretly regretted that, being a girl, she was unable in any way to lighten her father's hardship and accelerate the realization of his dream.

Then came the matchmaker who met my grandfather in the field and pleaded eloquently on behalf of my father for the "birth date" paper of his eldest daughter. My grandfather consented to talk it over with his family. But when he told the proposal to his wife in the evening, she was very furious. "Never!" she said. "How can you think of giving our daughter to a man thirty years older than she? And some of his children are older than our daughter! Moreover, people will naturally think that we, in giving our girl to an elderly official, are sacrificing her for the sake of money and respectability." So the old couple quarreled. In the end the father said, "Let us consult the girl herself. After all, it's her own affair."

When the question was placed before my mother she remained silent, as was usual with Chinese girls in a similar situation. But she was thinking grave thoughts. To marry a middle-aged widower with grown-up children meant that the contract money to be paid to the bride's family would be much more than in an ordinary marriage. That would be a great help to her father's building projects. And she had seen my father before and knew that he was revered by everybody in the district. She adored him, and was willing to marry him, partly because of a sense of hero worship, but chiefly because of her filial anxiety to help her toiling father. So when she was pressed by her parents for an answer, she said resolutely: "If you think he is a good man, I'll obey. After all, a man of forty-seven is not very old." My grandfather sighed with relief when he heard it, and my grandmother burst out in great fury: "So you want to be a *taitai* (lady) of a mandarin! So let it be!"

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III

MY MOTHER was married in 1889 at the age of seventeen, and I was born in December, 1891. My father died in 1895, leaving my mother a widow at twenty-three. By his death, she became head of a large family with many grown-up stepchildren. The position of a Chinese stepmother is proverbially difficult, and her life from this time on was a long period of patient suffering and painstaking compromise.

My mother's greatest gift was forbearance. Chinese history records that when an Emperor of the Tang dynasty asked the patriarch Chang Kung-i by what principle his family had managed to live together for nine generations without separation or division, the grand old man, too feeble to speak, requested leave to write out his answer, and he wrote a hundred times the word "Forbearance." The Chinese moralists constantly cite this story of the "Hundred Forbearances" as the best example of family life, but none of them seems ever to realize the terrible amount of suffering, friction, suppression, and injustice which have made forbearance an absolute necessity.

Ill-feeling, daggerlike words, hostile looks on the part of the stepdaughters-in-law — my mother bore all this patiently. Sometimes she found herself reaching her limit of forbearance. Then she would stay in bed in the morning and gently weep aloud, mourning the early loss of her husband. She never mentioned the offending daughter-in-law nor the offense. But each time these tears had an almost miraculous effect. I would invariably hear a door open in the room of one of the sisters-in-law, and the footsteps of a woman walking in the direction of the kitchen. Presently she would return and knock at the door of our room. She would enter with a cup of tea and offer it to my mother, imploring her to cease weeping. My mother would take the cup and accept her silent apologies. Then there would be peace in the family for about a month.

Although she could neither read nor write, my mother staked all her hope on my education. I was a precocious child and before I was three had learned over eight hundred characters, which my father taught me every day on square slips of pink paper. A little after three, I was already in school. I was then a sickly child and could hardly climb a doorstep of six inches without assistance. But I could read and memorize better than all the other boys in the school. I never played with the children of the village and, because of my complete lack of child play, I was given the nickname of *Shien-seng* (the Master) when I was five. Fifteen years later, at Cornell University, I was nicknamed "Doc" when I was a Sophomore, and for this same weakness.

My mother would wake me up every day before daybreak and make me sit up in bed. She would then tell me all she knew about my father. She would say that she expected me to follow the footsteps of him who was to her the best and greatest man that ever lived, a man who, she said, was so much respected that all opium dens and gambling houses in the vicinity suspended business during his occasional sojourns at home. She told me that I could glorify him and her only by my good conduct and by

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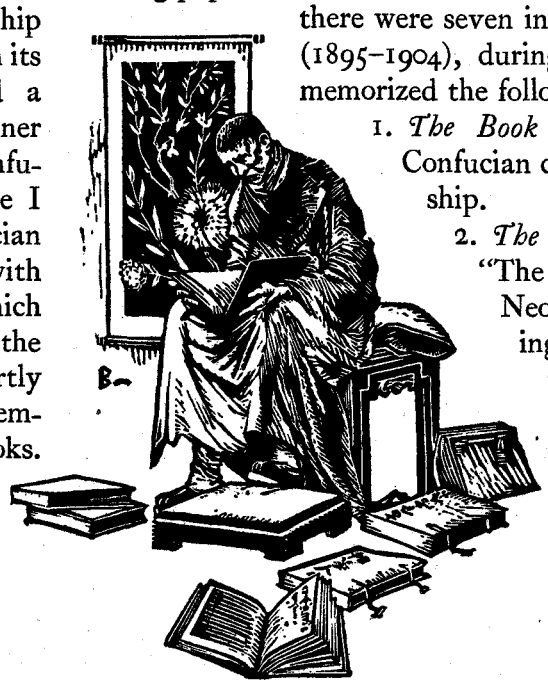
achievements in scholarship and in the government examinations — that whatever she was suffering would be rewarded by my diligent application to my studies. I would often listen with half-open eyes, but she rarely gave up this morning sermon except when some lady guest was staying with us in the same room.

When daylight came, she would dress me and send me to school. When I grew a little older, I was always the first to arrive at school and almost every morning knocked at my teacher's door for the key to open the school gate. The key was handed out through the small crevice between the two doors and I was soon in my seat reading aloud my assignments. The school was not dismissed till dusk, when each boy bowed to the big picture of Confucius in crimson rubbing and to the teacher and went home. The average length of the school day was twelve hours.

While allowing me no child play of any kind, my mother gave me every encouragement in my childish attempt to build a temple of worship to the great sage, Confucius. I learned this from the son of my eldest half-sister, a boy five years my senior. He had built a paper temple of Confucius with all kinds of gorgeous color-papers, and it attracted me. I used a big paper box as the main hall of worship and cut a big square hole on its back to which I pasted a smaller paper box as the inner shrine for the tablet of Confucius. The outer hall where I placed the great Confucian disciples was decorated with miniature scrolls on which were written eulogies of the great sage which I partly copied from my nephew's temple and partly from books. Incense sticks were frequently burned before this toy temple and my mother rejoiced in my childish piety, secretly believing that the spirit of Confucius would surely reward me by making me a renowned scholar and successful candidate in the literary examinations.



My father was a classical scholar and a stern follower of the Neo-Confucianist Rational Philosophy of Chu Hsi (1130–1200 A.D.). He was strongly opposed to Buddhism and Taoism. I remember seeing on the door of my uncle's house (which was my first school) a sun-bleached sign bearing the words "No alms for Buddhist Monks or Taoist Priests," which, I learned afterward, was part of the Rationalist tradition left by my father. But my father was dead, my scholarly uncle soon left home to become a petty official in Northern Anhui, and my elder brothers were in Shanghai.

The women left at home were under no obligation to respect this Rationalistic tradition of my father. They observed the usual rites of ancestor worship and were free to worship wherever custom and occasion led them. Kwan-yin, the Goddess of Mercy, was their favorite deity, and my mother, chiefly out of her anxiety for my health and well-being, was a devout believer of Kwan-yin. I remember going with her on a pilgrimage to a temple of this goddess on a mountain, and she, in spite of the bound feet which pained her throughout her life, walked the whole distance of hilly trail to and from the shrine.

IV

It was in the village school, of which there were seven in our village, for nine years (1895–1904), during which time I read and memorized the following books:

1. *The Book of Filial Piety*, a post-Confucian classic of unknown authorship.
2. *The Elementary Lessons* (or "The Small Learning"), a book of Neo-Confucianist moral teaching commonly attributed to the Sung philosopher, Chu Hsi.
3. The Four Books: *The Analects of Confucius*, *The Book of Mencius*, *The Great Learning*, and *The Doctrine of the Mean*.
4. Four of the Five Classics: *The Book of Poetry*, *The Book of History*, *The Book of Change*, and *The Li Ki*.

My mother, who was always economical in her household expenses, insisted on paying my teacher at least thrice better than the usual

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tuition fee, which was two silver dollars a year. She paid six dollars from the beginning and increased it gradually to twelve. From this insignificant increase in the fee, I derived benefits a thousand times greater than the numerical ratio stated above can possibly indicate. For the two-dollar pupil merely read aloud and recited by heart, and the teacher never took the trouble to explain to him the meaning of the words memorized. I alone, because of the additional pay, enjoyed the rare privilege of having every word and sentence in the readings explained to me, that is, translated from the dead language into the colloquial dialect.

Before I was eight years old, I could read with very little assistance. At the suggestion of my second brother, my teacher made me read *The General Mirror for Government*, which was in reality a general history of China in chronological form compiled by the great historian Ssu-ma Kuang in the year 1084 A.D. This historical reading interested me greatly and I soon began, as an aid to memory, to compile a rhymed summary of the dynasties, emperors, and chronological eras.

Then one day in a waste-paper box in my uncle's house I chanced upon a torn volume of a part of the great novel *Shui Hu* (The Hundred and Eight Heroes of Liang-shan) and read it through while standing by the box. I ran about the village and soon found a complete set of the novel. From that time on I devoured every novel known in our community and in the near-by villages. They were written in the *pei-hua*, or spoken language, and were easily intelligible and absorbingly entertaining. They taught me life, for good and for evil, and gave me a literary medium which years later enabled me to start what has been called "the Literary Renaissance" in China.

In the meantime, my religious life underwent a curious crisis. I was brought up in an idolatrous environment and accustomed to the ugly and fierce faces of the gods and to the folk-versions of Heaven and Hell. When I was eleven I was one day rereading aloud *The Elementary Lessons* of Chu Hsi, which I had memorized without much understanding. I came upon a passage where the Rationalist philosopher quoted the historian Ssu-ma Kuang in an attack on the popular belief in Heaven and Hell. The quotation reads: "When the body has decayed, the spirit fades away. Even if there be such cruel tortures in Hell as Chiseling, Burning, Pounding, and Grinding, whereon are these to be inflicted?" This sounded like good reasoning and I began to doubt the idea of judgment after death.

Shortly afterward, I was reading Ssu-ma Kuang's *General History* and came upon a passage in its one hundred and thirty-sixth chapter which made me an atheist. The passage in question tells of a philosopher of the fifth century A.D. named Fan Chen who championed the theory of the destructibility of the spirit or soul against the whole Imperial Court, which was then patronizing Mahāyāna Buddhism. Fan Chen's view was summed up by Ssu-ma Kuang in these words: "The body is the material basis of the spirit, and the spirit is only the functioning of the body. The spirit is to the body what sharpness is to a sharp knife. We have never known the existence of sharpness after the destruction of the knife. How can we admit the survival of the spirit when the body is gone?"

This was more thorough reasoning than Ssu-ma Kuang's view that the spirit fades away when the body has decayed — a theory which still admits the spirit as something. Fan Chen fundamentally denies the spirit as an entity: it

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is only a functioning of the body. This simplification pleased by boyish mind and it gladdened my heart to read that "Although the whole Court and country were against him, no one succeeded in refuting him."

In the same passage, Fan Chen was quoted as being opposed to the Buddhist doctrine of Karma, or the causal chain throughout the various existences. He was talking to the Prince of Ching-ling, who said to him: "If you do not believe in Karma, how can you explain the different states of wealth and poverty, of honor and lowliness?" Fan Chen replied: "Human life may be likened to the flowers on yonder tree. The wind blows down the flowers, of which some are caught by the screens and scattered on the beautifully decorated mats and cushions, while others are blown over the fence and dropped on the dung-heap. Your Lordship is one of those flowers on the cushions, and I, your humble servant, chance to be on the dung-hill. There is the difference in position, but where is the causal chain?"

The doctrine of Karma is one of the few most influential ideas from India that have become an integral part of Chinese thought and life. The ancient Chinese moralists had taught that goodness was always rewarded and evil punished. But in real life, this is not always true. The Buddhist doctrine of Karma has the advantage over the Chinese idea of retribution in that it can always evade the issue by referring to the absolute continuity of the causal chain throughout past and future existences.

But Fan Chen's figure of speech appealed to my youthful fancy and shook me out of the nightmare absolutism of Karma. It was Chance versus Determinism. And, as a boy of eleven, I took the chances and revolted against Fate. There was no sophisticated reasoning on my part in those days of my boyhood. It was mere temperamental attraction and repulsion. I was my father's son, and Ssu-ma Kuang and Fan Chen attracted me. That was all.

V

BUT THIS mental crisis was not without its comic consequences in my early life. During the New Year Festival of 1903, I paid a visit to my eldest sister, who lived 20 *li* away. After spending a few days at her home I returned with her son, who was coming to pay his New Year visit to my mother. A servant of his was carrying the New Year presents for him. On our way home we passed a shrine with ugly and fierce-looking gods. I stopped and said to my nephew: "Nobody is watching. Let's throw these images into the mud pool." My childish iconoclasm greatly horrified my companions, who persuaded me to move on without troubling the already tottering deities.

It was the day of the Lantern Festival (the fifteenth of the first month). When we arrived, there were many visitors at my house. I was hungry and, when supper was served, my nephew made me drink a cup of strong rice wine which played havoc with my empty stomach. I was soon running about the courtyard and shouting to the moon to come down to see the Lantern Festival. My mother was displeased and sent men to fetch me. I ran before them and the effect of wine worked more rapidly with my running. I was finally caught, but I struggled to get away. My mother held me tight on her lap and many people soon gathered around us.

In my fright, I began to talk nonsense. Then my nephew's servant stepped forward and whispered to my mother: "Madame, I believe that the little uncle is beside himself. Very likely some god or spirit is troubling him. This afternoon when we passed the Shrine of Three Gates, he proposed to throw the gods into the muddy pool. That must have caused the trouble." I overheard the whisper and a bright idea came to me. I shouted all the more wildly, as if I were actually one of the gods of the Shrine of Three Gates. My mother then ordered incense to be burned in the open and, pleading my youthful ignorance and irresponsibility, made a vow to offer sacrifices at the shrine should my innocent offense be forgiven by the gods.

At that moment report came that the Lantern Procession was approaching, and the people in our house rushed out to see it. My mother and I were left alone. I soon fell asleep. The vow had apparently worked. One month later, when my mother and I visited my grandparents, she made me offer, in all solemnity, our promised sacrifices at the Shrine of Three Gates.

Next month Dr. Hu Shih will continue his story with an account of how his ideas were influenced by his education in America.

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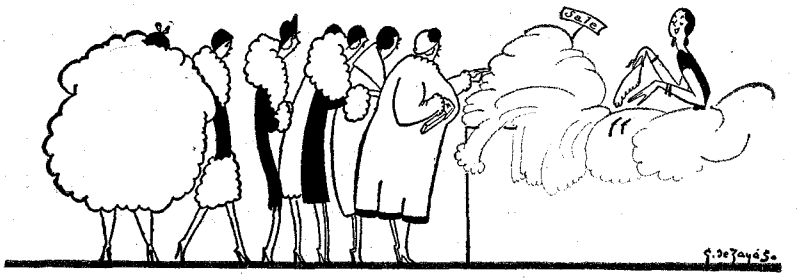
Futile Females

And the Lure of Jobs



Drawings by George de Zayas

by HELEN WOODWARD

VERONICA is a rich girl. She is also intelligent and vivid, but the essential fact about her (which she would like to ignore) is that she is rich. Not long ago she came to ask my advice about taking a job in a department store.

"Why," I asked her, "do you want to work in a department store?"

"To prove that I'm good for something. To justify my existence."

I suggested that a settlement house might welcome the ability and training in dramatics which she had received at Vassar.

She answered hastily, "I'd love the actual work, I think, but I can't bear to pry into people's lives. I'd feel impertinent. Besides, it makes me ill to see such poverty."

I pleaded with her and she seemed convinced. The next time I heard from her was through a letter of apology. She had taken the department store job. She thought she had betrayed her duty to the human race, but she was having a glorious time. At last she felt she was touching reality. She liked the hard work — even liked the time clock.

Then there is Elinor Thorstein, who has a husband, three children, and about two million dollars. To this she adds a talent for writing essays which are published in good magazines. Like many young Jews of this day, she feels such a distaste of display that she lives and dresses with exaggerated simplicity. Even stronger is her fear that she may be liked and respected only for her money. She has never had a chance to prove that she is somebody in her own right.

Now you will say that anyone who writes charmingly and has three children and a well-run house is justifying her existence. But Elinor was unhappy and depressed until she got a twenty-five-dollar-a-week editorial job in a magazine office. She has done her work well and has since been promoted. And with all this her depression has vanished. She has bloomed into happiness. She is having a good time — note that. Veronica also made the point that she was having a good time. There's a clue here. We'll come back to it.

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRLS

I WAS ANNOYED at Elinor and I was annoyed at Veronica. I always am when a well-to-do girl takes a job some poor girl needs. I realize that this annoyance is somewhat unjust, but it is an automatic reaction to my own struggle to find work when I was young. There are only so many jobs in stores and offices and it is not fair that they should be taken by rich young people of influence.

I said to Elinor Thorstein, with uncalled-for frankness, "You have no right to do this. You are taking work away from some girl who needs the twenty-five dollars a week to live."

"I fully realize that," she replied. "But all the men I know do the same thing."

"They have been fixed in a false tradition of money-making for a longer time than women, so it's harder for them to break away. You have a chance to start a new tradition."

She shook her head impatiently. "I don't want to start a tradition. I just want to be me and to do something interesting."

So Elinor now thinks that she has a definite place in the world, that she is earning her way. You cannot induce her to work for nothing or to start her own magazine, because if she did

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that it would again be her money which counted and not herself. In other words, she needs to be assured that she has abilities which are of value to the world; and since the world now expresses value in terms of dollars, she thinks she ought to be paid them.

Of course she is mistaken. If you said to an experienced business man that a person making ten thousand dollars a year is twice as competent as one making five thousand, he would be amazed at your naïveté. "Not at all," he would say, "he just knows how to get twice as much money for what he does." Or, "He puts up a better bluff." Getting a job in an office, therefore, is just about the most foolish thing that Elinor could do to prove her worth.

Thirty years ago a girl like Elinor would have gone in for charity work, and Veronica for social settlements. Twenty years ago both would have been active in the suffragette movement. Ten years ago their real problem began. If they were radical-minded, they could not go into the war with any enthusiasm. They began to wonder about the fundamental causes of things. While they were wondering, the radical movement went to pieces. To-day not only is there no real radical movement for them to join, but if there were they would not join it, because they believe that radicalism is merely an expression of your own self-importance or your own inferiority complex. In other words, they think it a personal expression rather than an altruistic one.

The charity outlet is also utterly exploded for young people. They consider it an insulting way of impressing your own personality on poor people who are helpless under your self-gratification. Art? On every side one sees wealthy young women laboring at lymphatic drawing or painting or designing, none of it in contact with actual living.

What else, then, is there for the rich girl to do? She turns to something which at least looks real — she seeks a job in an office or a store, trying to prove herself as good as the average girl behind a desk or a counter.

Barren Endeavors

Now this working in offices is all very well, but it has curious reverberations. A leading publisher tells me that young men and women who have to live on their salaries have little chance to get into the publishing business except as stenographers or bookkeepers. The reason is that each June his and every other house are besieged by a new batch of college graduates who want to work for little or nothing. There are, of course, certain firms which do not take advantage of this surplus labor supply, but they are very few.

Before I left the advertising business six years ago the same condition existed there. And any newspaper editor of importance will tell you an identical story. In short, it is true in all businesses which have the glamour of class distinction and where young men and women associate freely together.

Then there is the department store, where the modern young woman from college is taking the place of the old-time saleslady; they now call themselves "assistant executives" or "æsthetic experts." I know a girl who works in a luxurious Fifth Avenue shop owned by her father. Her success has been marked, and she is having a lovely time associating with the bright young advertising men who come in to see her in connection with the business. But after all, what is she doing? She is merely inducing more women to pay four hundred dollars for a dress which might be bought elsewhere for two hundred.

Years ago girls who now go into department stores would probably have worked in tea rooms or interior decorating shops. The South is still in the tea-room era. In a number of Southern cities the Junior Leagues, for instance, conduct excellent restaurants. They are obviously competing with women who need the money badly, but the girls are active and energetic and don't know what else to do. They realize, too, that they can manage tea rooms without loss of social prestige.

The Northern woman will tell you that she doesn't care about social prestige. She says she will work anywhere, and as a proof points to her willingness to take a job in a department store. But if this were really true, she would be willing to be a chambermaid or cook — which she is not. No, the rich girl will not do the real thing if it's going to harm her socially. If she were sincere in her search for reality, she would put on poor clothes, she would hide the fact that she had a college education, she would use no letters of introduction, and then she would try to get a job. Getting a job is the most difficult part of earning a living, and it would be a

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test of whether she was as good as the average office worker.

If a well-to-do girl has a fine sense of drama, she may go so far as to select a small town where no one knows her, get a job in a factory, and live on her wages for three months. I know a young woman who did that. Yet even this girl cannot know work as a poor girl knows it, because in case of failure she has resources on which to fall back. She is like a person with two arms pretending to have only one. Nevertheless, unreal and theatrical as it is, the girl who plays such a part is at least making an honest effort. She is trying, in her fashion, to do the dirty work of the world. This is not true of the girls who talk about justifying themselves by getting jobs in publishing houses, in a business like advertising, or in the personnel departments of high-class shops.

Why Girls Like Office Work

I TALKED this over frankly with Geralda Horn, who is another rich girl. She had got a job reading manuscripts for a publishing firm. Everything looked lovely, but then business slowed up a bit and she was let out. She had made such an impression, both personally and by her work, that her employers gave her letters of introduction to other publishing houses in New York. But she has not succeeded in finding another position, and she doesn't know what to do.

I said to her, "Why don't you teach?"

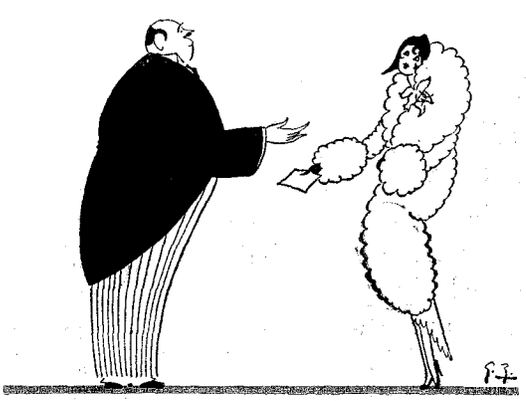
She replied, "I have nothing to teach. Anyway, I shouldn't like it."

I: "Why don't you drive a truck?"

Geralda (enthusiastic): "Oh, I'd love to, but I've been educated in such a way that it wouldn't satisfy me."

I: "How about farming?"

Geralda: "Again, my education. . . ."



I: "There is a dangerous shortage of doctors in country districts. Why not study medicine?"

Geralda: "And go way off someplace? It would be too lonely."

I: "Why don't you pilot an airplane?"

Geralda (smiling): "I do."

I: "Well, why not make it your business?"

Geralda: "In the first place, it wouldn't be enough to fill my life, and, secondly, my parents wouldn't stand for it."

By this time I was beginning to feel considerably weakened, so I asked her why she wanted to get an office job and if she thought that was "doing anything." She said, "No, it isn't doing anything real — nothing I do will ever be of real value to the world. But it *seems* real; and I feel actual struggle working there."

Now you may smile at all this in your wisdom, knowing the inefficiency and waste of offices, but instinctively Geralda had laid her finger on the truth. To-day the world is ruled from the office. The destiny of the man who digs ditches in some remote place is decided, very probably, in a Wall Street office where no one has ever seen or heard of him, some banker's office which even his employer doesn't know. The farmer's life is regulated from Minneapolis or Atlanta.

When you are in an office this feeling reaches you, even though you cannot put it into words. Something is happening among these desks and tables, and these keen young people know it. The power is really there. To that extent Geralda is right. To that extent, also, all the other girls and young men who rush to work in offices and stores are right.

But here we come back to the clue I mentioned. There is something else, something which Geralda doesn't want to acknowledge, which she puts in second place — indeed, which all the girls to whom I have talked put in second place — and that is the pleasure of associating with men easily and on an equal basis.

Sex consciousness does not disappear in offices, but it is likely to be overshadowed by work. There are hours and days when both men and women are so absorbed in what they are doing that they deal with each other on the basis of work rather than sex. When working with men on something that interests them greatly, women can forget about sexual charm. When girls in offices go out to lunch with men

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of the same office, they usually pay their own checks. Moreover, they like it, because it makes them feel equal to the men or even superior. Women thus move with a boldness which is scarcely possible in any ordinary social relationship.

So powerful is this association that it changes the whole manner of such women. A friend of mine who makes a handsome living by her work in an office said to me recently with some wonder: "You know, I've noticed that women whom I know socially always think I've got an awful lot of sex appeal — that I'm a great vamp. Isn't it queer? You know I'm not. I've had a pretty modest career that way and I don't think I'm especially attractive to men."

I said, "Do you really mind having that reputation?"

"You know I don't," she smiled, "but I wonder why I get it when I don't deserve it."

So we both asked a man who knew and admired her. "It's simple," he said. "You have worked with men so long that you have an easy way with them. Your manner toward them is effortless and jovial."

There is simply no getting away from the fact that there is an enormous amount of fun involved in dealing freely and on an equal basis with men whose minds are sharply trained. And a woman who has always been associated with untrained women, but who herself has a keen intellect, gets a tremendous kick out of it. To this purely mental excitement is added, of course, the underlying sexual excitement, and that sexual excitement becomes more vivid if overlaid by something else.

Teaching as an Outlet

For all these reasons it is understandable why rich girls fresh from college should turn toward stores and offices. Nevertheless I think it is a great pity. For what will the rich girl ultimately do? Obviously she is merely training herself in the making of money, as her father did before her and as her brother is doing now. The tendency toward an oligarchy of the rich will be stronger and stronger.

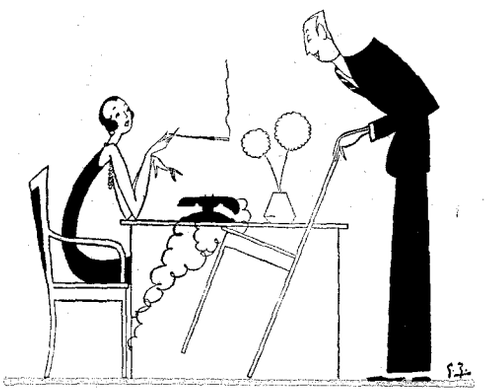
What I should really like, if possible, would be to make a definite suggestion to these girls. I know that all such advice is feeble, since it seldom fits either the personality or the circumstances. Yet there is such a strong force within me to make one suggestion that I must do so, and if you like, you can call it nothing but a suppressed wish growing out of my childhood.

When I was seven, I began to want to be a teacher, and I have wanted to be one from that day to this. Because I lack the necessary technical degrees I have never been one, except once when I taught English to some Russian girls in the Women's Trade-Union League. I leave it to you whether it is because of this that I should like to see rich young men and women to-day become teachers, or whether it is because of a profound social conviction.

I know exactly what young people say when you suggest this. They say if you teach, you have a stupid little ritual enforced on you. But I know teachers who climb beyond that ritual. If this objection is overruled, the rich girl will say, "I don't like to teach young children." Of course the beginning in teaching will be tiresome, but if you work your way up in an office you have to begin with tiresome details also. Indeed, the discipline of such work is essential to a good training.

Now you cannot expect young people to go through such discipline unless they either have to earn a living or feel that they are doing it for a great purpose. I sincerely believe that the possibilities of teaching *are* great. Furthermore, here is a profession so badly paid in the advanced grades that poor young men and women can no longer afford to take it up seriously. If in some way a religious mysticism could be attached to the idea of teaching, perhaps rich young people to-day might struggle to be teachers. Instead of flocking to offices to do detail work, they might be willing to do a little beginner's drudgery in order to do a greater work later on.

But the rich girls will never do it until



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there is the same possibility of associating with young men which they now find in offices.

Aside from teaching, there is much other work that rich young women can do — work which is badly paid, which needs alert minds, and which is of social value. There is the field of natural history research. There is the shortage of doctors in country districts, which I mentioned to Geralda Horn. Rose Wilder Lane, the novelist, tells me that there is no doctor within reasonable distance of her home in a sparsely populated region of Missouri.

As Geralda said, the life is lonely, but it is barely possible that the problem might be solved by well-to-do young people working in partnership. If two women, for instance, should take such a practice in the country, each working three months at a time while the other went to the city for a vacation, the solitude would grow bearable. I know this sounds like an elaborate mechanism, but elaborate mechanisms have worked from time to time.

Hospitals and clinics are nearly all short-handed. The work is difficult, but much of it does not require any special training. Here a girl can find discipline, self-satisfaction, and plenty of male companionship. The bio-chemists of this country all need help, and you do not need to be a chemist in order to assist them.

Now none of this has the taint of smug charity. The work in each instance is definite, precise. It demands as much discipline as does the most exacting commercial firm. Unfortunately nobody is advertising in the papers for a bright young woman willing to give her time to a semi-public service. But almost any girl knows some enlightened physician or teacher or scientist who might give her the needed information. The rich girl who wants to do work which will use her talent, which will give her discipline and an interesting life, must more or less find her own way. Hospitals, museums, and scientific institutions might well make an effort to place such girls. But they must see to it that the men and women are not kept apart.

It is impossible to stand in the shoes of a thousand girls and tell them which way to look or to walk. My suggestions have been vague, but perhaps they may lead someone else to have more definite ideas. For the problem is a definite one, and it demands a definite answer.

First Snow

Strangely the golden forest is stricken.
Poised is the hare in white ambush.
The tones of the hunting horn bluntedly thicken,
That once poured forth with a silver rush.

Listening, listening now for the faring,
For the winging of something lighter than bird,
Softly the earth has succumbed to the snaring
Of presences faery-like, sly and unheard.

Secretly, secretly myriad prowlers
Are bagging the hues of the forest and hill;
Stealing away with the sounds and the colors,
Leaving the landscape whitened and still.

Strangely the golden forest is stricken;
Slow is the hunt and the hounds that were eager,
For the land and the pack and the huntsmen are taken
By the gentlest of all the foes that beleaguer.

— *Robert Hunt*

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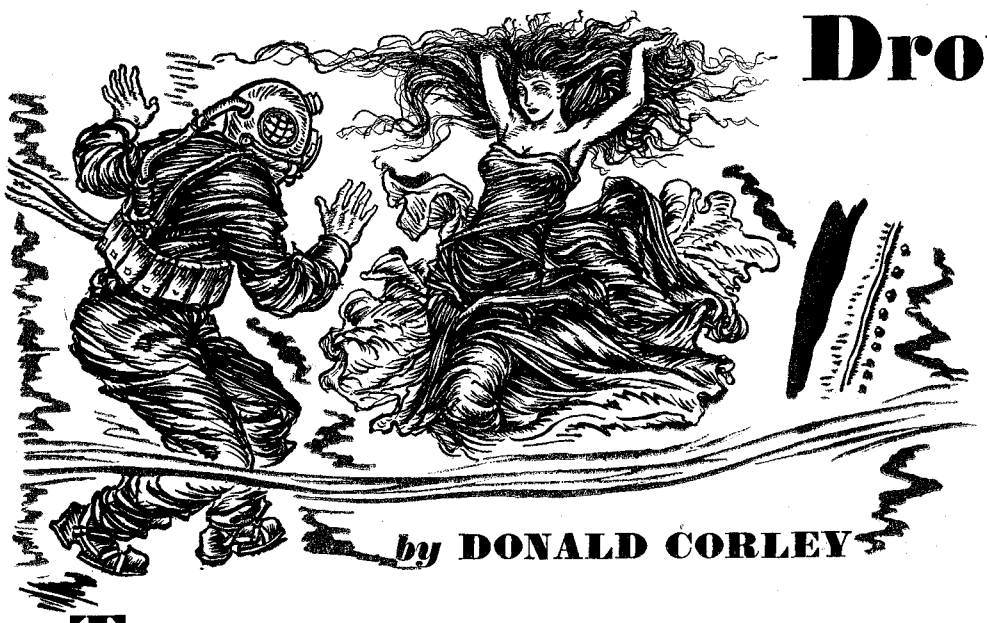
The DANCE of the Drowned



Drawings by John Alan Maxwell

by DONALD CORLEY

THE WRECKER rocked up and down, up and down, in the gentle tide of Raritan Bay, as all tethered craft rock, aimlessly, but restlessly, as if craving to be off and away. She had a sort of heavy grace about her, not unlike that of a large-boned woman who has poise and spirit to offset her heaviness, and thereby achieves the unnamable charm of strength.

Her name was *Raakve*, of Perth Amboy.

My friend from Lloyd's New York Agency, whose specific job is to inspect and adjust storm losses on incoming ships, had invited me to come along that warmish spring evening, to see what a wrecking boat was like, and maybe pick up a story.

That week's gales had crippled or damaged many an incoming ship, and he had not gotten around to the *Raakve's* case until dinner time, when we had met by accident in an old chop-house in Nassau Street.

"Snoop around," he said, as he disappeared into the Captain's quarters of the *Raakve* with his bulky dispatch case. "Take a look at the 'iron doctor' — the recompression tank, y'know. How'd you like to sit in there two or three hours recovering from deep-sea pressure? And there's what the well-dressed merman wears down on the bottom over there — complete outfit hanging out to dry. The shoes alone weigh thirty-two pounds! How'd you like to go crusading around in that rig? Medieval knights may have had a pretty bad time with their uniforms — !

"And by the way," he added, in a lower key, "I think this is the boat that has a crazy old diver on board. *He* can tell you all about Davy Jones' immortal locker! He's been down there for twenty years, off and on."

The *Raakve* was a bit bunged up from her voyage up from Cape May, where she had assisted in raising a submarine that had gone down from a collision. The extraordinary amount of tackle, gear of all sorts, pumps, tanks, derricks, cables, seemed to be in great confusion. There was a badly battered hatch midships, looking as if an elephant had walked over it; a thick door in the superstructure was in splinters; there were porthole lights broken, and her wireless had suffered somewhat.

I made out the "iron doctor," looming black against the sky close by the divers' landing-stage midships rather like a disembodied locomotive, the antechamber to normal atmosphere for them who go down into the sea.

Everything on board the wrecker seemed even heavier, stronger, bulkier than things usually are on ships. They were like the clumsy playthings of a giant.

I stood at the rail, idly watching the blinker lights of a cruiser signaling to another in the Bay, thinking about ships and divers, about the untold treasure that lies corruscating on the floor of the sea . . . vaguely remembering an old story of the inexplicable object brought up from a great depth by a trawl in the North Atlantic, neither petrified fish, nor barnacled

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chest, nor good red herring, but presumably an early Norseman, lost overboard in all his armor, verdigrised and encased with deep-sea deposits, iridescent with phosphorus, preserved for a thousand years, with the fine economy of the sea . . . a sort of submarine Hamlet.

And suddenly I saw him, in the flesh.

A big, blond man, as ruddy as a coal fire, wrapped in an old yellow slicker that shone vividly golden in the deck light just over his head, which was bare. He tilted in a decrepit chair against the deck house, with his feet on a stanchion, alternately coming down with a thump, or easing himself back against the steel wall with a dull impact of shoulder as the boat rocked.

He seemed an integral part of the staunch, stocky little ship, veritably the doctor of other ships that lie quietly under the anæsthesia of deep-water pressure. He looked battered as she was battered, but his huge body swayed with the *Raakve's* movements like the perfect rider who is part of his horse.

His pipe made the despairing sound of a pipe that has at last gone out, as he drew on it, and with a leisurely movement full of grace he knocked it out against the wall behind him, three measured knocks, like a civil court's attendant announcing the entry of the judge.

The Norseman (for he was, obviously, either Finnish or Norwegian) had a long forelock, oddly white like a rope of Christmas tree tinsel, on his forehead. He wound it around his forefinger and gazed speculatively across Raritan Bay where the blinkers, in an apparently childish game, winked and went out, and winked again.

And very softly he whistled, something or other, and muttered some words.

He must have been conscious of my being there, a few feet away, although he never once looked at me. He seemed to be talking to some lost friend, or at least to someone whose attention he was used to having. Perhaps he was only talking to himself. There was no one else about.

"You never get back," he was saying, "no matter how often you try. . . . It's always a mistake not to stay down there . . . when you find what you're looking for . . . the place and the time you know things . . . queer things, but God's truth, and no bunk about it . . . you ought to stay there. . . ."

"You mean — ?" I asked, very quietly, hoping to establish somehow that I was listening, but not interrupting.

"I look at the sky sometimes," he went on, presently, "and I think how it is on the bottom. There's islands floating in the sky, they say, there's islands down there, too . . . and stone houses, and forests . . . the light is like twilight, very far north . . . it's quiet . . . no wheels anywhere . . . no hurry . . . no sound except the air in your feed pipe . . . you get sort of drunk with it. Down there, I guess a man's his real self . . . nothing between him and kingdom come but a rope and a wire-wrapped air hose, and his own resources. . . . In his belt a knife, in his hands a sledge hammer, or a wrench maybe . . . all around him . . . sharks . . . octopuses, sea-serpents . . . ghosts . . . anything. He goes over the side. He slides down his descending rope. His feet strike something. May be a deck. Maybe something else, not so *solid* as a deck. He's on board a boat that's been down a long time, maybe. There it is, full of pitfalls, a million things to get fouled with, to stumble over. . . . Sure . . . you have a light these days . . . thousand watts. But it's damned lonely. . . .

"It's like going over in your mind a lot of things, edges all blurred, things that have happened to you . . . when you're drunk, and alone, and not really giving a damn about going on much further. You fool around down there in the same way you fool around in your mind. 'This is a hell of a ship,' you say. You say it out loud, and if your pal up above listening to your telephone hears you, he just keeps quiet about it. You always *talk* down there, to keep yourself from going crazy. . . . Such queer things you see . . . such damned queer things. . . ."

And for some time the Norseman was silent, sunken in the deep-sea depths of his memories, and very slowly he wound his white forelock around his finger, and waggled his free foot, in an old carpet slipper, as if it remembered something, too.

"— You see, she'd been down only about three days, the *Celia Deering*, I tell you, off the Eastern end of St. Croix in the Virgin Islands, in ninety feet of water. Small passenger boat . . . island-to-island tub. Went down with all her passengers . . . rotten lifeboats . . . one of those fool accidents. . . . She just sank at nine o'clock of a calm evening. . . .

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"We got there about sunset. She was marked by an old rusty buoy with a torn piece of a woman's red skirt tied to a stick. We anchored 'longside of it, and I sent a man right down. All we had to do was to find some valuable papers and some jewelry in the purser's office . . . salvage anything we could, of course . . . not much of a job on the way home from Porto Rico. . . . It was a beautiful day . . . warm, soft, cloudy. Water warm as fresh milk. . . . The man I sent down to get the lie of the *Celia Deering* hadn't been on the bottom fifteen minutes before he yanked his line violently to come up. SOS. 'Sharks,' I thought, and we hauled him up damned quick. He couldn't seem to hold anything with his hands when his helmet came out of the water. Waved them around like a nigger who's just been baptized. We had to drag him out of the water. . . . 'Bends,' I thought, though how he could get 'em in a quarter of an hour at ninety feet was strange. So we put him in the iron doctor, and I sent another man down . . . my best one, Pier Thorssen. No sooner was *he* gone overside than Eric, the first one, began to hammer on the iron doctor like mad. So we took him out. . . . He didn't have 'bends' . . . he was clean cuckoo. Just crazy. Gave him a stiff drink, hot coffee and whisky . . . no good. Raved. Shouted. Danced. We locked him up in his cabin. He couldn't say a word that anybody could understand. I looked at his eyes. He had been *scared* down there. He had seen something queer!

"It was just the same with Pier. *He* yanked like hell to come up, in less than fifteen minutes. *He* came out crazy . . . cuckoo . . . yelling . . . *dancing!*

"So I knew I had to go down myself. I only had three divers. And whatever it was, down there, bad enough to send two good men out of their heads . . . well, *I* had to see. I'd seen lots of queer things under water. . . . Sometimes, the condition of the atmosphere up above or the density of the water or something, magnifies things. . . . 'Devilfish? — Sea serpent? — What?' I thought while I was getting dressed, and I took an extra knife with me.

"Oddly enough, on the way down I got foul of the wireless, hauled myself to the mast, and slid down that. Landed on the for'rard deck, aft of the wheelhouse. The *Celia Deering* was level, practically. I went into the wheelhouse. Nothing unusual there. Charts, wooden floor gratings, papers came floating toward me when I pulled the door open. The Cap'n sat at his desk, with his head in his hands. He'd shot himself. . . . But that wasn't enough to give you much of the creeps. . . . You often see dead people on ships. . . . I took his watch to send home to his wife . . . and hung the chain around my chest valve. . . . I took his pistol, too, off the desk by his elbow. . . . I don't know why . . . maybe to keep anybody who might come down later from knowing he'd killed himself . . . maybe I thought I might need it, though you can't shoot a gun under water. . . . Liable to bust one of your own windows with the explosion. . . . Anyway, I took it, and got out of there, to go and find the purser's office. . . .

"So I walked aft, to find a companionway down to the saloon deck. One of the lifeboats, launched on the surface, had been sucked down as the boat went under. There it was, resting on the skylight of the saloon, full of holes. . . . People . . . well . . . drowned, I guess. That end of St. Croix is pretty rocky. . . . And then I thought of something, as I climbed over that skylight. It was shut, tight, none of its sections open for air. I couldn't think why, in a tropical sea, a hot calm evening, they had shut it up. I poked my light through the mass of wreckage that had sunk back onto the *Celia Deering* after she went down . . . rotten life belts, buckets, tangled ropes, broken dishes from the galley . . . all sorts of things . . . found a pair of opera glasses and a broken walking stick, silver mounted . . . initials S.J.S. Went on aft, and down a ladder to the deck below, found the door to the saloon, shut tight. . . . Awfully queer, I thought. Maybe that dead Cap'n shut everybody up in there, when he knew how hopeless it was.

"I thought of Pier and Eric up above, both crazy as loons. *What* had they seen?"

The Norseman's chair hit the deck forcibly. That white forelock demanded all his attention for a while. Whatever had started his memory delving like a trawl at the end of miles of fine piano wire in the depths of the sea was sure to bring up more, I thought. Detail by detail it came, with painful accuracy, as if every incident out of his descent to the *Celia Deering* had been indelibly stamped upon the catalogue of his mind.

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Presently he settled back against the wall again, and his free foot waggled as before, and he spoke in a muffled sort of way, leaning his huge head in his hand, staring out at Raritan Bay and the blinker lights of the two cruisers.

"So I opened that door . . ." he was saying, ". . . and Mister Man, what I saw was enough to account for those two poor devils. I had to wrench it open, it was stuck. A piece of paper came floating out . . . sheet of music. . . . I poked my light in. . . . There were people in there, men and women, in evening clothes, floating gauze . . . the women's hair all loose and waving — no bobbed hair those days . . . and they were . . . all *dancing!* Not with each other . . . just dancing . . . like they were drunk . . . arms waving . . . leaping up and down . . . moving in spirals above the floor . . . all looking at *me!* I shut that door damned quick, and stood there feeling the sweat run down my face. I clutched the Cap'n's pistol. I wanted to pull on the rope and be hauled up. . . . I wanted to get away from there . . . I wanted a drink. But I couldn't pull on that rope. I just seemed to be rooted there. A long pale-blue fish slid past my helmet, phosphorus lights all around it. I stepped back a bit and something rattled on my breastplate. . . . The Cap'n's watch it was. No use looking at it! But I did. It said twenty-two minutes past eleven. I tried to quiet down. I said to myself: 'Maybe I've had too much air . . . I'm air-drunk, that's all.' . . . But that damned fish came back, or another, wrapped itself around my helmet . . . its face stared in at me . . . magnified . . . two horrible black eyes . . . ribbon fish . . . stingaree. . . . I fought with it . . . got it loose . . . ran . . . shot at it, or thought I did. . . .

"Then I got scared. Me. Jon von Sberre of Drammenfors got *scared*. . . . I knew I had to get help. My two pals were inside that saloon . . . those screaming women had got them . . . had to go and get 'em out and take 'em home . . . Pier and Eric never did have any sense with wild women. So I walked around to the window of the saloon and looked in. There they all were, fifteen or twenty people, dancing like hell. And Pier had hold of a little dark girl who had her arms around his neck, and Eric was dancing with a big red-headed woman with lots of bracelets. And her hair was wound all around Pier so he couldn't see, and he waved his arm at me for help. . . .

"And while I looked somebody seemed to be yelling at me from a long way off . . . 'Are you all right, Cap'n? Do you want to come up?' And I yelled back to let me alone, and that I wasn't coming up until I had gotten the boys out of that place. . . .

"Just then a woman came dancing up to the window, inside, and she *smiled* at me . . . I nearly keeled over. She had beautiful teeth . . . even like an ear of corn . . . she had long blond hair that floated all around her head . . . afire with phosphorus like the ribbon fish. . . . All my life I had looked for a woman with beautiful teeth and long blond hair . . . looked and looked . . . all over the world . . . Her eyes were blue . . . like the Gulf Stream early in the morning, when the sun first slants across the water. . . . They had a queer look, those eyes, not anxious, not worried, not even puzzled . . . just *searching!*

"I found my hand with the pistol still in it fumbling with my helmet. . . . She was the sort you feel like raising your hat to. . . .

"And then she was gone. Some man had

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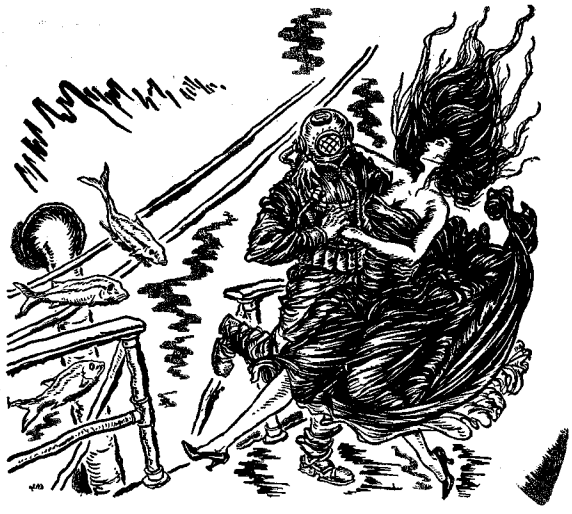

grabbed her and was dancing with her. I was mad. I wanted to go in there and take her away, take her to where she wanted to go, and go with her if she'd let me. And I looked and looked in the crowd for her. . . . The orchestra was at the end of the room, a piano, two violins, and a clarinet . . . or something . . . grinning Negro musicians dressed in white . . . *playing*, I tell you! Bows moving up and down . . . the leader nodding his head to beat time. . . ." The Norseman whistled a fragment of a tune under his breath.

"I ran around to the door. No time to lose. She was in there. I had to get her out. Pier and Eric could look after themselves. *They* never had any sense about women! I yanked that door hard, and it came open a little, and all those people . . . dancing there for three days to the same jazz that had been going after dinner when the boat went down . . . they came at me! And I saw Pier off in a corner with his little dark girl, and I yanked at the door harder, because they had all seemed to stop . . . they were all looking at me . . . pretty hard.

"'Music,' I said 'Stopped.' Now I can get her away, out on deck . . . ask her where she wants to go . . . she didn't belong on that boat. . . . I got the door open . . . nearly fell down. And they all came at me, and the water was full of music sheets . . . candle shades . . . a dancing slipper . . . silver, with a red heel . . . an empty champagne bottle that I struck at with the Cap'n's pistol . . . it broke. . . . I got inside the door. All the lights were a blaze of phosphorus. I threw away my light. . . . And voices, a long way off, kept asking: 'Cap'n, Cap'n?' . . . I yelled back to swing that lifeboat clear, and that *I* wasn't going to shoot myself . . . and I stood there and waited for her. I knew she'd come. And after the music had started again . . . I shot the last bullet in the Cap'n's pistol at the light over the piano, to make them go ahead again, and stood there swinging the door back and forth to bring in a little air . . . it was too damned hot in there. . . . And through the windows I saw the moon rising over an island, round and full and yellow like an old gold coin, worn from being in your pocket — the devil's luckpiece, some sailors call it — and there she came, through all those whirling figures, facing me over a man's shoulder. And she had a sort of puzzled look, as if to say: 'Why don't you do something about it?'

"She was looking past me at something that was happening . . . on deck.

"She didn't seem to belong to that man, nor to any other.

"And there were no rings on her fingers. I wouldn't have cared if there were. She didn't seem to know that he was even there. But *I* was there. I knocked him into the middle of next Friday. And that seemed to make them all laugh harder than ever. . . . Eric grinned at me across the room. His red-headed woman was sitting on his knee. I yelled to him to look out for her. Her neck was thick. Bad. *Christ!* I can see it all now. One girl had passed out. She was lying on top of the piano. She had a palm-leaf fan.

"The blond woman was outside. She had slipped past me when I hit that swine. She beckoned to me. Not the way most women beckon to you. She just made a sign with her long white fingers, that said 'Come, I need you.'

"Well. I went. I took her in my arms. We danced there on the deck in the moonlight. We danced among the stars. Her long blue veil . . . scarf . . . with metallic crescents on it blew around my head . . . scratched my face a little like a cat's claws when the cat isn't mad. . . .

"I knew . . . when I could look into her wide blue eyes . . . why I was a man . . . why I had never married . . . why I had come aboard the *Celia Deering* . . . why I had looked at this woman and that woman . . . all over the world . . . why I had listened to some laughter one day in Paris, and followed a perfume in a crowded street in New Orleans

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. . . and never forgot either. . . .

"'What is your name?' I asked.

"'Raakve,' she said. 'I am very hot. Let us go where there is a breeze.'

"Well . . . I knew that was her name. I just wanted to hear her say it.

"We went. We went up to the bow of the boat, and stood there looking at the long low line of the island . . . and she was telling me . . . she was telling me . . . that Atlantis lay out there under the moon beyond the last island . . . and that was where she wanted to go. . . ."

The Norseman wound up his white forelock vehemently.

"'I came aboard to find you, Raakve,' (he went on), 'I am the pilot. We are just coming into port.'

"And she said: 'Port? There is no port.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'This is the Port of Helsingfors.'

"And the wind blew a strand of her long yellow hair across my face. . . .

"And I said: 'I have gone to meet you in many places, Raakve, when you said you would come. . . . I waited for you in Helsingfors once, at the Church of St. Olaf. . . . You were going to run away from school that day, do you remember, Vekki? It rained all day in Helsingfors. I sat there in a yellow chair by the shrine of St. Aashild until all the candles burned out . . . even the seven that I had lighted for you. And you never came. . . . I looked for you when I went ashore on an island in the Hebrides for water . . . and they said you had been there, a week before. . . . That day in New York, New Year's Eve, when I went to join you at Mouquin's, your friend, the soft-voiced girl, said you had just gone . . . Raakve, back to your loneliness. Why didn't you stay until I came? To make a New Year with you! I have looked for you in every crowd and in every strange place. . . . I have seen tall women get into taxicabs and pursued them, thinking they might be you . . . and once I saw a woman who was like you . . . a little like you . . . as tall as you are. . . . I thought she *was* you! A little while. But she could not say "not more" as you do, she could not say: "do that," when I offered a thing to do . . . she did not know how to be silent, as you know. . . .

"'I waited for you a very long time in the Port of Halifax, Raakve, four years ago. I waited for a week and a day. I waited to marry you, to make you . . . humbly . . . proudly . . . a citizen of the United States, since your passport was refused. . . . I waited a century and a year of rain and foreboding. . . . I met steamers from Stockholm and from Copenhagen and Oslo and Helsingfors — all the places you could come from. . . . I sent cables . . . and you never came . . . you never answered. . . . And you had promised to come, Raakve! I had a marriage license in my pocket, with your name on it. I told the old magistrate who wrote them that you *would* marry me when your boat docked . . . he had only two fingers . . . and he told me of a Lutheran minister . . . I had gifts for you . . . I had an unknown island for you, farther north . . . the Island of Madame — I wanted you to be Madame for me, to hear the soft voices of those northern people, to remind you of your own country. . . . I wanted you to come to rest, Raakve, and find the love that *I* had found to be in the world on account of you . . . too much love for one human being to carry about alone. . . . I had gold for you, to fling at the wind if you cared . . . I was rich. . . .

"'But you did not come. Why didn't you come then?'

"'I was afraid of finding you,' she said.

"'Do you know what I used to do, all those days I waited, in Halifax, and it rained . . . Raakve? When I had been to the cable office, and to the post office, in that gray, terrible town, as terrible as hope, and as gray as disappointment? . . . I used to go to the Public Gardens, in a yellow slicker I had bought. They are very pretty, those gardens. Sea captains have brought rare trees from Sumatra and from China and planted them there. Carved figures of women — maybe from Greece and from France and Italy — have been set up there. One of them is called Expectation, and one is called Memory. They stand at the entrance . . . white marble women. . . . Some of them are of cast-iron, painted white. Oh . . . very well kept, those gardens, Raakve. . . . Too well kept, for grief. . . .

"'But *I* went always to a pond in the Public Gardens. There were swans on that pond. Lovely, graceful, haughty swans, gliding this way and that. Not even a raindrop could linger on their plumage, Raakve! They were indiffer-

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ent to the rain. They were indifferent to me, sitting on a faded green bench in a yellow slicker. They never looked at me. . . .

"'But also, in the pond, under a spreading tree, were little ship models, each one tied to a stone or a bit of lead, with a few feet of line for freedom. They floated in the breeze, in among the swans. And they went the length of their piece of string, Raakve, and had to haul up with a jerk; and then they swung in a circle to find the wind again . . . to touch the swans if they could.

"'But the swans never seemed to notice them. The swans didn't even hate them!

"'They were the toys of lonely men, those little ships, men who had never heard a voice calling to them in a dream. And the swans . . . were the souls of lonely women, Raakve. Men make ships, and ship models too, to say something to women. Grace. Beauty. Pathos. Desire. *Feeling*, anyway. I wonder if women ever know that they are beautiful, Raakve, to men . . . or know *how* it is that they are beautiful. . . . How could they?

"'Men only have a head. Women have a body. A thing of curves like music, like water in the wind, like drunkenness and like religion . . . with shadows like cloudy days in a child's memory . . . like doubt . . . like truth . . . like what a child *saw*, when he went to the other side in a dark room . . . very clearly. Women have *beauty*, Raakve. All there is. It is only to say that they saw it that men build cathedrals . . . build ships . . . write poetry . . . it is all the beauty there is, and men have the gift to know it. They have very little else. It is a great trouble, Raakve, because the more one of them has of it, the less capacity he has to take what is his. . . .'

"'But men have beauty, too, my friend,' she said. 'They have the beauty women dream of, seek everywhere, hope to find sometime. Only women have not the eyes to see it with, when it comes, nor the ears to hear it, when it sounds in a man's voice, nor the fingers to hold it with, when it is theirs. . . .'

"'And why?' I asked, as she paused.

"'Because,' said she, 'any woman who is beautiful enough to *know* that she is desired of all men, has already lost these senses. It is only ugly women who ever know what love feels like . . . in themselves. It has to be unattainable . . . for anyone to know. What you can have easily, without making even a gesture . . . is not to be realized . . . it is too cheap. To be beautiful is to be cursed. Your advertisement is overstated. What you *look like* is so far beyond what you have, in yourself, to the expectation of men, that they do not see that you are a woman like other women . . . only wanting . . . and waiting to . . . be taken. . . . Which is what you would want, and nothing more than that, even if you were not beautiful. Why cannot men ever *know* that?'

"'Beauty frightens men,' I said to her.

"She stretched out her arms towards the island. 'Ah,' said she. 'If only men could be blind! They see us, but they do not *see* us. They touch us, but they do not *know* us. They . . . *you* . . . *could* — *know why it is that.* . . .'"

The Norseman was silent for some time. "But something dragged me away," he resumed. "I was not to know '*why it is that*' . . . Afterwards, when they took me out of the iron doctor I remembered that voices had been calling to me for centuries . . . that my ears roared. That voices from outside had pleaded with me. Above. Beyond. People who had a right to know if I was 'all right.' *Christ!*

"I *was* all right! I had found Raakve. She was there. She was telling me things. I stretched out my arms to her as they pulled me away, hauled me up like the ship models got hauled away from the swans in the Public Gardens. My piece of string was too short! It was useless. She was gone. . . . Over the side as I was dragged away from her. . . . Into the sea. Gone . . . back to Atlantis, where women *know* how it all is . . . and are not ashamed to tell . . . *one* man . . . why . . . it's all so difficult . . . between men and women.

"And when I had been in the 'iron doctor' a while, and they had given me a pint of whisky, and I drank it, Bill, my engineer, asked: 'Was it so bad down there, Cap'n?'

"*Hell!*"

The blinker lights in the Bay had gone out, and the old Norseman was filling his pipe, as my friend from Lloyd's came out on deck from the Captain's quarters. He paused, and somehow seemed to take in the drama of the old diver's story by his silence. He took off his hat, as if it were a helmet, doing homage to the brave. . . . He was showing respect to a legend, matter-of-fact as he was and had to be

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in his job, I felt. He gazed out over the darkening Bay, and then motioned to me silently to meet him on shore.

There seemed nothing to say, no farewell quite fitting to the occasion, so presently I joined my friend on the dock, where he was getting his decrepit old car started.

But I *did* leave my tobacco pouch half-full of Latakia on the wide rail of the *Raakve*, where the old man would see it, before I left, thinking that my appreciation might fill a pipe or two for him.

"You found him, then?" my friend said. "Crazy as a loon, isn't he! Used to be owner and Captain of the *Raakve* . . . lost it all going down after ships with no possible chance of salvaging anything . . . then getting drunk. . . . Still thinks he's the Captain of this boat. His mates humor him, you see. . . . Because he's the best diver on the whole seaboard. . . . Only . . . they never can get him to come up, until long after the diving limit, without just hauling him out. Can't keep him topside when there's a boat on the bottom, although he's getting old . . . he must have lungs like leather! Did he tell you the yarn about the blond woman? Talks like a mad poet, doesn't he? . . . Well, he was once a university man, you see . . . when he's drunk, his erudition comes out on him . . . he's a *von* or something in his own country. . . . Yeah, Finland, I think. . . . Tells that yarn to anybody who'll listen. Good yarn, though" my friend added, thoughtfully, as his engine finally spluttered to life, and we started back toward New York, "but I wonder *what* it was all about. It's easy to see that those drowned people on that steamer *danced* because they were in a shut-up saloon . . . that's why the fish didn't eat them . . . when all three of the divers yanked that door open. . . . That set 'em in motion, y'see? . . . But I always thought that the old man must be looking for something he lost down there . . . when he goes back!"

"I guess so," I agreed. "Let's hope he finds it some day!"

But *I* knew he had found it forever, long years before, on the deck of the *Celia Deering*, sunk in ninety feet of tropical water off the Eastern end of the Island of St. Croix, in the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies, toward Atlantis; had found the thing a man finds just once in his life; that he had seen in the wide open blue eyes of a drowned woman all there is to see . . . or know.

But I did not tell my friend from Lloyd's this.

He might not have understood.

The Labor Injunction

by FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE

When a plaintiff litigant in medieval England could get but incomplete justice, or no justice at all, in the King's regular courts of law, he appealed to the King himself, through his Lord Chancellor, for extraordinary relief. Just so, to-day, an employer engaged in a labor controversy is likely to appeal to a modern court of equity applying the marvelously flexible system of supplementary justice which the English Chancellors developed. The usual remedy in the law courts — a compensatory judgment for money damages — the employer will ordinarily have little difficulty in proving inadequate. The extraordinary relief to which he will thereby become entitled, if the court finds the defendants' acts indeed unlawful, is an injunction forbidding the very continuance of the acts themselves — a remedy capable of being made effective, in an emergency, even during pendency of trial, and summarily enforceable against its violators by direct proceedings for contempt.

This simple and effective procedure, employed constantly in a thousand other forms of private controversy, has become the characteristic legal weapon of the employer in industrial conflicts. Invoked repeatedly throughout the last half century to cripple labor in crucial efforts for betterment of wages and working conditions, the injunction has been made the object of sustained attack by labor organizations, the symbol of the grievances of

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an entire class against law and the administration of justice. Its use in one recent and celebrated instance resulted in the Senate's rejection of a nominee to the United States Supreme Court.

Now, in this current session of Congress, "government by injunction" promises to become a major issue with the renewal of debate on proposals for the radical revision of the injunctive practice in the Federal courts. In this carefully and closely reasoned article Professor Sayre of the Harvard Law School presents a bill of particulars against the labor injunction.

— HENRY M. HART, JR.

THE ADJUSTMENT and regulation of industrial conflict is one of the baffling and outstanding problems of the age. Increased production depends upon decreased human friction. Of the various forms of attempted solution none has been more discussed, praised, blamed, or bitterly resented than the labor injunction, which is a peculiarly American development. For although an English court granted an injunction in a strike case as early as 1868, it remains of negligible importance in English labor controversies.

The earliest recorded cases of labor injunctions in America date from the eighteen eighties, and their use increased with extraordinary rapidity during the ensuing ten years. Ever since the famous Debs case in 1895, when the United States Supreme Court sustained the issue of a drastic and sweeping injunction in the great Pullman strike of the preceding year, the injunction method has become in America the storm center of controversy and political discussion. What is the truth concerning the labor injunction? Is it a sound and an effective remedy in labor disputes? What are its values and what its dangers?

As an effective method for preventing conflict, actual experience has proved the futility of the injunction. If labor organizations are sufficiently powerful to dominate an industry and to control the labor skilled in that industry, they can ultimately gain their ends in spite of the most rigid of injunctions. The injunction against a strike cannot prevent individual workmen quitting employment for personal reasons. The injunction against an unfair list serves only the more widely to advertise the names of employers so listed, and to stimulate loyal union sympathizers to refrain from buying the products of such employers. The injunction against the boycott is equally powerless to compel individual union sympathizers to patronize anti-union employers or to buy non-union goods.

Naked legal processes cannot compel men as individuals to work, or to deal with, or to buy. The injunction obtained in 1919 by Attorney General Palmer to prevent a nation-wide coal strike proved ineffective in getting the miners back into the mines; they returned only after President Wilson had arranged with the union officers for arbitration of the dispute. The famous injunction obtained by the Bucks Stove and Range Company against the American Federation of Labor in 1907, compelling the discontinuance of their name in the "We Don't Patronize" list of the *American Federationist* and restraining the defendants from "interfering in any manner with the sale of the products of the plaintiff," so stimulated union sympathizers in their struggle against the stove company that sales decreased, and within three years the company was forced not only to request the court to withdraw injunction proceedings, but to make peace with the union.

The much discussed injunction which Judge Hough issued against the United Mine Workers of America on September 10, 1927, restraining them "from interfering with, obstructing or preventing in any way . . . the carrying on of the business of the plaintiffs; from destroying or damaging . . . the plant, buildings, equipment or property at or near" the plaintiffs' mines, was followed by the dynamiting of the Bradley mine tipple and by continued property destruction for many days thereafter.

ALTERNATIVES TO INJUNCTIONS

INJUNCTIONS may greatly impede and hinder organized activity, they may cause the winning or the losing of a strike, but they cannot prevent conflict. And if the trade-union organization is strong enough to dominate the industry, they will in the last analysis prove ineffective in frustrating even organized activity.

On the other hand, if a labor organization is so weak as to have no effective control over the labor engaged in the industry, employers can usually win their ends in far cheaper and more satisfactory ways than by the injunction. If the union fails to control the labor supply, it is far better business to engage fresh labor than to enjoin employees from striking; and under

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such conditions there is no need to enjoin boycotts since labor groups lack the power successfully to enforce them.

More effective protection against acts of violence can be secured through police protection and through criminal prosecutions. As the counsel of the National Erectors' Association testified before a Senate Committee in 1912: "It may have occurred to the Senator to inquire why we did not begin injunction suits, but an injunction against dynamite would have been far less effective than criminal action, if we had the evidence to secure it. We could not very well enjoin anyone from using dynamite until we had evidence, and the moment we had evidence, criminal action was the proper course."

The injunction can never be anything but sterile as a method for preventing industrial conflict. For the injunction rests upon compulsion; and conflict cannot possibly be prevented by force. The father with all the force at his command cannot prevent continuing conflict between his two small sons. No matter how absolute may be the power of the domestic relations court to enforce its decrees, it cannot thereby prevent conflict between an ill-mated husband and wife. In the oxidized atmosphere of repression conflict burns all the more ardently. Force methods can for a time prevent open outbreaks of violence, and are often necessary for this purpose; but actual violence means criminal activity, and the law, which provides certain constitutional safe-guards in the trial of crimes, does not permit crimes to be enjoined as such.

However useful force methods may be in the prevention of open violence, there is only one effective way to prevent conflict; and that is by reaching men's minds, be it by reason or persuasion or offer of adjustment or reward. Herein lies the power of industrial arbitration, which, if it be fair, kindles men's imaginations and wins their minds. Herein lies the power of social legislation, which, if it be founded upon social justice, also wins both sides to coöperative effort. But the injunction, resting upon compulsion, by its very nature antagonizes rather than wins men's wills. It deeply irritates and provokes; it is likely to generate more violence than it suppresses. In the settlement of labor controversies it is an aggravation, and not a solution.

Are Injunctions Just?

But the current cry of trade-unionists is, not that injunctions are futile and ineffectual, but that they are unjust and make for social danger. How far is popular criticism on this ground justified?

An injunction is merely a decree or order issued by a court forbidding specified defendants from engaging in specified conduct which would constitute a violation of law and cause irreparable injury. Thus, the owner of a patent may enjoin another from infringing upon his patent rights; one entitled to the reversion of an estate may obtain an injunction against the person in present possession in order to prevent him from wasting or impairing the property; one may enjoin the continuance of a nuisance which is injurious to his property or the closing of a road over which he has a right of way; one may enjoin another from breaking contracts of such a nature that money damages for their breach would be inadequate, such as contracts not to carry on certain trades, contracts for the conveyance of specified pieces of land, and the like. In such cases, where money damages would be inadequate, some preventive form of remedy is the only way to justice; and thus the injunction has come to be a thoroughly well-established and almost indispensable remedy in these exceptional situations.

Principles of legal justice do not change with varying parties. What makes for justice in controversies between property owners or commercial rivals will presumably make for justice in trade disputes. If an employer finds that his trade is rapidly falling off and bankruptcy is staring him in the face because of an illegal labor boycott or because of an illegal strike which he is powerless to prevent and for which the remedy of damages at law would be utterly inadequate, why should this useful remedy be denied him? Does not social justice in fact require it? Is the current criticism of the labor injunction due, after all, only to propaganda generated by trade-unions because of the very effectiveness of the injunction procedure in blocking them from conduct which is illegal and unconscionable and which therefore ought to be prevented?

To understand the problem one must bear clearly in mind that the injunction is a very exceptional kind of remedy. It clothes a single judge with the extraordinary power of pre-

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scribing what another's conduct shall be, and of punishing disobedience summarily without a jury and with all the power of government at his back. It would constitute an intolerable form of tyranny were it not for the fact that no court has the right to enjoin any conduct except that which is either illegal in and of itself or part of a larger illegal whole. Judges have no right to enjoin conduct merely because it seems to them unfair or oppressive or socially injurious; conduct is enjoinable only if it violates established law. The injunction power thus presupposes and requires as a safeguard a definite body of law clearly defining what conduct is lawful and what unlawful.

Suppose, however, that in some particular field of activity the law has not yet achieved definite formulations as to what conduct is lawful and what unlawful, so that the judge in such matters is left unguided by settled legal doctrines or established precedents, and must, whether he likes it or not, be controlled largely by his own social ideas and economic background. In such a field one can sense the social danger arising from the too frequent use of a legal remedy which clothes a single judge with arbitrary power to dictate to the defendants what their conduct shall be, which provides for the finding of facts without the safeguard of a jury, which frequently requires a vital decision to be made at the *commencement* of the suit — upon mere affidavits or at a hurried preliminary hearing — rather than, as in most judicial proceedings, at the end of a careful trial, and which often allows disobedience to be punished by the summary action of the single judge who issued the order. Use of injunctions in such an undefined sphere is particularly dangerous if the controversy involves nation-wide class-conscious groups at grips over issues of burning social importance.

Complexities of Labor Disputes

Now labor law involves a peculiarly difficult field. It involves primarily the regulation of the competitive struggle between large organized groups over the price and conditions of labor; and the law has always found the regulation of competitive activity, even between individuals, a baffling problem. Since in the field of trade competition one gains ascendency by defeating one's rivals, competitive activity constantly involves conduct entered into with knowledge that it will damage a rival or even with positive intent to do such damage.

Conduct specifically intended to damage another is in general forbidden by the law and supports an action for damages; but in this field the law, in the faith that competition is worth more than it costs, justifies some forms of competitive activity but not others. One may not knock his trade rival over the head to put him out of business or physically take money out of his till; yet ordinarily one may deliberately and intentionally put him into bankruptcy by winning away his customers or underselling his goods, even though the latter method may mean to him infinitely greater damage and disaster. Just where to draw the line in the field of trade competition between what activities the law permits and what it does not is often far from clear.

If there is doubt as to what practices the law permits as between competing individuals, there is irreconcilable conflict and confusion in the law as between nation-wide organizations of employers and employees, battling and competing with each other over the price and conditions of labor. For instance, although there is no method of industrial warfare more commonly and widely resorted to than the strike, courts have not yet been able to draw the line between what strikes are legal and what illegal. A little over a century ago courts agreed in holding all strikes illegal. Judges saw in them only organized efforts to damage employers, and branded them as illegal and enjoinable on the grounds that they were activities entered into for the malicious and express purpose of damaging others.

To-day courts realize that the strike for larger wages or shorter hours is only a step in the competitive struggle over the price of labor; and just as they freely allow members of commercial organizations acting in concert to refuse to sell their products to those who will not pay their price or comply with their demands, so all courts to-day allow trade-union members acting in concert to refuse to sell their labor to employers who will not pay for labor the terms which they demand. Such conduct, although intended to do damage, is justified by trade competition.

But as to the legality of strikes to unionize a shop or an industry or to compel the discharge

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of non-union employees, courts are to-day hopelessly divided. Those of many states, such as Massachusetts, still brand such strikes as illegal and enjoinable, seeing in them only activities maliciously intended to damage others and resulting in an increased cost of production. Those of other states, such as New York and Illinois, have come to see that such a strike is, like the strike for higher wages, not a malevolent activity, but only a step in the competitive struggle over the price and conditions of labor, and should be legally permitted, as justified by trade competition.

The law determining the legality of strikes for other purposes is in a state of chaos; no one can say where the line of legality lies or how it is to be drawn. The granting of injunctions against such must depend very largely upon the social ideas of the individual judge.

Boycotting

Modern efficiency in organization methods is continually developing new forms of collective action. The term "boycott" was not invented until 1880; problems arising out of the "yellow-dog contract" are of still more recent origin. Legal formulations, which must grow out of accumulated experience, evolve slowly; courts are still groping for solutions of the more recent legal problems.

No part of the law is in a more formless or chaotic condition than the law of boycotts. Courts have been utterly unable to agree as to what constitutes a boycott, or as to what boycotts are illegal. Most hold that the "primary" boycott is legal, and the "secondary" boycott illegal; but no court has yet been able to draw a satisfactory line as to just what constitutes a primary and what a secondary boycott. Members of commercial organizations acting in concert have been permitted to refuse to buy from anyone selling to a rival group, and their conduct held not a boycott; but trade-unionists refusing to sell labor to anyone dealing with a rival group are charged with engaging in a boycott, and their conduct is enjoined. In other words, in the field of boycotts there is no established and recognized line separating what is legal from what is illegal; and to a very large extent judges are left to follow their own conceptions as to what should be permitted and what not.

The so-called "yellow-dog contract" is an agreement which some employers get each employee to sign as a condition of employment, providing that he will not join a union as long as he remains in their employ. Courts have held it illegal "maliciously" to induce another to break his contract; but no court has yet successfully defined what is meant by "maliciously." As to whether a union organizer acting openly has the right to persuade employees working under "yellow-dog contracts" to join the union is again a question upon which the law remains in the widest uncertainty; some judges have enjoined such activity and others have refused to do so.

Again, no right is more vital to the growth and very existence of labor unions than that of peacefully persuading others to join their ranks. The denial of the practical exercise of this right at critical moments of the competitive struggle strikes at the heart of trade-unionism. Yet upon the question of the legality of picketing courts are hopelessly divided. The majority hold that picketing is entirely lawful so long as it is peaceful and does not in fact involve intimidation. A minority holds that there "can be no such thing as peaceful picketing, any more than there can be chaste vulgarity, or peaceful mobbing, or lawful lynching."

When the question came before the United States Supreme Court, the judges failed satisfactorily to settle this issue, and the actual decision only served to create fresh problems. The late Mr. Chief Justice Taft, in rendering the opinion of the Court, broadly declared that labor unions had the unquestioned right of peaceful persuasion; but by his limiting the unions to a single picket at each gate in a plant employing at the time some three hundred and fifty men, the practical exercise of the right was very seriously curtailed if not denied. Just what the law covering picketing is to-day remains in the greatest uncertainty.

Added confusion has come from the constant resort by judges in labor cases to the vague common-law doctrines of conspiracy and restraint of trade. Many trade-union activities have been enjoined as constituting conspiracies, even though no illegality could be found in the means used or in the ends pursued; but precisely what constitutes a conspiracy no court has yet been able to say. An increasing number of trade-union activities are being enjoined in

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the Federal courts as constituting restraint of trade under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act; but similarly, restraint of trade is something which no court has yet been able precisely to define.

As a result, when judges are asked to enjoin the collective action of labor unions on the ground of conspiracy or restraint of trade, in the absence of definite legal formulations to guide their judgments, their decisions must be largely the result of their individual social points of view. And when trade-unions are thus at times enjoined from indulging in precisely the same kind of activities as are freely allowed to competing commercial organizations, a dangerous sense of injustice at the hands of the courts is inescapably bred among a substantial portion of the population.

Fundamentally a Social Problem

It is not meant to suggest that justice should be reduced to a mere process of mechanics and that judges should be stripped of all discretionary power. Decisions must and should depend to some extent upon the varying points of view of individual judges. But the play of judicial discretion should be confined within fixed limits. Above all, the injunction, which as a safeguard against abuse requires a substructure of definite, established law, should not be used as the customary and ordinary remedy in the field of labor law where there is so much uncertainty, so many ill-defined or undefined doctrines, such wide latitude for the play of social prejudice or economic bias.

This is the more important when one remembers the exceptional nature of the injunction procedure. In the ordinary legal procedure judges reach their decisions only after a patient examination of the facts in open court and after mature consideration of the law as expounded in carefully prepared arguments on both sides. But, as I pointed out, in the case of injunctions a single judge must decide whether or not to issue a temporary injunction or restraining order at the very *beginning* of the suit, sometimes at *ex parte* hearings (that is, where only one side is present) or on mere affidavits, often before the defendants have an opportunity to collect evidence or to argue their case.

Although the injunction granted may be but a temporary one and may be vacated at the conclusion of the suit or later reversed on appeal, in cases of industrial struggle this is frequently of no advantage to the defendants. For in such cases injunctions are usually sought at highly critical moments, and to tell defendants after the strike is broken or the struggle is lost that the injunction was improvidently issued or had no legal justification fails to repair the irreparable harm done them.

The reversal of a judgment for money damages carries with it its own relief; the reversal of an injunction decree frequently comes only after the complainant's purposes have already been served. The extraordinary injunction procedure seems peculiarly unsuited to achieve justice in labor controversies. Yet in this field it has been turned into the ordinary and accepted mode of legal action.

Some have proposed the complete abolition of the injunction in all labor cases. But this is too simple. Employees at times need the protection of the injunction remedy as well as employers; and in the present state of opinion, complete abolition would probably be impracticable even were it desirable. The remedy is rather to formulate and clarify by legislation or otherwise the underlying substantive law with regard to various specific forms of group competition, and at the same time to curb the abuses to which the injunction procedure has too readily lent itself.

Thus the problem of the injunction is not only a legal problem. It is a profoundly important social problem as well. Its present excessive use is not only ineffective for the purpose of preventing or reducing industrial conflict; it is tending to provoke a sense of unfair treatment at the hands of the courts on the part of substantial producing groups in the community, and thus to undermine their faith in law and their respect for the courts. Such a situation calls for constructive effort to meet the growing danger, not only by labor leaders, but by all who believe in American law and American traditions.

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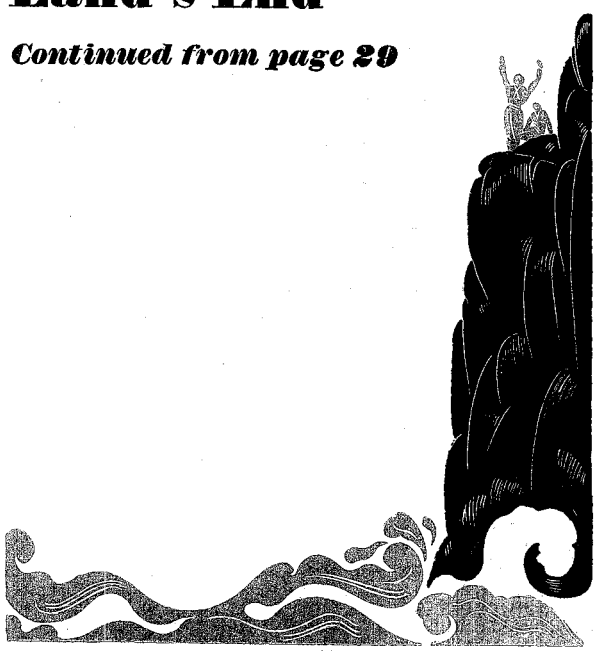
Land's End

Continued from page 29



over the fence chewing the rag with some dam' presumptuous he-woman in second. Better put on your black velvet to-night, dear. You haven't worn your pearls yet."

She wore the rose moire.

She began to watch her husband more closely. He spent mysterious hours in the diva's suite and for these she was thankful, for they gave her uninterrupted conversations with Violet Favershawn. Once, a little frightened, she followed Jessica by a secret passage into second. She sat in the dingy maroon saloon, drinking tea, and brought back fliers and pamphlets. Her mind became active. Her imagination was fired with pity toward women — all women, rich and poor, miserable slaves in a man-made world. The sea air braced her. She was happy, excited.

She gave off such radiance that even her husband became interested in her. "What's the matter, honey?" he would inquire anxiously. "Not in love, are you? For you certainly look it and act it." He stopped spending such long and regular hours with the diva. Twice he found Violet in his wife's stateroom. With all her charm, Violet was not a woman to charm men. He always referred to her as "that short-haired female — at least I suppose she is female," and had much to say about "long-haired men and short-haired women."

On the last day communication came down to notes. Violet wrote that Edith was to meet her at St. Ives, Cornwall, the King's Arms, on the third of August. From there the two would bicycle to Land's End. They waved to each other across the Liverpool customhouse. Edith, behind her husband's back, held up the note and nodded.

Not until an hour later, sitting by Phil's side in the London train, did she realize that in the last confusion they had failed to exchange addresses. What if something awful happened? What if she could not get to St. Ives by the third? Only this little thread held them together. She twisted her white hands and bit her lips. Phil watched his handsome wife out of the corner of an eye already glassy with his morning's brandy. H'm, she had picked up a beau on the boat, had she? Well, she'd get over that. For this was his only philosophy of love, his only experience. He knew as a scientific fact that it is a thing you get over.

VI

But Edith did not know how to ride a bicycle. Phil always had said he would be hanged if a woman of his was seen out straddle-legs, whether on horse or wheel. But soon Phil would be gone. Then she would learn.

The Tottinghams had a fine stable, the prestige of wealth, and social position. They also had nieces — two bright little gamins in their middle teens. These attractions proved too much for Phil. He decided not to go back to America until Edith was ready in the fall. In July the nieces were sent to Switzerland and Phil had time to discover that his wife had learned to ride a bicycle she had borrowed from the rector's daughter. Had she gone crazy? Who but a lunatic would prefer a contraption of old clocks to the Tottinghams' fine stable?

The bicycle disappeared. Phil roved about the big house whistling, looking roguish. Edith did not bother to hunt for the missing machine. She wrote to London, ordering three bicycles. One was delivered to herself, one to the rector's daughter, and one to the King's Arms, St. Ives, Cornwall. Within a week her own machine met with serious and (for Phil) subtle damage. But now she was confident that she had learned. Within another week she would see Violet. They would ride to Land's End.

On the first of August she announced that, the day being fine, she would run up to London. The little bag hidden under her voluminous cape was unnoticed. But to wear a short tweed skirt, a cape, a shirt waist to London! Phil was genuinely shocked. She paid no attention to him. She settled her Tyrolean hat jauntily on her big pompadour and, accompanied by Jessica, set forth.

It was of course Jessica who stayed on in London, Jessica who sent that first telegram and later the letters that Edith had so painfully prepared in advance. Perhaps it was Jessica who betrayed her. Perhaps she was never betrayed, only outmaneuvered by Phil's curious sixth sense — that sense which came into play only in his relations with women.

The hotel omnibus waited for her at the station. Edith screwed at the knot of her veil nervously. One moment, please. Did the driver know if a Miss Favershawn had already arrived? . . . Oh, *her* — the advanced lady! Why, she had been at the King's Arms off and on for a month. He didn't mind saying that personally he thought a woman's place was in the home. Giddy-yap!

Edith settled herself back into the stuffy upholstery. Suddenly, through silvery Cornish sunlight, over the precarious cobbles, Violet peddled toward her. The driver grumbled as she asked him to lift her wheel onto the top of the bus. She looked freer than ever in a shocking pair of tweed bicycle trousers, just like a man's, and a white shirt open at the throat. She was perspiring with unfeminine honesty. To Edith, that dew of sweat seemed even more a badge of the new freedom than did the baggy trousers.

"I never knew Cornwall so beastly hot," Violet said. "You *darling!* You look quite fit, don't you? How's the jailer?"

"Down in Surrey. He thinks I'm in London with 'Miss Porter.'"

They both laughed uproariously. Edith was happy. She pushed up her veil. The casual references to her husband as a "jailer" seemed to lift a load from her. She quickly began to tell a story which Violet named "The Life and Death of Two Bicycles." Things which had seemed sinister in Surrey were funny in Cornwall.

It was Violet who inquired about the diva, rolling her eyes and pouting her lips as she did so. They talked of Phil's infatuation and the probable reason for its sudden collapse. Violet's explanation was so simple that Edith blushed with embarrassment. In five minutes Phil was no longer that semi-mythical thing, "my husband." He was only Phil Cheneworth.

The omnibus rumbled to the inn door. It was, as Violet said, "very cheap. The food quite too wretched, my dear." That evening they went to the harbor and watched the hushed return of the fishing fleet. By ten Edith, happy and exhausted, slept upon her feather bed.

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VII

No Crusader mounting his charger for the Holy Land ever felt a loftier thrill of adventure than did Edith the next morning as she swung to the saddle of the new London bicycle. First that long, swift coast over the bumpy village street; then, peddling rapidly, they were soon out on the desolate, beautiful Cornish moors. The sun beat down. Crisp breezes blew in from the sparkling sea.

"How many miles have we gone?" Edith finally gasped.

"Fourteen."

Why, this was wonderful — this silence, speed, this air, this wind-blown freedom. Freedom! Violet did not speak. It was as if she knew that her friend was going through an experience no words could heighten. No time now to talk of freedom. Let her only feel it. High to the left were crude things shaped from great stones. Violet waved to them: "Prehistoric man!"

"Aren't all men prehistoric?" gasped her ready disciple, and Violet rewarded her with a flashing smile.

At Senen, by a warm wall that surrounded a Quaker burial ground, the two women flung themselves from their wheels, mopped their sweaty brows, stretched their bodies upon the grass. The insects hummed. The finches chirped. And now to both north and south stretched the twinkling sea. There were no trees, only granite rocks, furze, gorse, and a winding road. Few houses and no people, and above the blue bowl of the sky.

"Lunch?" suggested Violet. Edith nodded. Never before had she been so exhausted, hungry, and happy.

"Are we near Land's End?"

"Only a few miles away. But I was getting hungry, weren't you?"

"Oh, I was *starving*."

"Do eat this Cornish pasty — I'm sorry it's mussed."

Edith ate the pasty.

"I never ate such good food."

"Wonderful."

"Everything is wonderful to-day."

"Everything is wonderful when a person is really free."

Edith turned her face toward her friend, her beautiful eyes swimming in tears. "Oh, and the country smells so sweet. Is it just because it's Cornwall?"

"No, no. It is because you have escaped; you are just beginning to see."

"What?"

"No, no. Not now. Later. We must peddle along to Land's End. I want at least an hour there, by ourselves, before the sight-seeing tallyho arrives. Do eat this saffron cake — I can't."

Edith ate the saffron cake. Her limbs still trembled with the exercise, but from physical exhaustion rose a feeling of lightness, of ecstasy. She rolled down the hill from Senen, seeming to float like a bird. She flung back her head and whistled to the whistling wind. Her disordered pompadour flopped. Her big linen sleeves blew out like wings. Her crimson face was streaked with dust and sweat. Before her, Violet, that turbulent spirit, whirled along into space.

And so they came at last out upon Land's End. Violet, taking Edith's arm, led her far out on the austere granite promontory. Sixty feet below the waves crashed and sucked.

"Here's the path. Mind your footing. Hold on to me if you feel dizzy." Step by step they felt their way down the face of the cliff until they reached a sunny ledge, grown with minute harebells. With their backs to the cliff and their feet shooting out above the certain death below, these two rested. Then Violet began to talk. It seemed as if they had left a whole world behind them; now there was nothing, nothing but the great spaces of the sea.

Violet gestured to the heaving water, "It is there," she said, "in the miles between us and the Scilly Isles, that Lyonnesse used to be, you know, where King Arthur went. There everything is perfect; there is a land of bliss."

"Was there really ever a city there?"

"Nobody knows. Why not? Gone with the lost Atlantis. But one thing I am sure of — "

"What is that?"

"It was not perfect. Nothing —" her little brown hands tore cruelly at the harebells in the crevice, "nothing has ever been perfect in the past. It is to the future," and she pointed passionately at the empty sea, "I look for perfection. My Lyonnesse, my Atlantis — no, no, not mine. Yours and mine, all women's. And when we get it, it will never be lost. The Greeks had a word I love. It means the very state of bliss I want."

"What is it?"

"Eudæmonia."

Edith said the strange word over and over. She never forgot it. (Sitting in her mother's drawing-room — how many years later? — she said it over to herself. Eudæmonia, Eudæmonia. Violet had said it was the world to come, the twentieth century. Equal rights for everyone. No more wars, no bloodshed, no disease, no drunkenness. Everywhere peace, education, ease, temperance, goodness.)

Then Violet, fiery with that bursting emotion and headlong passion that made her brief life so fanatical, began a denouncement of man and the evil world that he had made. Injustice to women, cruelty, intemperance, immorality. She insisted upon one standard for men and women — politically, intellectually, morally. But the effect of this jeremiad was nothing compared to the picture of the future that she painted — her Eudæmonia.

"The twentieth century has begun," she exclaimed, stretching her arms to the horizon. "Everything is before us." She flung back her head. Like another John, she promised a new world and a new Heaven. But in this paradise it was not the traditional little child that should lead, and not the brutish, stupid male — no, no, it was woman, bigger and stronger both physically and mentally than women of the past.

As Violet talked, Edith saw them shoulder to great shoulder, with lifted

She followed old Mrs. Sloane's sweeping silks out into the hall.

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heads and strong, humorless mouths; regiment upon regiment of Gibson girls walking toward her out of the clouds above the Scilly Isles, striding through the sunlight upon the sea above the grave of Lyonnesse.

She had a great conviction. Her generation would fight, give up everything, that the next generation might grow to such lordly magnificence. To be free. To be themselves. Her generation might be sacrificed, but the end would be those daughters of sunlight, those inheritors of Eudæmonia. And suddenly, it seemed apropos of nothing, she exclaimed, "Oh, Violet, I want a daughter. I never did before, but I do now. I want someone to *enjoy* what we will fight for."

Her friend grasped her wrist. A glow illumined her curious purplish eyes. "You will fight too? You are one of us?"

Edith, who never gave a promise lightly or forgot one when given, answered steadily, "I will."

VIII

That night, sleepless upon the hotel bed, Edith determined three things. She would give her life to the emancipation of women. She would divorce the detested Phil; nothing her mother (who after all had never suffered) could say would stop her. And she would have a daughter, even if it meant postponing the divorce several years. She slept, but her dreams were filled with the marching bands of women such as she had seen in the clouds above the Scilly Isles, in the sunlight, over the grave of Lyonnesse.

Although the next day held none of the ecstasy of the first, it was too different to seem anticlimactic. They dawdled back over that road along which they had hurried so passionately the day before. At Botlack, where they stopped before the village inn for a glass of water (Edith agreed that intoxicating drinks had no place in Eudæmonia), they were startled by the swift approach of the daily tallyho from St. Ives. Edith jumped back to escape the flying hoofs. Her eyes turned to the box. Beside the driver, a gentleman (in fashionable tweeds, a luxurious mustache, a brown derby) blankly stared down. Unbelievingly she stared up. The coach whirled on.

"Violet! That was Phil. He could not have recognized me. He looked straight through me."

Violet comforted her. It was not Phil. She was sure it was not Phil. This was a shorter, stockier gentleman. This was a common British type. And if it were Phil, what of it? Was not her life her own?

"Yes," agreed Edith, her chin rising, her lips settling into lines of hard determination, "my life is my own."

At dusk the next day they returned to St. Ives. There was no one to greet them in the lower hall. The place seemed sad and solitary. Edith went thoughtfully to her room. Of course it could not have been Phil, and yet. . . . She tiptoed down the corridor and paused, her fingers on the knob. Some protective instinct was awake in her. She knew the enemy was about. Listening at her chamber door, she heard the faint rustling of a paper. With proud grace she pushed open the door and confronted her husband. He was in his shirt sleeves and sat fumbling over the *Daily Mail*. There was a long, ominous pause, while each stared hard at the other.

"Why are you here?" she demanded icily. "I wish you would go back."

"I will, and take you with me." He stood up and she saw that he had been drinking heavily. His face was white and drawn, his eyes glassy. "I've come down here," he said slowly, "once and for all to beat the hell out of you, do you hear that?"

"I do." She rang for a servant. "Mr. Cheneworth would like a separate room," she announced coldly. "Please take these things." She had won.

The next day she went back to Surrey with her husband, but not until she had talked for hours with Violet, the two sitting close together inside the village church. They promised to meet soon, to write often. Edith pledged herself, her social position, her fortune to support the cause. But within the year she herself was pregnant and Violet was dead. (People like Violet always die young, she thought. Young poets, young saints. How lucky Violet was not to have lived too long, not to have seen the sterile harvest.)

The first argument Edith and Phil had after the birth of their third child, a daughter, was over its name. Phil would call her Euphonia. His mother might do something handsome for a child named after her. Edith's clean blue eyes grew steely with determination. Was not this her own child? Would she not soon be leaving its indifferent father? How could the poor little thing lead a beautiful life with such a name as Euphonia?

"But your mother does not like the name herself," she insisted. (Her child, her wonderful daughter, the inheritor of Eudæmonia. Her child should live in an age of bliss. . . .) She settled back into her pillows, smiling wanly. In memory she heard the crash and suck of the waves at the foot of Cornish cliffs, the crying of gulls, the moaning of a buoy, and that voice, that inspiring voice of the dead Violet Favershawn building a new Heaven and a new world. Suddenly her eyes fastened upon her husband's face. "Oh, Phil! I have it. We'll use your mother's maiden name for baby. We'll call her Bliss."

IX

But Bliss had not wanted the sort of freedom her mother had fought for. What had she wanted? Edith stared at the little thing in black. Bliss had had every opportunity. And she had refused even to go to college. She might have been a statesman, a lawyer, a doctor. All professions and careers were open to her. She would have none of them. She might have been free — utterly free from sex. Instead, Bliss was fundamentally (her mother hated to admit it) sensual. How could a figure, especially when there was so little of it, be so provocative, so excessively female?

And that white face with those tiny lines about the painted mouth, and those luminous brown eyes with their soft glance. Papa — she had eyes like Papa. She was as free as he to take pleasure where she would. Her mother was powerless. Oh, Bliss, Bliss! You have thrown away the fruit and kept the husks. What have you made of yourself? Why should *you* ever have been born?

The girl, as if sensing hostile thoughts, was tense and restless. Her glowing eyes went from wrist watch to mantel clock, then in swift flights over the room and back to the clock. Evidently she was upset by the hour.

From the corner of the room where the widow sat came a curious gagging groan, a hideous sound that froze Edith's blood. "Mamma, Mamma!" She flew to her side. The rector was also on his feet, bending over her. Old Uncle Marcus was leaning forward. "How's that? Not sick is she? Jacqueline's not sick?"

"It's nothing," said the old lady, getting grandly to her feet. "While the rector talked, my thoughts went back to that first charming summer at dear Newport — and the first parlor maid we had. The creature lost her mind."

"Mamma, how very distressing." (If she would only go upstairs, not try to keep up any longer.) "But just don't think about such things."

Olga appeared at the drawing-room door. "Madame, lunch is served."

"Very well, Blanche."

Blanche! That maid had been in the house seven years. How could Mamma have made such a mistake unless her mind was going? There was an ominous hush. Edith's eyes sought for Bliss. The child was gone. Upset; thought dear Gran was going ga-ga. But where was she? Suddenly her mother's hands clenched with anger. She took a farewell look at the Donati portrait, then followed old Mrs. Sloane's sweeping silks out into the hall.

So this is Eudæmonia!

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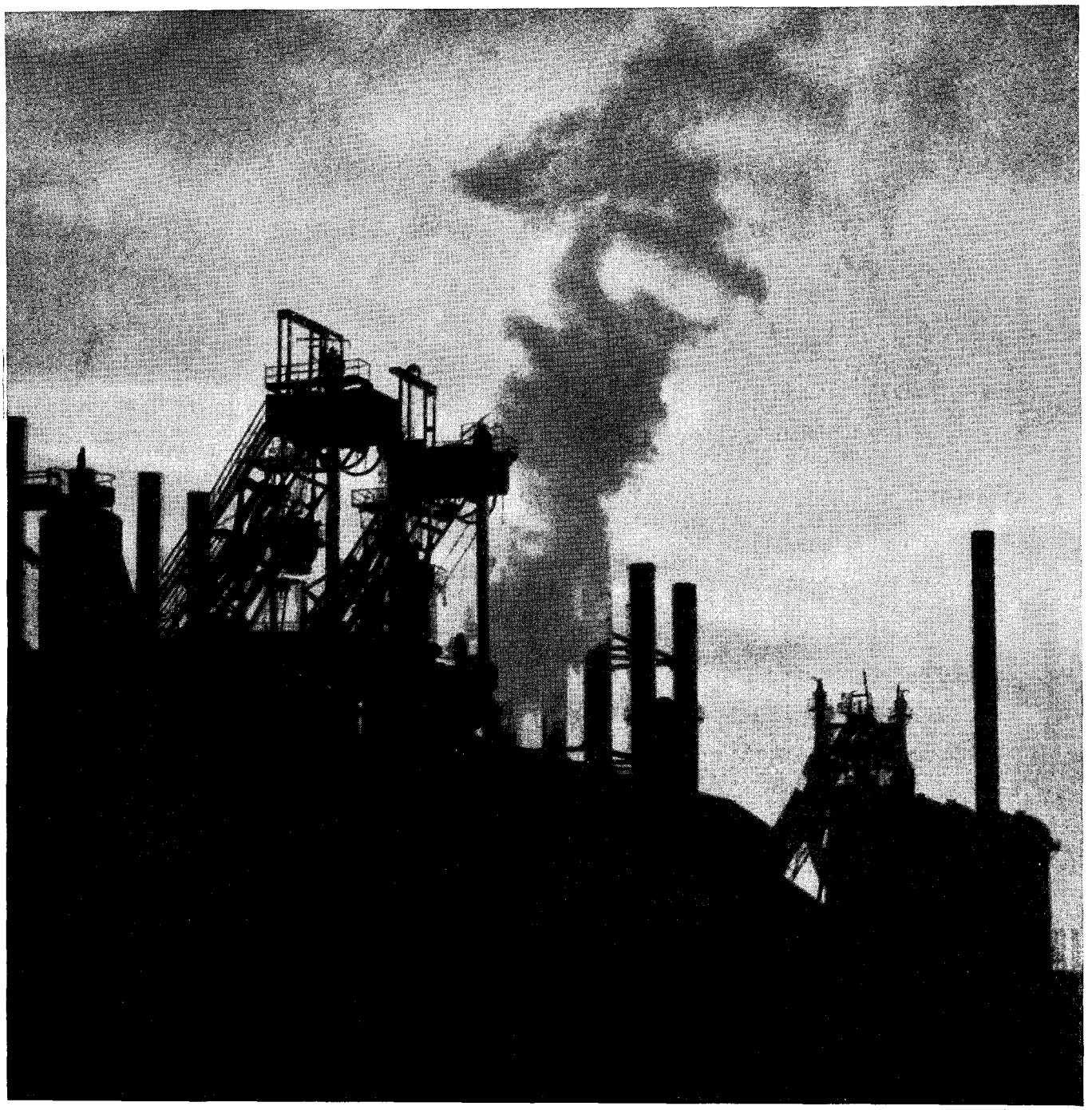

BASIC INDUSTRIES—TODAY'S OPPORTUNITY

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Good for Briggs!

To the Editor:

Thank heavens, you found someone with a little spunk to answer the wets! I never read a better article on prohibition. Even the wets could, I should think, take delight in the sledge hammer strokes. You are to be commended on your good selection. Also you picked the right man to uphold Mr. Hoover and his administration.

F. N. Abbott

Jacksonville, Ill.

State Liquor Dispensaries

To the Editor:

To my mind the defence of prohibition by Mr. Arthur Briggs in the November Forum is shallow from start to finish, but I wish only to reply to his sweeping statement that "dispensaries didn't work in South Carolina."

The "state dispensary law" under which South Carolina conducted a wholesale liquor store, with retail concerns in all counties except one, was born in heated political partisanship and promptly succumbed to corruption. It was doomed, by reason of intense factional division of the white population, from the day of its beginning.

In 1907 it was abolished and county dispensary systems, each an independent unit selling under the same regulations as those of the state dispensary, were substituted in one third of the forty-odd counties. They operated nine years, until 1916, the law was generally observed, they were profitable to the counties, and there were no financial or other scandals in connection with them. Except in one city illegal selling was negligible; in that city the "blind tigers" purchased from the county dispensary, the county getting its profit.

Two thirds of the counties, under a local option statute, voted themselves dry, and in a referendum in 1915 they voted the state dry. For the simple reason that the people accepted the county dispensary system it escaped the ills that befell the state system. An important factor in the abolition of the county system was the jealousy of dry counties of the profits made by the wet counties, to which citizens of dry counties as dispensary customers contributed.

The histories of the two systems and periods of dispensaries in South Carolina, 1893 to 1907 and 1907 to 1916, are as different as night from day and of this outside critics seem to be unaware — hence this letter.

It is one man's opinion — mine, that is to say — in regard to the liquor traffic in South Carolina that conditions between 1907 and 1916 were incomparably better than they have been under national prohibition.

W. W. Ball

Charleston, S. C.

What Do You Mean, "Prohibition"?

To the Editor:

"It gives me a pain in the neck" to read articles either for or against prohibition, because we do not have it. What we have is not prohibition but High Priced Whisky, and that is the proper subject of discussion. Anyone who is willing to pay the price can get all the whisky he wants. Before the "noble experiment" one could get drunk for seventy-five cents, whereas one reliable drink now costs that much.

Let us confine the discussion to the effects of High Priced Whisky, not forgetting that the same results, together with all others credited to "prohibition," could have been obtained by high taxation, with a resulting transfer of revenue from the bootlegger to the government and the disappearance of the income tax.

Frederick A. Halsey

New York City

April's Eggs for Mr. Briggs

To the Editor:

The article in the November number of The Forum entitled "The Wets Give Me a Pain in the Neck," by Arthur Briggs, has been read with much interest and appreciation.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Briggs could not quite refrain from the old army game of baiting his public. I refer to his statement in regard to "keeping cold storage food in a New York grocery without a sign proclaiming the fact." Mr. Briggs inadvertently overlooked the fact that the world has moved in the last fifteen to eighteen years, which mark the period during the early part of which walloping Cold Storage was the chief indoor sport of many publicists, most of whom knew little about the facts of their subject.

It is no longer necessary for any store to display any sign whatever stating that cold storage food is being sold therein, nor is it necessary to mark any cold storage food displayed for sale with any signs or placards stating that fact. Instead, other laws have been passed, whereby eggs, butter, poultry, and other foods are being sold to the public on a basis of grade and quality rather than upon history and prejudice. After all, it is the taste of the egg on your breakfast plate that counts, not its age, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Kindly congratulate Mr. Briggs on his splendid article and tell him that the writer will be very happy to send him a dozen of the finest April Eggs, which have been carefully held under modern refrigeration and atmospheric control, so that he will know that good cold storage food is good. Cold storage will keep good products good, but it will not make poor food products any better. Neither will putting them in cans, pickling them, or dolling them up in any way for human consumption.

J. R. Shoemaker

Elmira, N. Y.

Sumptuary Legislation

To the Editor:

So the wets give Prohibitionist Arthur Briggs a pain in the neck with their talk of sumptuary legislation!

Just what is Mr. Briggs' source of information concerning the nature of sumptuary legislation? Why, the man doesn't seem to have the slightest idea what "sumptuary legislation" means. Won't you please have him get out his dictionary or encyclopædia and find out for himself that no law is sumptuary unless it restricts personal expenditure for, or the consumption of, commodities such as food, drink, clothing, etc., or the traffic in them?

Of all the long list of laws he mentions, only one, with the exception of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, is sumptuary, and that is the drug act. Certainly neither the intent nor the effect of the pure food act, housing laws, and the Federal meat inspection law is sumptuary; and by what wildest stretch of the imagination of an arid mind does Mr. Briggs conclude that anti-spitting ordinances, quarantine for infectious disease, traffic regulations, and dog licenses, not to mention laws prohibiting keeping chickens in an apartment, dumping garbage in the street, swimming in a reservoir, building a frame house in Man-

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THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS DEALING WITH ULTRA-VIOLET RADIATION IN THE HOME.

. . . this thing called ULTRA-VIOLET

IN 1801 JOHANN WILHELM RITTER, a German physicist, made a most interesting discovery. While exploring the theory that light was a series of waves (similar to waves upon the water) in the ether, and that color was caused by a difference in the lengths of these waves — Ritter found waves even shorter than the visible violet. Invisible waves so short that it would take 70,000 of them to make an inch. And thus he laid the foundation for the mighty development which scientific research has since weaned from the rainbow-hued sun in the interests of better living . . . this thing called Ultra-Violet radiation.

Like visible light waves, and the infra-red and wireless waves, Ultra-Violet waves also have their function in the scheme of things. Apparently that function, in human beings, is to stir up the skin until it becomes a living laboratory, producing substances that go through the body, building up bone and flesh and keeping the system tuned-up.

Today modern science, measuring these Ultra-Violet waves with the Spectroscope, has divided them, according to length, into three classes: Near Ultra-Violet, Middle Ultra-Violet, and Far Ultra-Violet. Near Ultra-Violet rays—those waves closest to the visible—have some biological value. Far Ultra-Violet, on the contrary, is, in nature, carefully screened out by the atmosphere and never reaches us. (These powerful rays, studied by science through artificial Ultra-Violet sources, are dangerous unless prescribed by a physician and supplied under his supervision.)

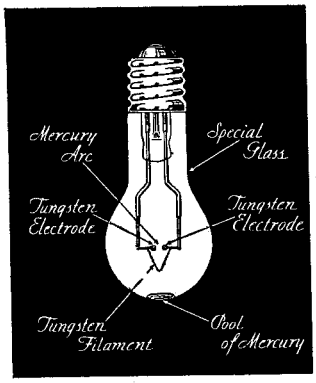
According to present knowledge the Middle Ultra-Violet contributes most to better living. This is the Ultra-Violet which tans our skins—which is the dominating factor in producing Vitamin D. This "sunshine vitamin" promotes proper bone growth and blood content, resistance to disease and general well-being . . . And yet the power of ultra-violet penetration, as far as the human skin is concerned, is, at maximum, only about the thickness of this sheet of paper.

Now the scientists of General Electric Company, after years of research, have made these beneficial Middle Ultra-Violet rays available to the general public in the new G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp. At a distance of three feet, this source, in a proper reflector, provides the same Ultra-Violet effectiveness as mid-day midsummer sunlight.

The Sunlight MAZDA Lamp is the first generator of Ultra-Violet to be offered to all, which embodies (with an adequate supply of Ultra-Violet radiation) the safety, the simplicity and the economy of the modern MAZDA lamp. Although it resembles a regular MAZDA lamp, the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp will not fit or operate in an ordinary lamp socket. *It must be used in a special fixture* such as the General Electric Sunlamp or the equipment made by other manufacturers.

This new G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp is *safe*, because the bulb of special glass filters out the shorter wave lengths which are dangerous. It is *simple*, because it operates without fuss, noise or mechanism, at the touch of your fingers to the switch of the special unit. It is economical, because lamp and transformer (the transformer is part of the necessary special unit) consume only four hundred watts of electricity, and cost, on an average, only three cents per hour to operate.

In presenting, for home use, a safe, convenient way to get all the benefits of Ultra-Violet radiation found in midsummer sunlight, the scientists of General Electric Company have not attempted to provide a cure-all or a substitute, under any circumstances whatsoever, for the services of a physician in case of illness or disease. Used in the proper unit, the General Electric Sunlight MAZDA Lamp is for well people —that they may remain well— and retain the vigor, vitality, mental alertness and resistance to disease which Ultra-Violet provides.



Just as a radio tube can ONLY function properly in a set designed for its use, the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp MUST be used in special equipment to obtain ultra-violet radiation.

The Sunlight MAZDA Lamp consists of a "V" shaped tungsten filament, two tungsten electrodes, and a pool of free mercury enclosed in a bulb of special glass.

When the current is turned on, the filament is heated immediately to incandescence.

A portion of the mercury vaporizes and an arc is formed between the electrodes. The light emitted is filtered by the special glass which transmits the most desirable ultra-violet rays to you.

In buying a sun-lamp of any kind insist that the equipment you select contains the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp. It is the heart of modern man-made sunshine, and is sold in accordance with the requirements of the Council of Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association.

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

THE INCANDESCENT LAMP DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, NELA PARK, CLEVELAND, O.

Please send me, without any obligation, full information about the General Electric Sunlight MAZDA Lamp.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

FJ-31

GENERAL ELECTRIC

SUNLIGHT MAZDA LAMP

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THE CREST AND THE LOG

SINCE 1921 the eleven superb ships that comprise the famous American transatlantic fleet have rolled up a sea mileage in their voyages to and from Europe of more than 10,000,000 miles ... the equivalent of 400 times the circumference of the globe! Illustrious figures, these . . . indicative of the reliability of crossing in a magnificent United States Liner.

Confidence in the command assures peace of mind from continent to continent. With women, an important factor. Next to this is the deference to the wishes and needs of women on a United States liner. Facials by expert cosmeticians . . . a hair wave equal to that "set" by any distinguished salon . . . manicures by those to whom it is an art . . . the punctuality and thoughtfulness of your flower steward . . . masseur, if you wish one. The amplitude of your stateroom . . . with full-length wardrobes . . . covered hangers for your gowns . . . your accustomed toilet requisites. Thoughtful, indeed, is your American service!

For a quick, smooth crossing take the *Leviathan*, World's Largest Ship. Brilliant Club Leviathan. Famous Ben Bernie dance orchestra. "Talkies." Ship-to-Shore telephone service. Unusual

. . . Deferential to the wishes of women

complement of rooms with private baths. And the renowned Leviathan cuisine. For a luxurious trip at low cost . . . palatial cabin liners *George Washington, America, Republic, President Harding* and *President Roosevelt*. Rates on all ships a new revelation in economic ocean travel

UNITED STATES LINES

45 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Our Rostrum

hattan, or keeping cold storage food in a New York grocery without a sign proclaiming the fact, constitute sumptuary legislation?

C. D. BARTH

Charleroi, Pa.

Independent Women

To the Editor:

I am interested in Miss R. Le Clerc Phillips' article in THE FORUM for October, especially because articles in a similar vein have been appearing frequently in magazines of late, some by men and some by women. The articles by men usually seem to imply that a college education and remunerative employment render women less attractive, and therefore a drug on the marriage market; and articles by women usually assume that a college education and remunerative employment render women less willing to be married. Miss Phillips is unusual because she offers what she believes is a solution, or at least a mitigation. I do not agree, however, that her suggestion is a help. The problem lies deeper.

I think that in the United States a man is so unused to thinking of a dowry in connection with the girl he is to marry that it would have very little effect in enhancing her eligibility. And if a girl does not have much education, and is not trained to earn her living, what if she does not ultimately marry? And what is the dead-line at which she must give up waiting and take to earning her living, in case it should ultimately be necessary?

It is my belief that the disabilities of college women for marriage are inherent in the social structure, but not in the institution of college itself. Girls who go to college fall into four classes: (1) the intellectual girl who would not be happy without intellectural interests, and who because of these interests would, in any case, according to our original premises, have less opportunity for marriage; (2) the frankly unattractive girl who may or may not be clever, but who goes to college to cultivate resources which she will be likely to need later in life; (3) the girl who must earn her living, and goes to college so that she may be better fitted to do so; and (4) the girl who goes to have a good time, who will go into society later, and graduates, more often than not, with a diamond on the engagement finger of her left hand. The opportunities of these girls to marry seem to be fixed by the character of the girls and the structure of society, even before they enter college.

It appears that for the woman who finishes college and goes to work, the chances of marriage are further diminished. But that an appreciable number of women work with the idea of devoting themselves to a career because they believe it to be superior to having a home and a husband, I am not convinced. The time of burning ardor for careers is largely past.

I have worked for a good many years, and worked with and met many women, and they appear to be working for one or more of the following reasons: economic necessity; to escape from the boredom of remaining at home; to earn pocket money for more clothes and other things with which to attract a possible husband; and in order to meet more men. Those who go in seriously for careers usually want husbands too, and often secure them along with the careers. If a young thing prefers her career to marriage with a particular young man, it is safe to assume that she is not very much in love.

The whole question of the decline in the marriage rate, if it exists, appears to lie in the fact that as women are more economically independent than in the past, they do not have to endeavor to get themselves married off as soon as possible, no matter if the only man available is unsuitable, but are more inclined to look about, and wait, and hunt for someone nearer to their hearts' desire — privileges that men have had for some ages.

The solution of the problem seems not to be in dowries, or putting women back into the home, dressing them in long skirts, corsets, or bustles, but in a state of society that will allow men and women to mingle even more freely than they do now in all sorts of activities. And evolution to such a condition of society will mean ever more physical and mental freedom for women, rather than less. This evolution has been going on, and I hope it will not halt. Long skirts will not hinder it; uncouth manners and morals will not help it; it is something much deeper than these surface manifestations.

RUBY P. HAYES

New York City

No Such Thing As Privacy

To the Editor:

I read in the October FORUM with much interest Dr. Clendening's article on "Sex Madness" and was glad that at last somebody had said some of the things that so much need to be said about Bertrand

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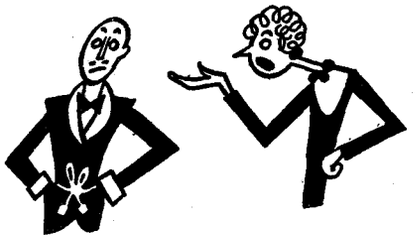
Our Rostrum

Russell. But he did not say all that needs saying. It seems to me that some of the gas-filled bags that form the foundation of his social philosophy ought to be pricked. His whole philosophic structure about sex, for instance, is based on the arrogant assumption that sex relations are nobody's business except that of the two who enter into them. Nothing could be falser, because such things affect conduct and conduct affects character and in the closely interwoven fabric of modern social life conduct and character so much influence relations with others that everything one does is more or less the affair of other people. Ages ago somebody, much wiser than Mr. Russell, said that "No man liveth to himself alone." And that is even truer to-day than it was in ancient Palestine.

FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

New York City



Why Marry?

To the Editor:

A physician myself, one who has witnessed too much of the unnecessary tragedy in women's lives resulting from their subjection to the old conventions, I am amazed that my colleague, Dr. Logan Clendening, shares in any degree the attitude of the school teacher who would shoot Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Russell on sight.

Like the Russells, I hold that women have a right to regulate their sexual needs so long as they harm no one, that they have a right to enjoy the sexual function and through it to achieve happiness. It is theirs to decide whether or not they shall have children; indeed, whether or not they shall marry. In order to exercise the sexual function I see no reason why an intelligent woman should be tied to a man for the rest of her life.

Women who hold similar ideas, it is my observation, are forming an ever-increasing group, believing as they do that an institution which holds the view that it is possible for a child to be born of a virgin is hardly qualified, intellectually or morally, for that matter, to dictate to them rules by which they shall govern themselves sexually. Quietly, silently, they accept the challenge of that other group with which Dr. Clendening seems to be allied. With taste and discretion they obtain such sexual experience as seems necessary for their good health and their happiness. And their rewards are many, including a joyous sense of personal freedom, a larger knowledge and understanding of life, a far deeper sympathy with humanity, a new conception of beauty and a keener sensitivity than otherwise they would have. I, for one, genuinely admire them, courageous, self-respecting souls as they are, indifferent to the strictures of impotent men and frigid women who would convince them that they are wrong. May their tribe increase!

ANONYMOUS

Legal Shoddy

To the Editor:

"Cheap and nasty" is a phrase that was very much in use some decades ago. The epithet played a considerable part in breaking down the vogue of machine-made goods that were devoid alike of good taste and of sound craftsmanship, and whose only recommendation was their low cost of manufacture. A similar phrase — perhaps even the same phrase — might in our time be of great service in another field, the field of law-making. Attempts to achieve great social or political results by cheap and easy legislative short-cuts are quite as offensive to the principles of government, and fall quite as short of the objects for which they are designed, as the worst of the "cheap and nasty" furniture and nicknacks were offensive to aesthetic standards and fell short of the requirements of solid workmanship. Of these crude shortcuts I know none more obnoxious than the Baumes fourth-offender law, which for a time found imitation in other States, but which now seems on the eve of being repudiated by New York, the State of its origin. A few years' experience has brought about a steadily growing conviction of its practical futility. But it ought not to have required any experience at all to cause thinking people to reject as monstrous a law which automatically imposes upon human beings the frightful punishment of life imprisonment by a mere count of the number of their offenses, without permitting judge or jury to consider the degree of their seriousness, the attendant circumstances, or anything else that bears upon either the justice or the expediency of such a doom.

FABIAN FRANKLIN

New York City

She Likes It

To the Editor:

Allow me, an appreciative reader of THE FORUM, to congratulate you upon one of the most distinguished issues of a magazine it has ever been my privilege to read.

I refer to the October number of THE FORUM, which has meat in it for more than the casual perusal often given magazines, with the great number published every month and week.

The article which aroused my greatest enthusiasm was that by Dr. Logan Clendening on "Sex Madness." In this day when tawdriness seems to prevail, it is refreshing to read the sane, clean-thinking opinion of Dr. Clendening.

I cannot refrain from mentioning my deep appreciation also of Esther Forbes' beautiful story, "Bailey's Beach."

I regret the transiency of issues of a number like this October FORUM. For my part the issue is filed away.

ESTHER CHASE

Brookline, Mass.

A Life Subscription

To the Editor:

By Garr, November FORUM is Something! You don't ever need to stop it coming to me so long as it runs like that. I read it through and then backwards until I think maybe I'll write you a little something myself.

CARLTON WILLIAMS

Poplar Grove, Ill.

He That Eats May Read

To the Editor:

I live alone and always read while I am eating, also after I go to bed; so I like something easy to manipulate, which THE FORUM is not, in its present form. *The Bookman* and *The Atlantic Monthly* will lie open and stay that way; which, if you ever try reading your own magazine when you are eating, you will see gives those other magazines an advantage.

CELIA BALDWIN WHITEHEAD

Denver, Col.

[EDITOR'S NOTE — *Not to be outdone by any other magazine, we are now at work upon a new format which employs springs and counter-balances, for the convenience of those who prefer to read their magazines while hanging by their knees from the chandelier.*]

"Farm Relief"

I have a congressman I know
  In Washington, D. C.
And now and then he comes around
  To get a vote from me.
He proudly shakes me by the hand
  And asks about my needs.
When he gets back to Washington
  He sends me garden seeds.

The other day I wrote to him:
  "We place our trust in you
"To stand behind the Farm Relief
  "If Hoover puts it through."
His answer came right back to me:
  "We appreciate your needs
"And are sending by to-morrow's mail
  "Some lovely garden seeds."

ROY B. CRAVER

Laketon, Indiana

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WHEN WINTER COMES!

WEST INDIES... THE POST-HOLIDAYS CRUISE
Carinthia • 16 Days • $207.50 up • From Boston Jan. 9 to Jan. 27 • From New York Jan. 10 to Jan. 26
A taste of life in Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana, Nassau.

THE MID-WINTER CRUISE
Caledonia • 18 Days • Jan. 24 to Feb. 11 • $197.50 up
Down to Bermuda, Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana and Nassau.

THE CRUISE TO NEW PORTS
Caledonia • 18 Days • Feb. 14 to Mar. 4 • $197.50 up
To San Juan, Santo Domingo, Colon, Kingston, Port-au-Prince and Havana.

3 other Cunard cruises, varying in duration from 12 to 15 days. From N. Y. March 13, April 1, April 16. From Boston on preceding day. Rates from $111 up, with shore excursions $126 up, according to steamer and length of cruise.

EGYPT and the MEDITERRANEAN
The Mauretania's Annual Mediterranean Cruise, from New York Feb. 21, returning via Southampton.

NEW REDUCED RATES:
N. Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Tangier, Algiers, Villefranche, Naples $275 up. N. Y. to Athens, Haifa, Alexandria $325 up. N. Y. to N. Y. $640 up. Second Cabin passage at low rates.

HAVANA SERVICE
The "Caronia" and "Carmania", *big ships exceeding by thousands of tons any other steamer in the New York-Havana Service*, sail from N. Y. every Wed. and Sat. First Class: $90 up. Round trip $140 up. Two special 9 Day Cruises to Nassau and Havana, Jan. 10 and March 11. $140 up.

A GALA EVENT . . . THE FAMOUS MAURETANIA SAILS TO HAVANA . . . FEB. 11

Carry your funds in Cunard Traveller's Cheques
Send for descriptive literature to your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD

TRAVEL

Japanese and Chinese Sketches

by **LAURENCE ADLER**

ALONG ATAMI'S SHORE

BLUE WATERS of Atami's bay under the shadow of sun-illumined cliffs. On the heights the gnarled pines of Japan, and over their crests, cameo-silhouetted, the ghost of Fuji melts into an infinite sky. Far across the harbor, its profile wreathed in smoke, glows the purple cone of Mihara, sister of long-entombed volcanoes. We climb to a high pinnacle of rock and look down on Ito and the mighty sweep of shore beyond. Over these radiant uplands a summer haze seems to quiver. Here sea and sky and mountains have intermingled their worship, and the breath of Atami is fragrant with their incense.

Courtesy Japan Tourist Bureau

Lake Kawaguchi

OVER THE HILLS TO UNZEN

THE RICE PADDIES with their straw-coated toilers are left behind and the long arms of the hills come down to greet us. We ascend from the sea through wooded ravines and oversweeps of upland until, suddenly, Unzen in its mountain cup lies before us. What a translated world! Vergil's nether regions are here exposed — or is this perhaps an entr'acte from one of the later Wagnerian operas?

In all directions clouds of sulphurous smoke issue from the rocky soil and mingle with the mountain mists. "Hells" the Japanese call these phantasmagorias, nor is the term ill chosen. In the midst of this unreality, and overtopped by jagged peaks, nestles a Japanese village, quaintly oblivious of melodrama, basking in the contentment of everyday existence. Through its streets, in the drawling rhythm peculiar to every Nippon village, youths and maidens klip-klop in their wooden sandals. The shops are gay with trinkets and at the town gateway we find a Japanese inn, wholly inviting with its cool, spotless rooms lined with Tatami and its garden flanked with azaleas and stone lanterns.

A bit up the street a stairway leads to the village shrine, and hark! — the deep-throated bell is sounding six o'clock. We climb through the blossoming woods to a height above the village. Here through mountain vistas the distant ocean glistens in afterglow and the clouds of the "Hells" draw in about the town. Night settles over Unzen, volcanic night with its gliding curtains of suphur and its mysterious veilings and unveilings.

FUJIYAMA FROM NAGAWA PASS

THE NARROW, tortuous road — and suddenly through Nagawa's cleft the immense pyramid of Fuji: mystical, ever-

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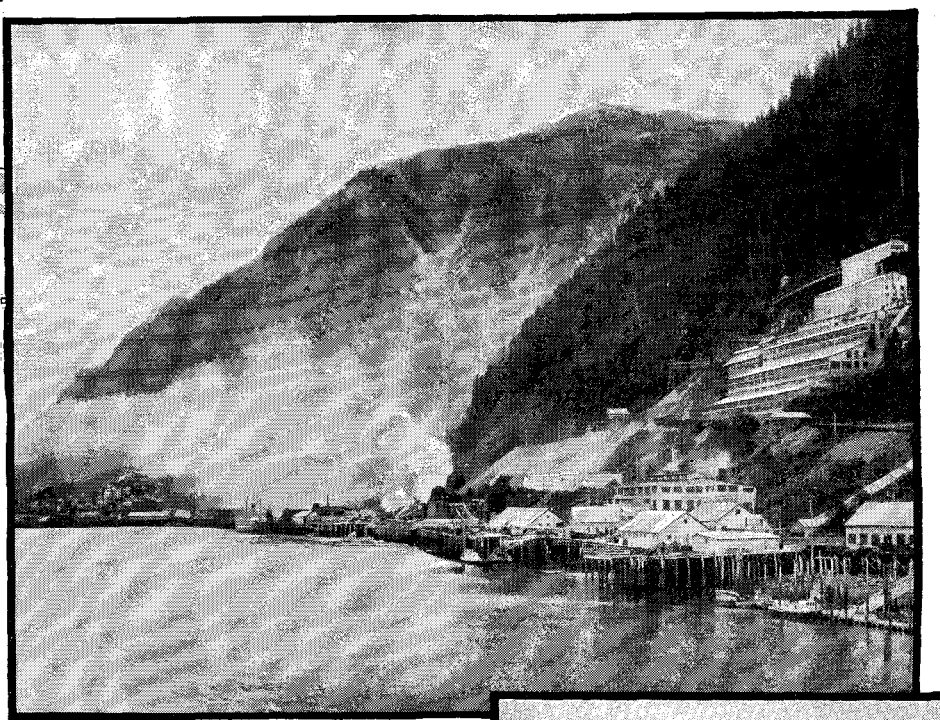
ALASKA land of gold *and* glaciers .. sky-piercing mountains ● *and the thrilling* Trail *of* '98



The gigantic Treadwell mine near Juneau yields annually a stupendous golden fortune.

THE quest for gold has left a gleaming trail across Alaska. Up from Skagway it winds through mountains of unimagined splendor—"the worst trail this side of hell." Along these spidery heights no railroad could ever be built, it was said.

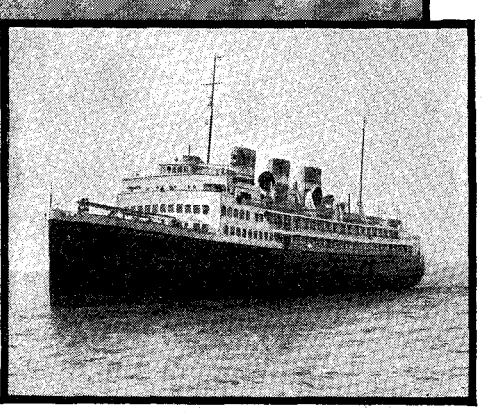
Yet today you may follow it in the comfortable wicker arm-chair of an observation car—see far below that tortuous, terrible pathway

See Alaska this summer. Visit this topsy-turvy land where the sun shines at midnight—where the romance of gold still lingers—where flowers grow to double their natural size . . .

Take a Canadian National steamer through the thousand miles of the famous sheltered Inside Passage . . . past fascinating islands—glaciers with their glittering feet in the sea—snow-capped mountains you can almost lean out and touch!

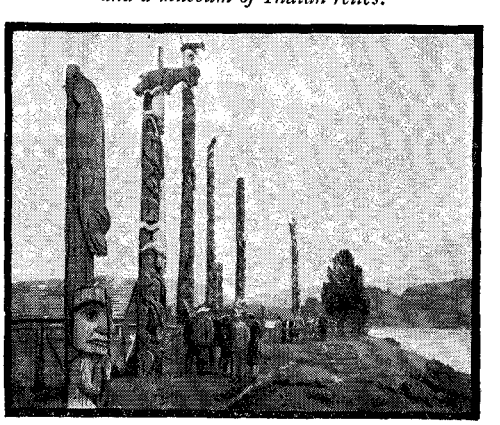
Vancouver to Skagway and back for as little as $90.00. Write now to any Canadian National Office for illustrated booklets.

Canadian National operates its own steamship lines, telegraph and express services, a chain of great broadcasting stations and perfectly equipped hotels, lodges and camps stretching from coast to coast . . . This Alaska trip is one of 50 different travel films Canadian National will show *free* in your home, your club or your church. Apply to any of the offices listed below.



Here is sea air and complete relaxation combined with water as smooth as glass.

At Wrangell you will find fascinating totem poles and a museum of Indian relics.



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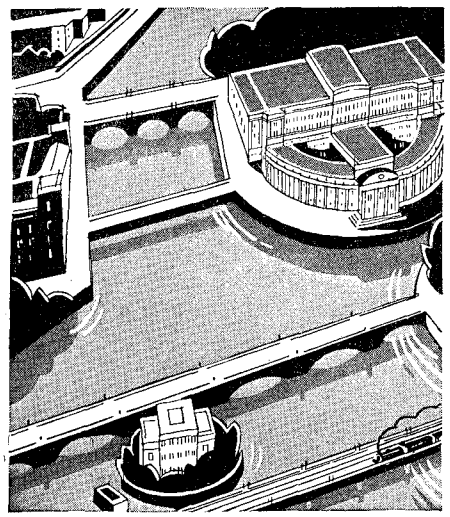
STOCKHOLM



"It is delightful to be in Stockholm", writes Henry McBride, art critic of the New York Sun—"Certainly this is one of the most beautiful cities of the world. Its fascinations are overpowering".

VISIT Sweden this summer. Go to Stockholm, that city of islands, blue water and magical "white nights". See its architectural beauties, its lovely parks and gardens, its theatres, smart shops and gay cafes. Enjoy the long sunlit days in a motor or go down to the sea in a fast motor yacht, perhaps to Sandhamn or Saltsjöbaden where there is sailing, bathing, golf—and every opportunity for healthful outdoor sports.

Within easy reach is Visby, city of ruins and roses; quaint-costumed Dalecarlia; Värmland, country of Gösta Berling; and the Midnight Sun by comfortable electric trains.

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SWEDEN

Travel

lasting, towering to the sky. Here is vastness undreamed of — an awesome world of mountains in one. Around its base a bridge of mist dissolves the bonds of earth; about its summit the snows of April guard the eternal fires. Oh, sacred mountain of pilgrimage, within your bosom the legendary heart of Japan lies forever enshrined. In your sublime immensities the aspirations and genius of a people find emblem.

MIYAJIMA

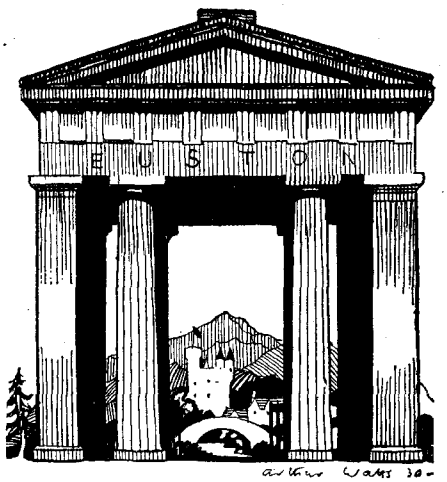
IN THE MOLTEN waters of the Inland Sea is set the sacred island of Miyajima. Pine-clad mountains rise from its shores, a majestic water Torii guards its approaches, along its bays forests and rocks are mirrored in lapis lazuli. Every-

The Inland Sea from Miyajima

where is peace and the magic of dreamland. No crude sounds of the world enter here. Along the polished shores of its shrine pilgrims pass in procession and, bowing reverently, rejoin the pathway. The woodland deer mingle with them and show no fear or hesitation. This island is their place of harborage also. We follow the shore to a projecting headland. Before us, framed by the great water gate like a print of Hiroshigi, lie the dim expanses of the sea, studded with innumerable sampans, and the violet mountains of the mainland fading away into an illimitable horizon.

IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE

THE DUSKY vastness of the Chion-In, relieved by the golden pillars, and the image of the Buddha set deep within the



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When you get to London go straight to Euston Station and get tickets to take you to the most famous parts of the British Isles. Euston is the way out of London to the Shakespeare country; Euston is the way out to the Lake District—the home of the great Lake Poets; Euston is the way to the mountains of Wales; Euston is the way to Scotland—the most romantic land in the world; Euston is the way to Ireland with its delightful people and customs.

Remember it's Euston Station you want. Go there and arrange your circular tours through the most beautiful parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

L M S

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY OF GREAT BRITAIN

Illustrated pamphlets from T. R. Dester, Vice-President—Passenger Traffic (Dept. A37), LMS Corporation, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Or from any LMS Ticket Agent.

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sacred enclosure and guarded by temple flowers. The deep-voiced chanting of the head priest upheld by the droning responses of the lesser priests and the murmured "Amens" of the kneeling throng. And finally the burning of incense and the striking of many gongs and bells in melodious rivalry with the chanted sutras.

Above this contrapuntal pattern of worship looms the figure of the Buddha — vast, omnipresent, and world-enlightened. "Stranger, whosoe'er thou art and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the Temple of Buddha and the gateway of the Eternal."

NAGASAKI HARBOR

GREEN, serried mountains delighting in their volcanic origin; gnome mountains terraced in their grotesquery, sheltering row upon row of flat-roofed Japanese dwellings. Below, sapphire waters aglint with the diamonds of May, and a hundred impish islands luring the mariner beyond the harbor gates. In and about this island harborage ply numberless sampans — red-sailed fishing craft out for the day's catch and safety junks bound for China seas. Enchanted harbor of Nagasaki, shimmering in a driftway of gold, your portals lead ever down the long aisles of romance.

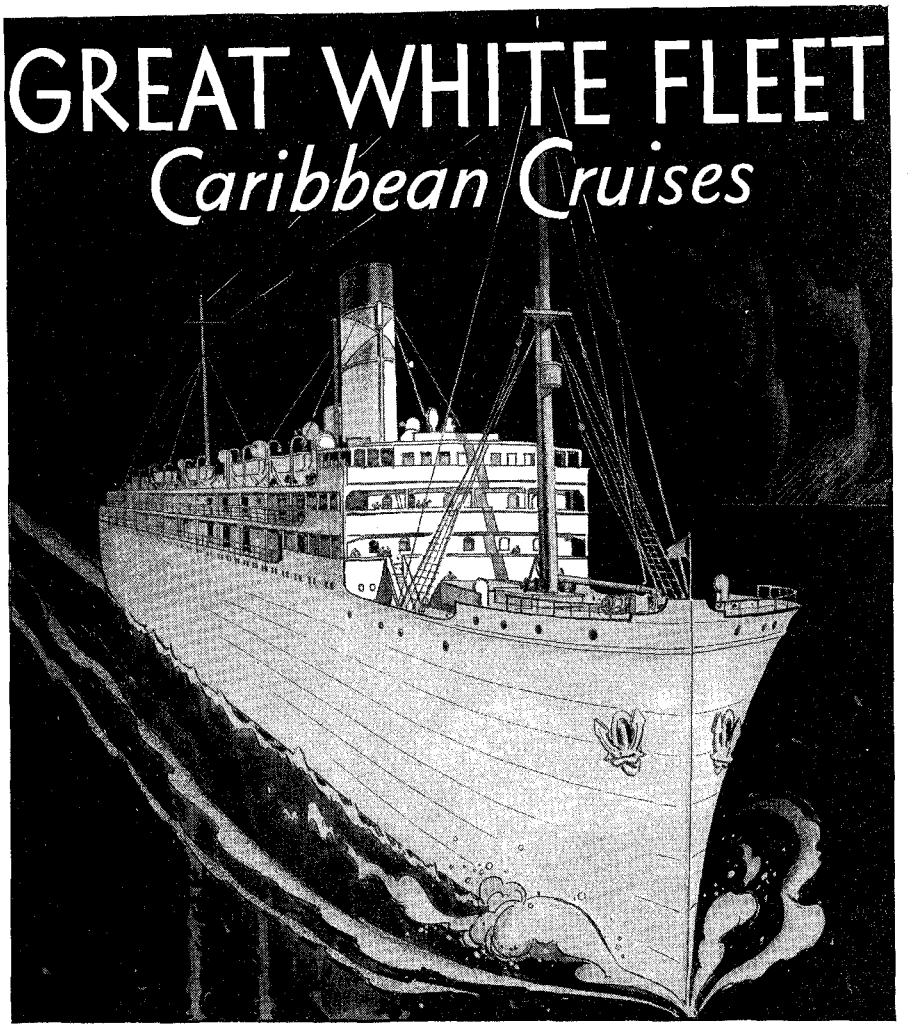
SHRINE OF THE SUN GODDESS

AMA TERRASU OOMI KAMI is the Sun Goddess from whom are descended, according to the Shinto, the emperors of Japan and all their peoples. Here at Ise amid immortal Cryptomeria she is enshrined. In these aisles of the forest there is an unchallenged peace, a serenity that is the very essence of the spirit of Japan. For the protecting deity here is more than a goddess. She is the symbol and being of solidarity. She is the beginning and summation of the Japanese *raison d'être.*

A noble Torii guards the entrance to the shrine, and each pilgrim, before entering the precincts, cleanses his hands in the waters of the Ise. The pathway leads past the stables of the sacred horses to the enclosure of the shrine dances. A little beyond is the main shrine guarded by white-robed priests and set in the midst of the Cryptomeria. Here there is absolute simplicity and the silence of the forest. Ama Terrasu Oomi Kami, Shinto, preserves and strengthens your being. You come out of the forgotten past and go on into the unseeable future — a link of the baffling centuries.

SHANGHAI

A CITY of sinister reverberations. China harnessed to the foreigner and to



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the God of Commerce — a city of riotous color, gay, lustful, teeming with rickshaws and the cries of sweating coolies. Along the Bund the imperial dreadnaughts of the powers in view and the commerce of the world enrolled. Along broad boulevards the riches of far-flung provinces and the endless procession of polyglot humanity.

In the French concession, gorgeous houses and cool, serene gardens. In the native quarter swarming thousands hawking their wares, jostling and outscreaming each other. And under all, the thread of danger — China in convulsion, the muttering of multitudes, and the swift, staccato accent of crime. Not as a badge of power does the Chinese merchant flaunt his Russian guardsman; danger is ever brooding on the street corners and along the wharves.

Above this panorama the nationalists sit enthroned — fascinated by their own ideals and the glitter of Rousseau — ever hoping to imprison the supreme moment for their country.

TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

BELONGING not to earth but set against the opaque curtain of the sky, the Temple of Heaven defies the forces of time and mutability. I am part of the eternal changelessness (it seems to echo), part of the order that will not cease. Empires may dissolve, dynasties may fall. There is that in me that is ageless. I am the Beauty and Mystery of the East. In me you see imprisoned the lure and fascination of a continent. The call of temple bells, of far, fierce jungles under the tropic sun, the stately tread of elephants, and the burning sands of the desert are part of my being and structure. I am the Power and Knowledge of the East. Under my triple roof of lapis lazuli, generations of emperors have worshiped, and the wisdom of Confucius has been cast into my very stones. I am the center of the universe. About mine altar the nations of the world are grouped in distant brotherhood. The tablets of my ancestry lie in the hearts of all humanity.

THE BAYON AT ANGKOR

CRUEL, lustful faces of stone set in the heart of the Cambodian jungle. Relentless faces of Siva enthroned in quadruple might on the Towers of Bayon, jeering through lost ages at the caperings of humanity. Below, in the ruined galleries, the life of a people revealed. Masked warriors, processions of elephants, dancing Apsaras, and finally the war at sea is depicted — triremes in locked action and the denizens of the ocean at play in the depths. And on all sides of this ensemble of ruin, the jungle inexorable as the Destroyer strives to throttle the masonry and engulf the temple. Here there is evidence of Gargantuan struggle. And ever the multiple faces of the God look down in sardonic comment.

THE TEMPLE OF NEAK PEAN AT ANGKOR

CAMEO TEMPLE of the Forest, the destroying years have not been able to mar thy beauty. The jungle has striven to torture thee and on thy brow has planted a great banyan of the forest. Enfathomed in its aerial roots, yet art thou crowned with the green halo of its branches. Pinioned within these writhing roots, yet do thy portals still stand clear. And from within thy sanctuary the light of Buddha shines transcendingly. Siva and Vishnu engraved upon thy minute walls are here but relics of the past; Buddha remains for the future. And gently do the echoes of things immemorial float over the clear waters of thy basin. Versailles was here but dreamed of, and the stately domes of Kubla Khan find answer. Oh, prisoner of the baleful forest, make me thy prisoner also — let me share thine agony and thy dreaming.

THE TOWERS OF ANGKOR VAT

GRAY TOWERS of mystery, slowly merging into the tropic twilight. Towers of majesty that crown the fringe of far-encircling jungles. Solemn Khymer towers that through dim centuries have looked down on rites divine and terrible. Within your galleries are emblazoned the records of a vanished race forever battling, forever challenging.

And the forest, for so many ages guardian of these wonders, still hovers in lingering solicitude. Tall coconut palms bend over fluted porticoes, strange birds call through endless corridors, and over ruined pilasters monkeys leap in revelry. We mount a stupendous stairway leading to the highest gallery. Within the inmost chamber in the holy of holies burns the everlasting flame of Buddha, and on close neighboring towers the dancing Apsaras of Brahma hold carnival. We gaze on the mass of carven masonry, molten in the half light, already sharing the shadows on the jungle; and we descend into the obscurity of moldering passages, past long silent aisles of Buddhas, under whirring bats' wings, to the outer terrace. At the gateway we pause and look back on the dreaming towers of Angkor, while in the sacred enclosure the saffron-robed Bouzes kneel in prayer.

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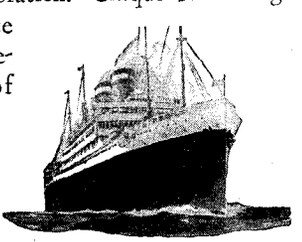

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Travel News

POLO IN AUGUSTA

Down in Augusta, Georgia, they like to play polo, and they have a new field (delectably titled "Kissing Bower") which is going to suffer a lot of wear and tear during the next few months. February and March will see ace players from all over the country galloping this particular stretch of sod, with the climax coming the week of March eighteenth, when tournament matches will be held under the auspices of the Augusta Polo Club. Besides the local team, other competing horsemen will include those from Forts Bragg, McPherson, and Benning, the Governor's Horse Guards of Atlanta, Savannah, and Fort Oglethorpe. A number of prominent racing stables train in this vicinity because of the fine, dry climate; and this fact, along with Augusta's proximity to Aiken — home of the famous Hitchcocks — enables the winter colony to enjoy good polo both at home and near-by.

SKIING AT MURRAY BAY

Not until the Manoir Richelieu was being built, three winters ago, were the winter resort potentialities of the Murray Bay district fully appreciated. Ninety miles below Quebec City on the north shore of the St. Lawrence river, this region has now become perhaps the most satisfactory skiing country in eastern Canada. Winter comes to Murray Bay in November, and it comes to stay. Snow remains snow, there being none of the three- and four-day thaws which so frequently reduce winter resorts to slushy wildernesses. Yet boosters point out that only twice last season was the temperature at the Bay below zero at midday. They also boast of the fact that the Murray Bay bob sleigh run is the principal one on this side of the Atlantic, and is two miles long with a total drop of 650 feet. This run, and also the ski jumps, may be one of the causes for the revival of interest in winter sports which Canadians have recently been displaying. The season officially opens on December twenty-third.

"RUN AWAY FROM WINTER"

When, a year ago, the All-Year Club of Southern California suggested that a moderate-priced two-week vacation in its territory was possible no matter where one's home might be, there was a certain amount of eyebrow-lifting. Time has proved that such a fortnight is quite feasible, and also popular. Now the Club has outlined another itinerary and detailed statement of cost, this one to be used as a guide for a one-month "run away from winter" vacation in Southern California. The Club's argument is: "Figure out what it costs you to spend the winter at home, with its heavy fuel bill and so forth, and you will doubtless find, as have thousands, that you can winter in sunny Southern California at no greater cost than staying at home — perhaps less." All of which, in this winter of our discontent and unemployment, sounds very convincing: if one must be idle, it might as well be under sunny skies. The All-Year Club figures $7.17 as the average tourist's average expense per day in Los Angeles and environs; this computation means that the entire month would cost $215, this sum including sight-seeing, hotels, and meals.

RIVER OF JANUARY

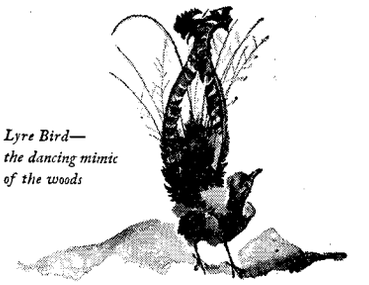
River of January is a literal translation of "Rio de Janeiro," but the frozen picture which those words evoke is a far cry from the atmosphere of the city itself. As far as North Americans in search of a winter playground are concerned, "river *from* January" would be a more fitting English version. From the moment one sights the famous harbor, Rio de Janeiro offers surprise after surprise. Here mountains loom from the ocean's edge, and queer-shaped giant hills form a background to a colorful city noted for its cleanliness and renowned for its cosmopolitan gayety. At this time of the year, the South American calendar abounds in warm, sunny June days, and winter is definitely out of bounds. Twelve days from New York, this southern city is a century away in its contrast.

RUGBY

Although the football season has closed in the United States, enthusiasts who find themselves in England for the winter will have weekly opportunities to watch a sister sport — Rugby. For Rugby football is the typically British way of spending a Saturday afternoon. So popular is the game that it is not at all unusual to find 60,000 people at Twickenham for an International match. The number of clubs is growing rapidly, but there are many which have been established for fifty years or more, and so have great traditions behind them. Among the most famous in London are the Harlequins (whose playing fields — the Rugby Union Headquarters at Twickenham — are probably the most famous in the world), Blackheath, Rosslyn Park, Richmond, and the London Scottish, all of them within easy reach of the West End. There are also a number of fine clubs in the provinces. When important matches are scheduled, the general excitement and talk will apprise the visitor of the time and place for the game; and if this is not sufficient advertisement, a list is always to be found in the Saturday morning papers.

GO WHERE IT'S SUMMER ALL WINTER

Australia



Lyre Bird— the dancing mimic of the woods

It's winter here, but all along the way to Australia are islands where it has never been cold—Hawaii, Tahiti, Fiji, Samoa, Rarotonga. See this part of the world this winter. Australia, New Zealand, the jungles of New Guinea, the South Seas—here are the world's newest interests for travelers who are not content to plod the old familiar paths abroad.

You will see million-peopled cities of world importance — and Australian aborigines living as they did in the Stone Age, with boomerangs and spears. The unsurpassable suburban beaches lure thousands to their golden sands — or you can visit sub-tropic coasts where painted fish laze among the coral gardens.

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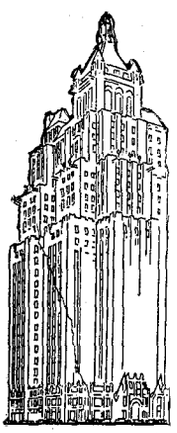

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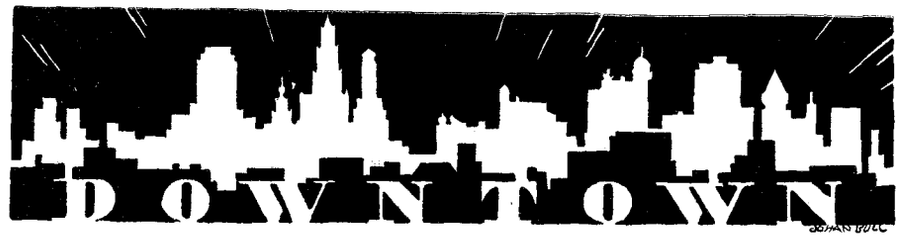

1931

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

As another New Year rolls around investors and corporation executives begin to take a mental inventory of the present situation, cast up the accounts for the old year, and take a long look ahead in an attempt to discern what the future has in store. Ordinarily at the beginning of the year business leaders issue frank statements as to the way in which they view the outlook for the coming year. Annual meetings of corporations will begin to fall due and stockholders of corporations are accustomed to hearing from the presidents of organizations in which they are financially interested. The press usually devotes a great deal of space to comments of this sort.

Now the old year ends in the midst of the worst industrial depression of the past decade. Unemployment is widespread, short working weeks are the rule rather than the exception in most industries, business profits are meager, dividend reductions or omissions are a matter of daily occurrence.

Despite the pessimism which a situation of this sort naturally engenders, it cannot be said that there is anything particularly novel about the existing depression. In detail one depression varies from another, but in their general composition there is a great deal of similarity, just as the peak of every boom has its usual hallmarks. Those who are experiencing hardship as a result of the depression for the first time, or those whose memories are short, are often inclined to voice doubts as to whether business is ever going to recover in the face of such conditions. But there is a certain element of normality even about abnormal business conditions. In his first political statement over the radio since he left the White House, Calvin Coolidge said recently, "We are going through that secondary reaction which has usually followed the first revival after great wars." The offhand, casual nature in which the remark was made is sufficient indication that Mr. Coolidge, like any other experienced observer of the trend of the times, recognizes that there is nothing particularly abnormal about the present depression, and is fully cognizant of the fact that invariably in the history of this country a revival of activity has followed sooner or later.

Nevertheless, it is just as well to recognize that this sequence of events is not predestined, nor does it just happen. In the past certain definite forces have been at work which eventually lifted business out of the slump, and the magnitude of those forces has always had a powerful relation to the intensity of business activity which followed. Probably the blackest years in economic history, as far as those still living can recall, were the early '90s. From the beginning of the panic of 1893 until the end of the Bryan campaign for Free Silver, business was about as close to a standstill in this country as it has ever been. The force that released business from that depression was the confidence generated by the elections of 1896. This election repudiated once and for all the platform of the Free Silver party, which, in substance, would have meant depriving creditors of property and handing it to debtors.

The vital force that led business out of the slump of 1914 was obviously the World War. As a non-participant in the early years of that war, and as the greatest producing country in the world, the belligerent nations turned to the United States for raw materials and finished goods on a scale never before witnessed. Europe pledged its securities and mortgaged its future in order to carry on. The result was rising prices for commodities in this country, industrial activity on a scale never exceeded before, and prosperity.

And if we go back to the "secondary reaction" which followed the Civil War we find other recuperative forces at work. The failure of Jay Cooke & Co. in 1873 precipitated a great crisis, but a crisis that was fundamentally due to too rapid expansion of our railroads at that time. The subsequent recovery was based upon a series of good crops at fair prices, a change for the better in our foreign trade, and a revival of railroad building.

THE DEPRESSION OF 1921

During the depression of 1921 few people were sufficiently gifted with foresight to appraise the forces that were to lead us out of that depression; but those forces are now clear. They were abnormal. Many of them are not present

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to-day and it is a question whether the recovery in business in the next few years will be as marked as it was in 1922 and 1923, to the extent that it is dependent on them. The four prime movers in the recovery from the depression of 1921 were the heavy demand for automobiles, for new homes, and for railroad reconstruction, plus a brisk revival in our foreign trade.

During the period when the United States was in the World War all industrial energies were concentrated upon essential work; that is to say, work essential to carrying on the war to a successful conclusion. Many automobile plants turned their entire organizations over to Government work. The constant demand from the public for new cars could not be met and was deferred for several years. Much the same thing was true of homes. Labor was scarce and raw materials were high. The demand for homes was simply dammed up for the time being. The Government took over the entire railroad system of the country during the war and while provisions were made for returning the carriers in good condition, the breakdown of the transportation system in 1920, an indirect cause of the industrial paralysis of that year, was due largely to the impoverished physical condition of the railroads. In effect this dammed up a great deal of work, calling for extensive rebuilding, railroad equipment, and restoring roadbed to good working condition.

With the collapse in commodity prices in 1921 and the increase in efficiency of labor the public began to buy automobiles and homes. The railroads began to spend money on their properties. The movement was slow in starting because purchasing power was low and credit was only obtainable at high rates. But it expanded as it proceeded. More work meant more demand for goods and more goods more demand for labor, in a constructive cycle.

Meanwhile, international bankers began to float large loans for European nations, then in the process of reconstruction. Loans to foreign governments were advanced at the rate of about $500,000,000 per annum, and as soon as the Dawes plan for reparations was settled, loans to foreign corporations were offered at about the same rate per annum. This financing enabled foreigners to buy American goods and the effect was materially to speed up our export trade.

Other collateral factors in the recovery from the depression of 1921 were the restriction on immigration, which served to maintain high wages in this country, and prohibition. As the recovery proceeded other forces were unleashed, notably the installment buying movement, which began to be felt after 1925, and the increased purchasing power resulting from capital gains, principally in the

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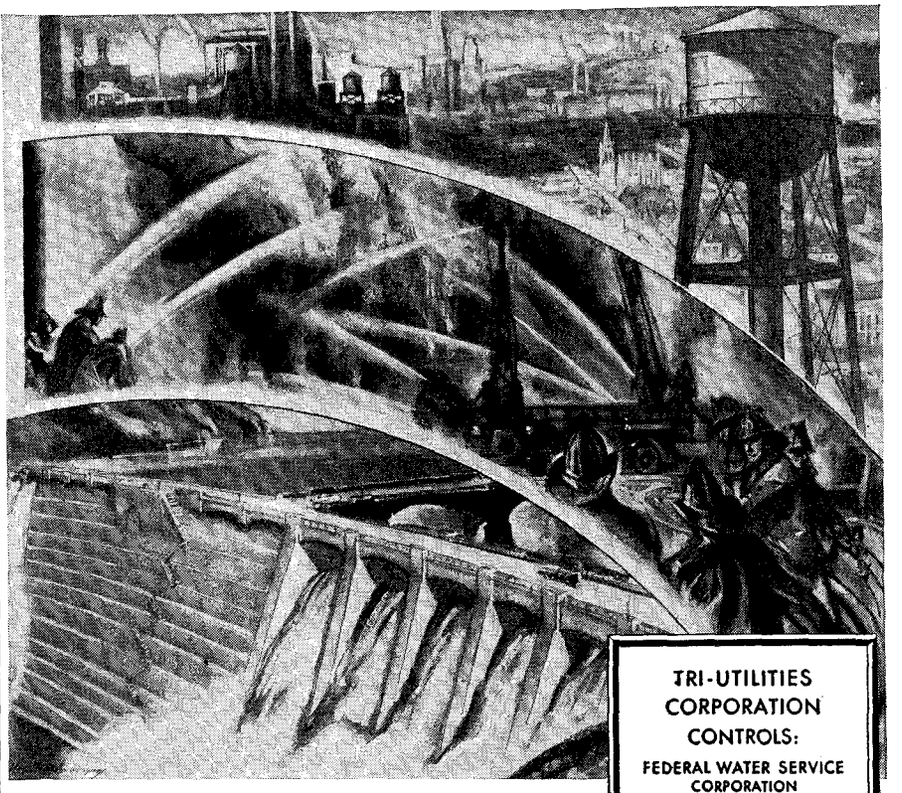

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stock market. The rapid reduction of the national debt of the United States from approximately $26,000,000,000 in 1919 to $16,000,000,000 in 1929 involved the release of funds tied up in these investments for other purposes, both accelerating the advance in the security markets and expanding the apparent purchasing power of the public.

AIDS TO RECOVERY

Now it is evident that most of these forces which were instrumental in pulling business out of the mire in which it was floundering in 1921 will not exist in 1931. We do not know what the forces will be that will make for recovery in the next few years. But we can recognize certain signs which are pointing to the accumulation of great constructive economic forces.

The most important and obvious one is, as Colonel L. P. Ayres, widely known as an authority on business conditions, points out, the fact that shortages are in the making. During the past year the steel industry has come down from operations at 100 per cent of capacity to less than 50 per cent. The automobile industry was producing cars at about 50 per cent of the unit rate for 1929 and in dollar value at probably a lower rate than that. Building construction fell off at almost as rapid a rate. It is a matter of common observation that railroad, industrial, and public utility expansion is not as rapid as it has been in recent years, and that bond issues for such projects are greatly reduced.

This country is not a 50 per cent country, however. Operations in major industries at that low rate are insufficient to keep abreast of the yearly average requirements, let alone the normal growth factor for a country whose population is steadily increasing. Moreover, it is a well-recognized fact that consumers do not cut down their purchases in proportion to the shrinkage in production of the heavy industries. A careful study of this phenomenon by Carl Snyder, statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, made several years ago, revealed that in depressions of the past the consumption of goods rarely diminished more than 5 or 10 per cent from normal. It seems evident, therefore, that the curtailment of production has been far greater than the drop in consumption and that a void is in the process of creation which will require an expansion in industrial activity to fill.

Lest it be felt that too much stress is being laid upon the automobile industry and other heavy industries as a basic element in our prosperity, it is well to bear in mind that under normal conditions the motor industry consumes 18 per cent of the steel produced in this country, 85 per cent of the rubber consumed, 74

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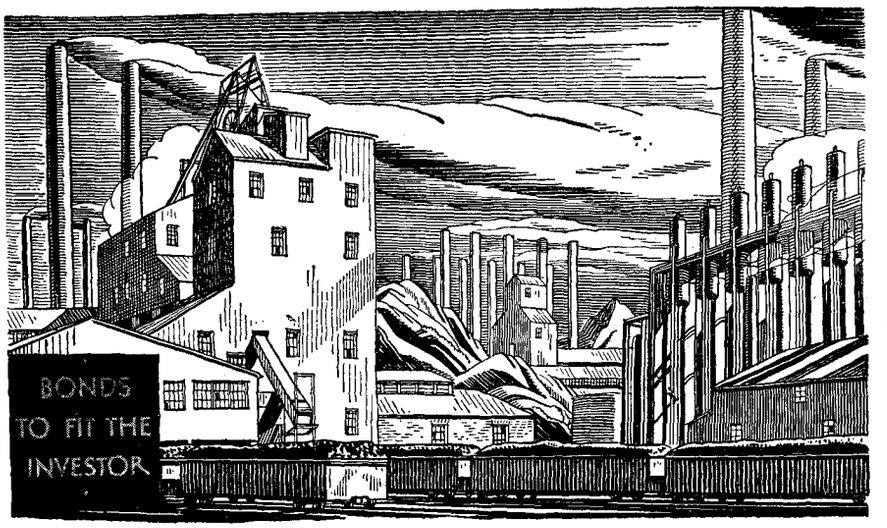
per cent of the plate glass, 60 per cent of the upholstery leather, 18 per cent of the hardwood lumber, 28 per cent of the aluminum, 15 per cent of the copper, and 80 per cent of the gasoline. Likewise the railroads use 25 per cent of the bituminous coal production, 5 per cent of the anthracite, 18 per cent of the fuel oil, 20 per cent of the timber, and 16 per cent of the steel. Over 9 per cent of the railroad freight traffic is accounted for by the automobile industry. Doubtless similar statistics could be cited showing what a large proportion of the output of basic materials is required for home building. A rise or fall in the demand for such items as motor cars and homes has a tremendous influence upon business as a whole.

CONFIDENCE NEEDED

WHERE the investor can help is by retaining and displaying his confidence. When business begins to revive capital will be needed to finance the expenditures of public utilities, railroads, and various industries.

Investment purchases of sound stocks and bonds for more or less permanent holding exert a more durable, constructive effect upon stock market stability than ten times as much speculative buying. It would not seem to require a great deal of courage to buy securities at the depressed levels which have been reached in the course of the deflation since October 1929. It is self-evident now that the greater risk was in buying at inflated levels, when apparently no courage at all was required. Yet such is the case, due to the pessimism which is thickest in an industrial depression. But the facts are that the interest from a thousand dollar bond to-day will buy 10 to 15 per cent more of goods than it would a year or two ago. The investor to-day can buy many sound stocks on the basis of two or three shares for the same price he would have had to pay for one share in 1929. He can purchase non-dividend-paying issues of a sensible speculative character in corporations of the first rank in this country on the basis of five to ten shares or more for the same price he would have had to pay for one share two years ago. From just such situations as this have been laid the foundations of many of the greatest fortunes.

The New Year begins, therefore, with business in a state of depression, but the situation is not without promise of better times. It seems altogether probable that signs of improvement will multiply as the year advances, although to anticipate a recovery to normal in 1931 may be anticipating too much. And for the first time in years a New Year begins with the general level of security prices at a point where opportunities for safe and profitable investment exist.



RELEASING EARTH'S BURIED ENERGY

TO TURN the myriad wheels of industry, to give speed and volume to transportation, the modern age draws increasingly upon earth's deposits of ancient solar energies — coal and petroleum. These two fuels, last year, provided more than half of the almost six billion dollars of mineral wealth produced in this country.

The United States owes its economic leadership in considerable measure to its enormous coal and petroleum resources. This country possesses more than half the coal deposits of the world and about 18 per cent of the petroleum resources. Thus far, the nation has used but one per cent of its three and a half trillion tons of coal.

According to the latest census of manufactures, coal and petroleum furnished 85 per cent of the mechanical power which, in one year, turned 35 billion dollars' worth of raw materials into nearly 63 billion dollars' worth of finished products.

Placing the nation's fuel resources at the command of industry has called for extensive and intelligent financial backing. Halsey, Stuart & Co. has aided in the development of coal and petroleum through the distribution of bonds it has underwritten, secured by properties of some of the largest factors in these industries. The rigorous standards to which these and other offerings are subjected prior to purchase and recommendation to our clientele are set forth in our booklet, *Choosing Your Investment House*. A copy will be mailed on request.

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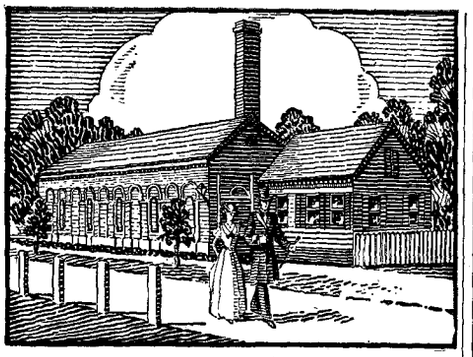
PIONEERS STILL



An Early Associated System Gas Plant

THE Associated System has begun its eightieth year. Service limited in 1852 to fearless users of gas in Ithaca, New York, has spread to 1,425,000 customers in 2,500 communities.

This pioneer spirit built at Rochester, New York, an electric station ante dating Edison's famous plant.

That this spirit persists is seen in the new Gilbert station, New Jersey, an outstanding high pressure station in this country, and in the Saluda project in South Carolina, one of the greatest hydro-electric developments in the world.

To invest or for information, write to

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FORUM INDEX

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

INVESTING IN OPPORTUNITY. A description of the electric system owned by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc. Copy upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad St., New York City.

CLASS A STOCK. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR SIX MONTHS ENDED MAY 31, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

Continued on next page

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Investment Literature

BONDS — QUESTIONS ANSWERED — TERMS DEFINED. A reference book for bond buyers, covering questions which experience indicates are most frequently asked; non-technical definitions of bond terms are included. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

UTILITY PREFERRED STOCKS. An informative and interesting analysis of the advantages offered by Preferred Stocks in general and Utility Preferred Stocks in particular, showing present high yields and other advantages. G. L. Ohrstrom & Company, Inc., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PRUDENCE-BONDS FOR PRUDENT PEOPLE. A brief description of how Prudence-Bonds are secured by conservative first mortgages on income producing properties and guaranteed by over $16,500,000 of the Prudence Company's capital, surplus and reserves. The Prudence Company, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department
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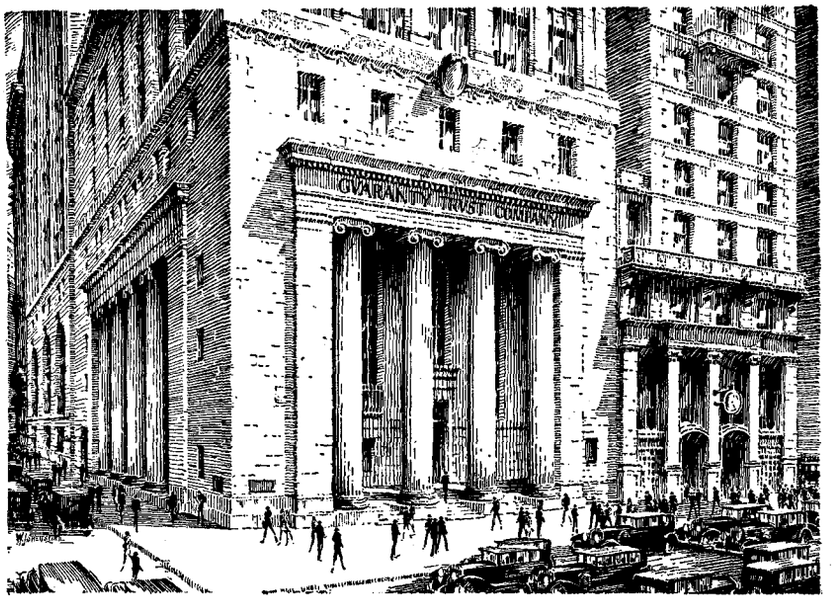
441 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK



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IF you feel that a bank to serve your organization adequately should have, in addition to ample financial facilities, a knowledge of the special requirements of your business, we invite you to consider the advantages of an account with the Guaranty Trust Company.

We number among our depositors leading concerns in every major line of industry. Our official staff is so organized that each commercial account has the personal attention of one or more officers familiar with the business and experienced in utilizing our facilities and contacts to the best possible advantage in the depositor's service.

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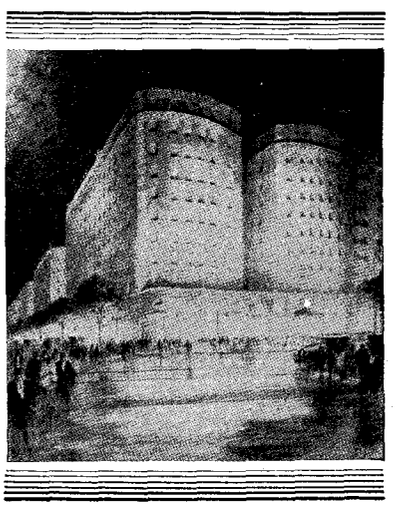

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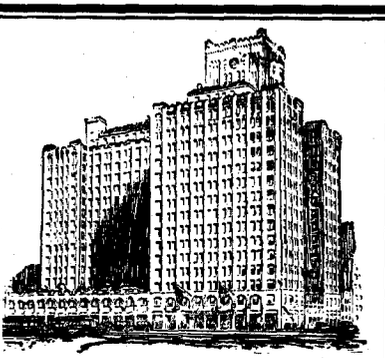

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Forum Definitions

What Is Beauty?

THE WORD announced for this month's definitions brought forth much gushing and rhapsodizing and very little definition. Judging by what they submitted, our contestants have only a very hazy idea of what beauty is; or if they have a clear perception of it, they run wild when required to express it.

At least they are in good company. Few would question that Keats knew beauty when he saw it; yet he wrote, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—and got away with it only because he was writing a poem and not a definition. James Truslow Adams made the same mistake in a recent article in THE FORUM, and was called to account for it by Elmer Davis in the December "Rostrum."

We suspect that there was more truth in the statement of the well-known writer (not so well-known that we would hazard a guess as to who he was) that "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." The fact that *beauty* has a different meaning for every man would account for our inability to define it in any but the most general terms.

The following were awarded prizes:

1. Beauty is anything that awakens admiration or approval in the mind or consciousness and excites a pleasurable emotion. It is that which pleases and gratifies the æsthetic nature. What appeals to one as beautiful may not be recognized as such by another; hence, beauty is subjective, a relative rather than an absolute term. (*Mary I. Stanton, El Paso, Texas*)

2. Beauty is that quality which appeals to and pleases the æsthetic nature of an individual. This attraction generally is induced through the particular arrangement of color or form, or both, in an object or group of objects, by the tone of a sound or the harmony of a medley of sounds, or through the idealism or perfection expressed in a thought or idea. (*N. F. Brydon, West Orange, New Jersey*)

3. Beauty is an appealingly pleasing quality of a thing, personality, or idea, recognizable as character, form, color, or tone. In other words, beauty is that which delights the eye, which pleases the ear, which charms the perception. (*John Alexander Richardson, Tuscumbia, Alabama*)

4. Beauty is that which pleases the senses or uplifts the soul. (*Winifred B. Wolfe, Birmingham, Alabama*)

Next:—*What is* A FRIEND? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Definitions Editor by January 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition. These definitions will appear in the April issue.*

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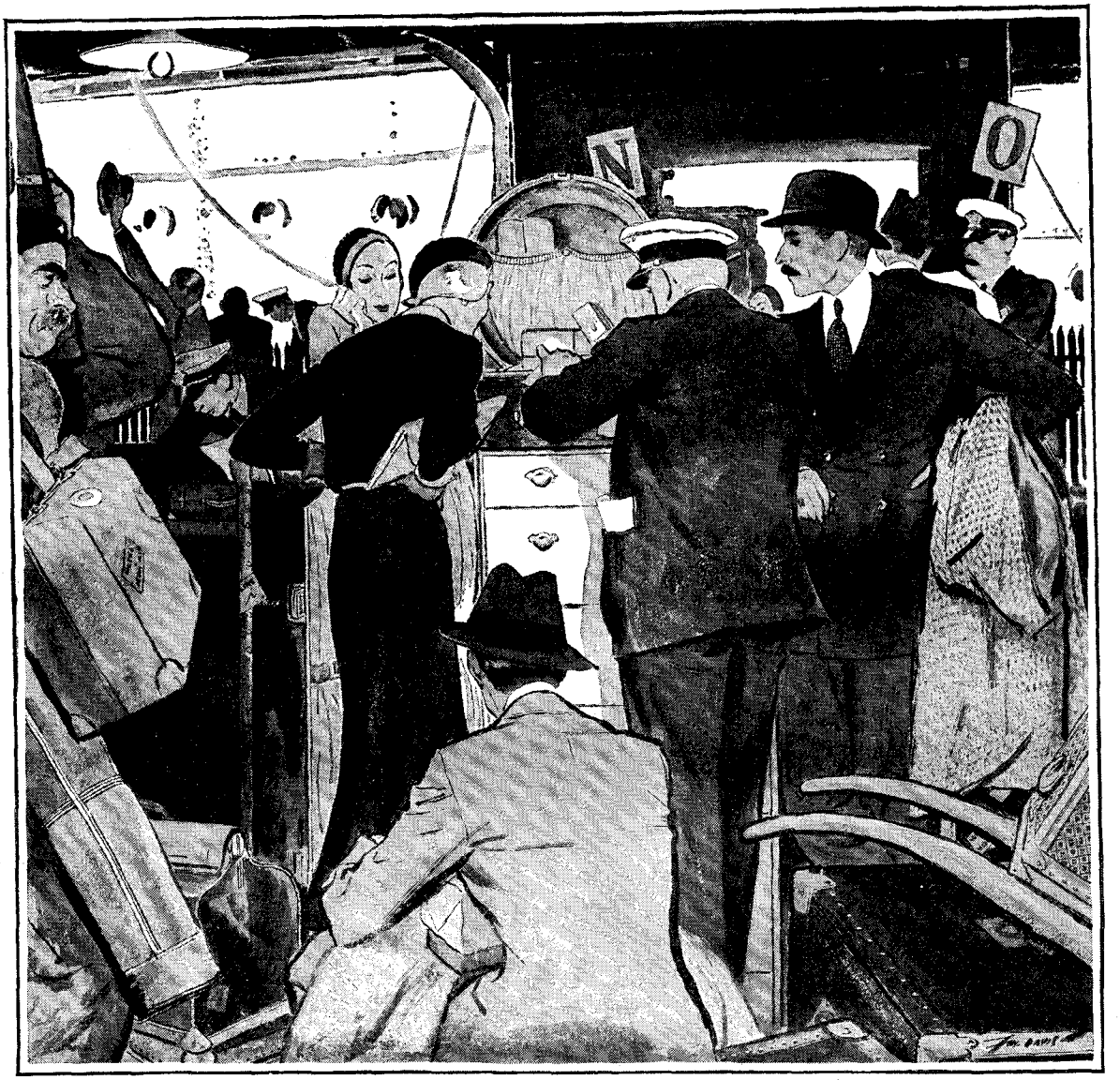

—ONE KNOWS THEM BY THEIR HABITAT

Those persons who always do things well . . . one knows them by their habitat » » They have a definite capacity for living amid the niceties of life without sacrificing any of the material comforts . . . and that at moderate cost » » They may be found swimming on the Côte d'Azur . . . applauding Toscanini at Baireuth . . . making a pilgrimage to Oberammergau » » At home—in the Barbizon-Plaza library reading Aldous Huxley . . . in the Barbizon Concert Hall listening to Homer, Gabrilowitsch or Gieseking . . . viewing the worth-while in art, in the Barbizon Petit Palais des Beaux Arts located on the mezzanine » » This is the spirit of Barbizon-Plaza . . . a building dedicated to the privileged detachment of the cultivated mind.

Of course the building has radio in every room and many other conveniences, is located within a block of Fifth Avenue and one block from Fifty-seventh Street, and is the center of New York's Art and Music Life and is convenient to theatres and shops.

THE CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST is placed in a special recess in your door—in sealed container that keeps everything piping hot. No waiter to interrupt in the midst of a shave or shower. No charge. No tip. No delay. Pick it up whenever you are ready.

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TOASTS

WHEN, in 1913, WALTER LIPPMANN published *A Preface to Politics*, the critics decided that a new social philosopher had arrived. Admiring, they nevertheless wondered whether this young man of twenty-four could maintain such brilliance. The following year they were answered by the equally powerful *Drift and Mastery*. Since that time Mr. Lippmann has continued his writing, has been an Associate Editor of *The New Republic*, an assistant to the Secretary of War, a Captain in the Intelligence Corps during the war, and a member of the American Peace Legation in Paris. In 1921 Mr. Lippmann joined the staff of the New York *World*, and is now Editor of that paper. His most recent book is a *A Preface to Morals*.

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR., has been a professor of law at Harvard since 1919, and is a frequent lecturer on law at Columbia University. In 1920 Mr. Chafee was one of twelve lawyers reporting on the illegal activities of the Department of Justice, and in 1923 was Chairman of the Committee on Coal and Civil Liberties which reported to the United States Coal Commission.

IN THE SPRING of 1931 Scribners will publish a new novel by KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD — *The Light that Never Was*. This is the first novel since 1925 by the author of *Conquistador* and *Lost Valley*. Born in Massachusetts and educated as a child in France, Mrs. Gerould taught for nearly ten years at Bryn Mawr. In 1910 she married Gordon Hall Gerould, an author and a professor of English at Princeton.

ALTHOUGH she says she's a fat, lazy person with no soul, ELSPETH (O'HALLORAN) belies herself when she confesses what she is doing: running a book review for a Boston department store, a column in *The New York Theatre Program Magazine*, doing some free lance advertising, and toying with a novel.

DR. DONALD A. LAIRD is another Hoosier at large in the world, with the principal job of keeping two dozen Colgate University undergraduates wrapped up in their research projects in the only psychological laboratory in the world which has stained glass windows. The discoveries made in this laboratory on noise, sleep, nutrition, and smells have been widely reported. Five books are to Dr. Laird's credit since he went to Colgate in 1924; *Psychology and Profits* and *Sleep* are the most recent.

HAD NOT Mr. Lloyd George taken JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES with him to the Allied Peace Conference of 1919 as the principal expert of the British Treasury, he might still be utilizing his rare knowledge of economics in obscurity. The buffoonery of Paris proved too much for him, and he had to get out of the service of the British Government and write *The Economic Consequences of Peace*, which made him famous overnight. Three years later *A Revision of the Treaty* appeared. Now, aside from editing the *Economic Journal*, Mr. Keynes is at work upon an exhaustive study of money and credit.

ROBERT HILLYER is a teacher of English at Harvard and the author of a book of verse — *The Seventh Hill* — which was published by the Viking Press.

HU SHIH

BECAUSE she likes the country so well, ESTHER FORBES says she thinks she would feel cramped in New York even if she and her husband rented the entire Grand Central Terminal (of course moving out trains and passengers). She has spent most of her life in New England, that is to say Worcester, Boston, and sundry remodeled and "abandoned" farms which abound in that vicinity. After five years on the editorial staff of Houghton, Mifflin, Miss Forbes almost simultaneously got married and published her first book, *O Genteel Lady! A Mirror for Witches* appeared two years later.

JUST after the War, while he was a correspondent in Europe for *The Chicago Daily News*, HIRAM MOTHERWELL became conscious of the intangible reality which he calls the American Empire. This consciousness came about through his ability to cash an American check in any European country. Mr. Motherwell is author of *The Imperial Dollar* and is Editor of *The Theatre Guild Magazine*.

"FATHER of the Chinese Renaissance" is the title by which DR. HU SHIH is known. He is recognized as the greatest living Chinese philosopher and has been instrumental in making vernacular Chinese a literary language, so that today his colleagues write in a tongue understood by the people, instead of in the older classical language which long since became unintelligible to all save scholars.

HELEN WOODWARD speaks for herself: "I've been a librarian for a day, a bookkeeper for a week, a stenographer for a year, and an advertising woman for twenty years. I've written a book, *Through Many Windows*, some magazine articles and short stories, and now I'm writing a novel. I like clothes, restless people, cats, and foreign cooking. I hate golf and tennis, riding a horse, or driving a car. I am lazy and yet stay thin. I've been a rolling stone and gathered a lot of fun but no moss. What would I do with moss if I had it?"

AN ANTHOLOGY, *The Advertising Parade*, is already to the credit of ROBERT HUNT, who himself writes advertising for Doubleday, Doran.

"I CAME to New York as an immigrant from Georgia," writes DONALD CORLEY, whose *The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker* has just been published, "and had a good time here. Architects do. I was a *camofleur* of ships in the war that made the world so restless, designed stage sets now and then — even acted in some of them. I found architecture and writing and drawing and ship-building and musical composition incompatible in a twenty-four hour world so long ago simplified it all to . . . . doing all these same things. I deplore animal stories and like taxicabs and black coffee and lapis lazuli and ships' clocks and red lacquer and women charming enough to be inconsistent in these literal times." And that is Donald Corley.

FRANCIS B. SAYRE'S education consisted of a year of cow-punching in Montana, the regulation work at Williams College and Harvard Law School, a bit of prospecting in Alaska, and some work in the coal mines of Alabama. After these labors came a year as an assistant in District Attorney Whitman's office, a period as assistant to the President of Williams, and some teaching at the Harvard Law School. In between times Mr. Sayre spent a year in Siam as Adviser in Foreign Affairs to the Siamese Government. Then, because further Siamese progress seemed blocked by treaties granting to European nations rights of extraterritoriality which appeared to him unjust, he went to Europe, where he negotiated new treaties. Now Mr. Sayre, whose wife is a daughter of the late President Wilson, is in India, on a leave of absence from Harvard.

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